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WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE.
VOLUME *the* THIRD.

CONTAINING,

TWELFTH-NIGHT, *or* WHAT YOU WILL.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

KING JOHN.

KING RICHARD II.

KING HENRY IV. *Part the First.*

LONDON:

Printed for J. TONSON, and the rest of the
PROPRIETORS.

MDCXXXV.

THE

WORKS



VOLUME 1

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TWELFTH-NIGHT:

O R,

WHAT YOU WILL.

By Mr. *WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.*



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. T O N S O N, and the rest of the P R O -
P R I E T O R S; and sold by the Booksellers of
London and Westminster.

M D C C X X X I V .

Dramatis Personæ.

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*

Sebastian, *a young gentleman, brother to Viola.*

Antonio, *a sea-captain, friend to Sebastian.*

Valentine,

Curio, } *Gentlemen attending on the Duke.*

Sir Toby Belch, *uncle to Olivia.*

Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, *a foolish Knight, pretending to
Olivia.*

A sea-captain, friend to Viola.

Fabian, *servant to Olivia.*

Malvolio, *a fantastical steward to Olivia.*

Crown, *servant to Olivia.*

Olivia, *a lady of great beauty and fortune, belov'd by the
Duke.*

Viola, *in love with the Duke.*


Maria, *Olivia's woman.*

Priest, Sailors, Officers, and other attendants.

SCENE, *a City on the Coast of Illyria.*



TWELFTH.



TWELFTH-NIGHT:

O R,

WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I.

Enter the Duke, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. **I**F musick be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it ; that surfeiting
The appetite may sicken, and so die.

That strain again, it had a dying fall :

O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south

That breathes upon a bank of violets,

Stealing, and giving odour. Hush! no more :

'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.

O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou !

That, notwithstanding thy capacity

Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there

Of what validity and pitch soe'er,

But falls into abatement and low price,

Even in a minute ; so full of shapes is fancy,

That it alone is high fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord ?

Duke. What, *Curio* ?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why so I do, the noblest that I have ;

O when my eyes did see *Olivia* first,

Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence ;

That instant was I turn'd into a hart,

And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,

E'er since pursue me. How now, what news from her ?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her hand-maid do return this answer:
The element it self, 'till seven years hence,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But like a cloysters she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chambers round
With eye-offending brine; all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance still.

Duke. O she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all Affections else
That live in her? when liver, brain, and heart,
These sov'reign thrones, are all supply'd, and fill'd,
Her sweet perfections, with one self-same King!
Away, before me to sweet beds of flowers,
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopy'd with bowers. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Viola, a Captain and Sailors.

Viola. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. *Illyria*, lady.

Viola. And what should I do in *Illyria*?

My brother he is in *Elyfium*.

Perchance he is not drown'd; what think you, sailors?

Cap. It is perchance that you your self were sav'd.

Viola. O my poor brother! so perchance may he be.

Cap. True, madam: and to comfort you with chance,
Assure your self, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number sav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea;
Where like *Arion* on the dolphin's back,
I see him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Viola. There's gold for saying so,
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, Madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours travel from this very place.

Viola.

Vio. Who governs here ?

Cap. A noble Duke in nature as in name.

Vio. What is his name ?

Cap. *Orsino*.

Vio. *Orsino* ! I have heard my father name him
He was a batchelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late ;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur (as you know
What great ones do, the less will prattle of)
That he did seek the love of fair *Olivia*.

Vio. What's she ?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a Count,
That dy'd some twelve months since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also dy'd ; for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the sight
And company of men.

Vio. O that I serv'd that lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
'Till I had made mine own occasion mellow
What my estate is !

Cap. That were hard to compass,
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain ;
And tho' that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution ; yet of thee,
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character :
I pr'ythee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and by my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this Duke,
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains ; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of musick,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit,
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be :
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

TWELFTH-NIGHT: Or,

Vio. I thank thee, lead me on. [Exeunt.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my neice to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, *Sir Toby*, you must come in earlier a-nights; your neice, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine your self within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine my self no finer than I am; these cloaths are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; if they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you; I heard my lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish Knight that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who, *Sir Andrew Ague-cheek*?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any in *Illyria*.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: He's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o'th' viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath indeed, almost natural; for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir Tho. By this hand they are scoundrels and subtractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my neice: I'll drink to her as long as there's a passage in my throat, and drink in *Illyria*. He's a coward and a coystril that will not drink

drink to my neice 'till his brains turn o'th' toe like a parish top. What wench? *Castiliano vulgo*; for here comes Sir *Andrew* *Ague-face*.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Sir *Toby Belch*! how now, Sir *Toby Belch*?

Sir To. Sweet Sir *Andrew*!

Sir And. Bless you, fair *Shrew*.

Mar. And you too, Sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir *Andrew*, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My neice's chamber maid.

Sir And. Good mistress *Accost*, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is *Mary*, Sir.

Sir And. Good mistress *Mary* *Accost*.

Sir To. You mistake, Knight: *Accost* is, front her, board her, wooe her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of *accost*?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. If thou let her part so, Sir *Andrew*, would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. If you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by th' hand.

Sir And. Marry but you shall have, and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, Sir, thought is free: I pray you bring your hand to th' buttery bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, Sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, Sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, Sir, I have them at my fingers ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit Mar.*]

Sir To. O Knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think, unless you see canary put me down: Methinks sometimes I have no

more wit than a christian or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Si. And. If I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, *Sir Toby.*

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear Knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy*? do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O had I but follow'd the arts,

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question, for thou see'st it will not cool my nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not.

Sir To. Excellent, it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a house wife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith I'll home to-morrow, *Sir Toby*, your niece will not be seen, or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: The Duke himself here hard by woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o'th' Duke, she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear. Tut, there's life in't man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o'th' strangest mind i'th' world: I delight in masks and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, Knight?

Sir And. As any man in *Illyria* whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters, and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, Knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in *Illyria*.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like mistress *Moll's* picture; why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a

coranto;

coranto? my very walk should be a jig! I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace: What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stocking. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else; were we not born under *Taurus*?

Sir And. *Taurus*? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, Sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper; ha, higher: Ha, ha, excellent. [Exeunt.]

Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you, *Cesario*, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, Sir, in his favours.

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and attendants.

Vio. I thank you: Here comes the Duke.

Duke. Who saw *Cesario*, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord, here.

Duke. Stand you a while aloof. *Cesario*, Thou know'st no less, but all: I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul. Therefore, good youth, address thy gate unto her, Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow 'Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds, Rather than make unprofit'd return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

Duke. O then, unfold the passion of my love, Surprize her with discourse of my dear faith; It shall become thee well to act my woes; She will attend it better in thy youth,

Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it :

For they shall yet belie thy happy Years,
That say thou art a man : *Diana's* lip
Is not more smooth and rubious ; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair : Some four or five attend him,
All if you will ; for I my self am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best

To woo your lady ; yet, O baneful strife !

Who-e'er I woo, my self would be his wife.

[*Exc.*

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse ; my lady will hang thee for thy abience.

Cl. Let her hang me ; he that is well hang'd in this world need fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Cl. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer : I can tell thee where that saying was born, of I fear no colours.

Cl. Where, good mistress *Mary* ?

Mar. In the wars, and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Cl. Well, God give them wisdom that have it ; and those that are fools let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent, or be turn'd away ; is not that as good as a hanging to you ?

Cl. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage ; and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute then ?

Cl. Not so neither, but I am resolv'd on two points.

Mar. That if one break the other will hold ; or, if both break, your gaskings fall.

Cl.

Clo. Apt in good faith, very apt: well, go thy way, if Sir *Toby* would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of *Eve's* flesh as any in *Illyria*.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o'that: Here comes my lady; make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*]

Enter Olivia and Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling; those wits that think they have thee do very oft prove fools; and I that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man. For what says *Quinapalus*, better a witty fool than a foolish wit. God bless thee lady.

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear fellows, take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, y'are a dry fool; I'll no more of you; besides you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, *Madona*, that drink and good counsel will amend; for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry. Bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patch'd; virtue that transgresses is but patch'd with sin, and sin that amends is but patch'd with virtue. If that this simple sillogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? as there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower: The lady bad take away the fool, therefore I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree. Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain: Good *Madona*, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it;

Clo. Dexterously, good *Madona*.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, *Madona*; good my mouse of virtue answer me.

Oli. Well, Sir, for want of other idieness, I'll bid your proof.

Clo. Good *Madona* why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, *Madona*.

Oli. I know his soul is in heav'n, fool.

Clo.

Clo. The more fool you, *Madona*, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heav'n: take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, *Malvolio*, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do, 'till the pangs of death shake him, infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make better the fool.

Clo. God send you, Sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly: Sir *Toby* will be sworn that I am no fox, but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, *Malvolio*?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brains than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagg'd. I protest I take these wise men that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools *Zanies*.

Oli. O you are sick of self-love, *Malvolio*, and taste with a disemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem canon-bullets: There is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now *Mercury* indue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count *Orsino* is it?

Mar. I know not, madam, 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir *Toby*, Madam, your uncle.

Oli. Fetch him off I pray you, he speaks nothing but madman: Fie on him. Go you, *Malvolio*; if it be a suit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home. What you will to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now see, Sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, *Madona*, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose scull *Jove* cram with brains, for here comes one of thy kin has a most weak *Pia-mater*.

Enter Sir Toby.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, uncle?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? what gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here. A plague o' these pickle herring: how now, sot?

Clo. Good *Sir Toby*.

Oli. Uncle, uncle, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Letchery, I despise lechery: there's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil and he will, I care not; give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Ex.*]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my uncle; for he's in the third degree of drink; he's drown'd; go look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, *Madona*, and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Ex. Clown.*]

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick, he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep, he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o'man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manners; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit.

Enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my vail; come, throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear *Oryfno's* embassy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her; your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty — I pray you tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loth to cast away my speech; for besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, Sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp my self, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp your self; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve; but this is from my commission. I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd. I pray you keep it in. I heard you were sawcy at my gates, and I allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of the moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, Sir? here lyes your way.

Vio. No, good swabber, I am to hull a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady: tell me your mind, I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure you have some hedious matter to deliver, when the curtesie of it is so fearful. Speak your Office.

Vio. It alones concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head; to your ears, divinity; to any other's, prophanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone. [*Exit Maria.*] We will hear this divinity. Now, Sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady.

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lyes the text?

Vio. In *Orsino's* bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? in what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresie. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face; you are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. Look you, Sir, such a one I was this present: is't not well done?

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, Sir, 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on :
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, Sir, I will not be so hard-hearted ; I will give
out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be invento-
ried, and every particle and utensil labell'd to my will.
As, Item, two lips indifferent red. *Item,* two grey eyes,
with lids to them, *Item,* one neck, one chin, and so
forth. Were you sent hither to praise me ?

Vio. I see you what you are, you are too proud :
But if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you : O such love
Could be but recompenc'd, tho' you were crown'd
The non-pareil of beauty.

Oli. How does he love me ?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love
him ;

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth ;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person ; yet I cannot love him ;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense :
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you do ?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house ;
Write loyal cantos of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night ;
Hollow your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babling gossip of the air
Cry out, *Olivia* : O you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much :
What is your parentage ?

Vio.

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord ;
I cannot love him : let him send no more,
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it ; fare you well :
I thank you for your pains ; spend this for me.

Vio. I am no feed-post, lady ; keep your purse :
My Master, not my self, lacks recompence.
Love, make his heart of flint, that you shall love,
And let your fervour like my master's be,
Plac'd in contempt : farewell, fair cruelty. [Exit.

Oli. What is your parentage ?
Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :
I am a gentleman —— I'll be sworn thou art.
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon —— not too fast ——
soft, soft,

Unless the master were the man. How now ?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague ?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtile stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be ——
What hoa, *Malvolio*.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The Duke's man ; he left this ring behind him
Would I, or not : tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes ; I am not for him :
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reason for't. Hye thee, *Malvolio*.

Mal. Madam, a will.

Oli. I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind :
Fate, shew thy force ; our selves we do not owe ;
What is decreed must be ; and be this so. [Exit.

A C T II.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Antonio. **W**ILL you stay no longer? will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might perhaps disemper yours; therefore I crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No footh, Sir, my determinate voyage is meer extravagancy: but I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to exprefs my self: you must know of me then, *Antonio*, my name is *Sebastian*, which I call'd *Roderigo*; my father was that *Sebastian* of *Messaline*, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him, my self, and a Sister, both born in one hour; if the heav'ns had been pleas'd, would we had so ended! but you, Sir, alter'd that, for some hours before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas the day!

Seb. A lady, Sir, tho' it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but tho' I could not with such estimable wonder over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drown'd already, Sir, with salt water, tho' I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, Sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare you well at once, my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion

occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Duke *Orsino's* court; farewell. [Exit.]

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee.

I have made enemies in *Orsino's* court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:

But come what may, I do adore thee so,
'That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [Exit.]

Enter Viola and Malvolio at several doors.

Mal. Were not you e'en now with the Countess *Olivia*?

Vio. Even now, Sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither,

Mal. She returns this ring to you, Sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away your self. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance, she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this: receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me, I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, Sir, you peevishly threw it to her, and her will is, it should be so return'd: if it be wroth stooping for, there it lyes in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [Exit.]

Vio. I left no ring with her; what means this lady?

Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!

She made good view of me, indeed so much,

That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly:

She loves me sure, the cunning of her passion

Invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my lord's ring? Why he sent her none.

I am the man—— If it be so as 'tis,

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,

Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easie is it, for the proper false

In womens waxen hearts to set their forms!

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we,

For such as we are made, if such we be.

How will this sadge? my master loves her dearly,

And I poor monster, fond as much on him;

And

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me :
 What will become of this ? as I am man,
 My state is desperate for my master's love ;
 As I am woman, now alas the day,
 What thriftless sighs shall poor *Olivia* breathe ?
 O time, thou must untangle this, not I,
 It is too hard a knot for me t'unty.

[Exit.]

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Approach *Sir Andrew* : not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes, and *Diluculo surgere*, thou know'st.

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not : but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion : I hate it as an unfill'd can ; to be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early ; so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements ?

Sir And. 'Faith so they say, but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Th'art a scholar, let us therefore eat and drink. *Maria* I say, a sloop of wine.

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts ? did you never see the picture of we three ?

Sir To. Welcome asf, now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. Insooth thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* passing the equinoctial of *Queubus* ? 'twas very good i'faith : I sent thee six pence for thy lemon, hadst it ?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratility ; for *Malvolio's* nose is no whip-stock. My lady has a white hand, and the mirmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent : why this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now a song.

Sir

Sir To. Come on, there's six pence for you. Let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a teftril of me too; if one knight give a——

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay, I care not for good life.

Clown sings.

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O stay and hear, your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further, pretty sweeting,

Journeys end in lovers meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know

Sir And. Excellent good, 'faith,

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 'tis not hereafter:

Present mirth hath present laughter:

What's to come, is still unsure.

In delay there lyes no plenty,

Then come kiss me sweet and twenty:

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am a true knight,

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very iweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.

But shall we make the welkin dance indeed; shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a catch.

Clo. Byr lady, Sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain; let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight. I shall be constrain'd in't, to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo.

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good i'faith: come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*]

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwailing do you keep here? If my lady have not call'd up her steward, *Malvolio*, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a *Catayan*, we are politicians, *Malvolio's* a *Peg-a-Ramsay*, and *Three merry men be we*. Am not I consanguinius? am not I of her blood? *Tilly wally, lady! there dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady.*

[*Singing*]

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's an admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O *twelfth day* of December,

[*Singing.*]

Mar. For the love o'God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? do you make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? is there no respect of places persons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, Sir, in our catches. Strike up.

Mal. *Sir Toby*, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that she harbours you as her uncle, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate your self and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house: if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewel, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mal. Nay, good *Sir Toby*.

Clo. His eyes do shew his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. *Sir Toby*, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go?

[*Singing.*]

Clo.

Clo. What and if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o'tane, Sir, ye lie: art thou any more than a steward? dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by faint *Anne*; and ginger shall be hot i'th' mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'th' right. Go, Sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoop of wine, *Maria*.

Mal. Mistrefs *Mary*, if you priz'd my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand.

[Exit.

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry. to challenge him to the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't Knight, I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet *Sir Toby*, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the Duke's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur *Malvolio*, let me alone with him; if I do not gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lye straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us, tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, Sir, sometimes he is a kind of a puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear Knight.

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser, an affection'd ass, that consfate without book, and utters it by great swarths. The best persuaded of himself: So cram'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar.

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love, wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gate, the expresseure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your neice; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent, I smell a device.

Sir And. I have it in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my neice, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it: for this night to bed, and dream on the event. Farewel. [Exit.

Sir To. Good night, *Penthesilea*.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me; what o'that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight: thou hadst need send for more mony.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your neice, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for mony, knight; if thou hast her not i'th' end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come knight, come knight.

[Exit.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Duke. Give me some musick; now good-morrow friends:

Now good *Cesario*, but that picce of song,

That

That old and antique song we heard last night;
 Methought it did relieve my passion much,
 More than light airs, and recollected terms
 Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.
 Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that
 should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste the jester, my lord, a fool that the lady
Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the
 house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Ex. Curio.* [*Musick.*

Come hither, boy; if ever thou shalt love,
 In the sweet pangs of it, remember me;
 For such as I am, all true lovers are,
 Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
 Save in the constant image of the creature
 That is belov'd. How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very eccho to the seat
 Where love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly.

My life upon't, young tho' thou art, thine eye
 Hath staid upon some favour that it loves:
 Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years is't?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heav'n; let still the woman takes
 An elder than her self, so wears she to him;
 So sways she level in her husband's heart.
 For, boy, however we do praise our selves,
 Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
 More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
 Than womens are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thy self,
 Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:

For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so,
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Enter Curio and Clown.

Duke. O fellow come, the song we had last night.
Mark it, *Cesario*, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, Sir?

Duke. I pr'ythee sing.

[*Musick.*

S O N G.

*Come, away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
Prepare it.
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.*

*Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown:
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corps, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me where
True lover never find my grave,
To weep there,*

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, Sir; I take pleasure in singing, Sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, Sir, and pleasure will be paid one time or
other.

Duke

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now the melancholy god protect thee, and the taylor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where, for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewel. [Exit.

Duke. Let all the rest give place. Once more, *Cesario*, Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty : Tell her, my love, more noble than the world, Prizes not quantity of dirty lands ; The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her, Tell her I hold as giddily as fortune : But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, Sir ?

Duke. It cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must,

Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for *Olivia* : you cannot love her
You tell her so ; must she not then be answer'd ?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As love doth give my heart : no woman's heart
So big to hold so much ; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite :
No motion of the liver, but the pallet,
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt ;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much ; make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe *Olivia*.

Vio. Ay but I know———

Duke. What dost thou know ?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe ;
In faith they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. What's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord: she never told her love,
 ' But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,
 ' Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought,
 ' and with a green and yellow melancholy,
 ' She sat like patience on a monument,
 ' Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
 We men may say more, swear more, but indeed,
 Our shews are more than will; for still we prove
 Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy'd thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I'm all the daughters of my father's house,
 And all the brothers too——and yet I know not
 Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste; give her this jewel: say,
 My love can give no place, bide no deny. [Exeunt.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport,
 let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the nig-
 gardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable
 shame?

Fab. I would exult, man; you know he brought
 me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting
 here.

Sir To. To anger him we'll have the bear again, and
 we will fool him black and blue, shall we not, Sir An-
 drew.

Sir And. An we do not, it's pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain: how now, my
 nettle of India?

Maria. Get ye all three into the box-tree; Malvolio's
 coming down this walk, that has been yonder i'th' sun
 practising

practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting, lye thou there; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [Exit.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune, all is fortune. *Maria* once told me she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her, What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weaning rogue.

Fab. Oh peace: contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanc'd plumes.

Sir And. 'Slife, I could so beat the rogue.

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count *Malvolio*.

Sir To. Ah rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace

Mal. There is example for't: the lady of the *Strachy* ried the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, *Jezebel*.

Fab. O peace, now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state——

Sir To. O for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye.

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come down from a day-bed, where I have left *Olivia* sleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs—to ask for my uncle *Toby*——

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. Oh peace, peace, peace; now, now. *Mal.*

Mal. Seven of my people with an obedient start make out for him: I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. *Toby* approaches, curtsies to me.

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Tho' our silence be drawn from us with cares, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus; quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of controul.

Sir To. And does not *Toby* take you a blow o'th lips then.

Mal. Saying, uncle *Toby*, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time, with a foolish Knight——

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One *Sir Andrew*.

Sir And. I knew 'twas I, for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here.

[Taking up a letter.

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. Oh peace! now the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life this is my lady's hand: These be her very C's, her U's, and her T's, and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: Why that?

Mal. To the unknown below'd, this, and my good wishes; her very phrases: By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her *Lucrece*, with which she uses to seal; tis my lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. Jove knows I love, but who, lips do not move, no man must know, No man must know—— what follows? the number's alter'd —— no man must know —— if this should be thee, *Malvolio*?

Sir To.

Sir To. Marry hang thee, Brock!

Mal. *I may command where I adore, but silence like a Lucrece knife.*

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore, M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle.

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. *M. O. A. I. doth sway my life—nay, but first let me see—— let me see——*

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dress'd him?

Sir To. And with what wing the stallion checks at it?

Mal. *I may command where I adore.* Why she may command me: I serve her, she is my lady. Why this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this — and the end—what should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me? softly—*M. O. A. I.——*

Sir To. O, ay! make up that, he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, tho' it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. *M.——Malvolio——M.——* why that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M.* But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, and you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. *M. O. A. I.*—this simulation is not as the former——and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters is in my name. Soft, here follows prose—*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness; some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands, let thy*

blood and spirit embrace them; and to inure thy self to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: Let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thy self into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wissh'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd. I say remember; go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so: If not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worth to touch fortune's fingers. Farewel. She that would alter services with thee. The fortunate and happy day-light and champion discovers no more: This is open. I will be proud, I will read politick authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point devise, the very man. I do now fool my self, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg, being cross-garter'd, and in this she manifests her self to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy: I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. *Jove*, and my stars be praised. Here is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not chuse but know who I am; if thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling, thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pry'thee. Jove*, I thank thee; I will smile, I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*]

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir. And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter Maria.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And.

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. P'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like *Aquæ vita* with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: He will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to melancholy, as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of *Tartar*; thou most excellent devil of wit.

Sir And. I'll make one too.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT III.

Enter Viola, and Clown.

Vio. SAVE thee, friend, and thy musick: Dost thou live by the tabor?

Cl. No, Sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Cl. No such matter, Sia, I do live by the church: For I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say the King lyes by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him: Or the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Cl. You have said, Sir: To see this age! a sentence is but a chev'ril glove to a good wit; how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward?

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Cl. I would therefore my sister had no name, Sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Cl. Why, Sir, her name's a word, and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton; but indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

Vio. The reason, man?

Cl. Troth, Sir, I can yield you none without words, and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Cl. Not so, Sir, I do care for something; but, in my conscience, Sir, I do not care for you: If that be to care for nothing, Sir, I would it would make you invisible,

Vio. Art not thou the lady *Olivia's* fool?

Cl. No indeed, Sir, the lady *Olivia* has no folly, she will keep no fool, Sir, 'till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchers are to herrings, the husband's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Duke *Orsino's*.

Cl. Foolery, Sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry, Sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

Cl. Now *Jove*, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard.

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Cl. Would not a pair of these have bred, Sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Cl. I would play lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia*, Sir, to bring a *Cressida* to this *Troilus*.

Vio. I understand you, Sir, 'tis well begg'd.

Cl. The matter I hope is not great, Sir; begging but a beggar: *Cressida* was a beggar. My lady is within,
Sir,

Sir, I will conſider to them whence you come ; who you are, and what you would, is out of my welkin, I might ſay element, but the word is over-worn. [Exit.

Vio. This fellow is wiſe enough to play the fool,
And to do that well, craves a kind of wit :
He muſt obſerve their mood on whom he jeſts.
The quality of the perſons, and the time ;
And like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wiſe-man's art :
For folly that he wiſely ſhews, is fit ;
But wiſe men's folly fall'n, quite taints their wit.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde Monsieur.

Vio. Et vous auſſi, voſtre ſerviteur.

Sir And. I hope, Sir, you are ; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the houſe, my niece is deſirous you ſhould enter, if your trade be to her

Vio. I am bound to your niece, Sir ; I mean, ſhe is the liſt of my voyage.

Sir To. Taſte your legs, Sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better underſtand me, Sir, than I underſtand what you mean by bidding me taſte my legs.

Sir To, I mean to go, Sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gate and entrance, but we are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Moſt excellent accompliſh'd lady, the heav'n's rain odours on you.

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier ! rain odours ? well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own moſt pregnant and vouchſafed ear.

Sir And. Odours, pregnant and vouchſafed : I'll get 'm all three ready.

Oli.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.*
Give me your hand, Sir.

Vio. My duty, Madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name ?

Vio. *Cesario* is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, Sir ? 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment :
Y'are servant to the Duke *Orsino*, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours :
Your servant's servant is your servant, Madam.

Oli. For him I think not on him : For his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me.

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you ;
I bade you never speak again of him.
But would you undertake another suit,
I'd rather hear you to sollicit that
Than musick from the spehres.

Vio. Dear lady.

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you : I did send,
After the last enchantment you did hear,
A ring in chase of you. So did I abuse
My self, my servant, and I fear me, you ;
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think ?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think ? to one of your re-
ceiving

Enough is shewn ; a cypress, not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart. So let us hear you speak,

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No not a grace : for 'tis a vulgar proof
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then methinks 'tis time to smile again ;
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud ?

If one should be a prey, how much the better
 To fall before the lion, than the wolf ; [Clock strikes.
 The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
 Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you ;
 And yet when wit and youth are come to harvest,
 Your wife is like to reap a proper man :
 There lies your way, due west

Vio. Then westward hoe :

Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship,
 You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me ?

Oli. Stay ; pr'ythee tell me what thou think'st of me ?

Vio. That you do think you are not what you are,

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right : I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be.

Vio. Would it were better, Madam, than I am,
 I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

Oli. O what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
 In the contempt, and anger of his lip !
 A murd'rous guilt shews not it self more soon
 Than love that would seem hid : love's night is noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
 By maid-hood, honour, truth, and every thing,
 I love thee so, that maugre all thy pride,
 Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
 Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
 For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause :
 But rather reason thus with reason fetter ;
 Love sought is good ; but given unsought is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
 I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
 And that no woman has, nor never none
 Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
 And so adieu, good Madam ; never more
 Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again ; for thou perhaps may'st move
 That heart, which now abhors to like his love.

[Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir And. No faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, *Sir Andrew.*

Sir And. Marry, I saw your neice do more favours to the Duke's serving-man than ever she bestow'd on me. I saw't 'th' orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy, tell me that ?

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight' ! will you make an afs o' me ?

Fab. I prove it legitimate, Sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand Jury men since before *Noah* was a failor.

Fab. She did shew favour to the youth in your fight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulkt. The double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sail'd into the north of my lady's opinion, where you will hang like an isicle on a *Dutchman's* beard, unless you redeem it by some attempt, either of valour or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it must be with valour, for policy I hate : I had as lief be a *Brownist*, as a politician.

Sir To. Why then build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour, challenge me the Duke's youth to fight with him, hurt him in eleven places, my neice shall take note of it ; and assure thy self, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendations with women than report of valour.

Fab.

Fab. There is no way but this, *Sir Andrew*.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him ?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial-hand, be curst and brief: it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention; taunt him with the license of ink; if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lye in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of *Ware* in *England*, set 'em down and go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, tho' thou write it with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you ?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *Cubiculo*: go.

[Exit *Sir Andrew*.]

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, *Sir Toby*.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver't.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver, as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of th' anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite the youth bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter *Maria*.

Sir To. Look where the youngest wren of mine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh your selves into stitches, follow me; yond gull *Malvolio* is turned heathen, a very renagado; for there is no christian that means to be sav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-garter'd ?

Mar.

Mar. Most villanously ; like a pedant that keeps a school i'th' church : I have dogg'd him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropt to betray him ; he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the *Indies* ; you have not seen such a thing as 'tis ; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him ; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour. —

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt*]

Enter Sebastian and Anthonia.

Seb. I would not by my Will have troubled you. But since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no farther chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you ; my desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth, And not all love to see you, tho' so much As might have drawn one to a longer voyage. But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skilless in these parts ; which to a stranger, Unguided and unfriended, often prove Rough and inhospitable. My willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind *Anthonio*.

I can no other answer make but thanks. And thanks : and ever-oft good turns Are shuffled off with such incurrent pay ; But were my worth as is my conscience firm, You should find better dealing : what's to do ? Shall we go see the relicks of this town ?

Ant. To-morrow, Sir ; best first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night, I pray you let us satisfy our eyes With the memorials, and the things of fame That do renown this city.

Ant.

Ant. Would you'd pardon me :

I do not without danger walk these streets.

Once in a sea-fight 'gainst the Duke his gallies

I did some service, of such note indeed,

That were I ta'n here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature,

Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel,

Might well have given us bloody argument :

It might have since been answer'd in repaying

What we took from them, which for traffick's sake

Most of our city did. Only my self stood out,

For which if I be lapsed in this place

I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me : hold, Sir, here's my purse.

In the south suburbs at the *Elephant*

Is best to lodge : I will bespeak our diet,

Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge

With viewing of the town, there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse ?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy

You have desire to purchase ; and your store,

I think, is not for idle markets, Sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you

For an hour.

Ant. To th' *Elephant*.

Seb. I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him ; he says he'll come.

How shall I seek him ? what bestow on him ?

For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.

I speak too loud :

Where is *Malvolio* ? he is sad and civil,

And suits well for a servant with my fortunes

Where is *Malvolio* ?

Nar. He's coming, Madam : but in very strange manner.

He

He is sure possess, Madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter, does he rave?

Mar. No, Madam, he does nothing but smile; your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come, for sure the man is tainted in's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.
How now, *Malvolio*?

Mal. Sweet lady, ha, ha, [Smiles fantastically.]

Oli. Smil'st thou? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad lady, I could be sad; this does make some obstruction in the blood; this cross-gartering, but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: *Please one, and please all.*

Oli. Why? how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, tho' yellow in my legs: it did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think we do know that sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, *Malvolio*?

Mal. To bed? 'ay, sweet heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee; why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, *Malvolio*?

Mal. At your request?

Yes, nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. Be not afraid of greatness? 'twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, *Malvolio*?

Mal. Some are born great—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. Some atchieve greatness—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal.

Mal. And some have greatness thrust upon them——

Oli. Heav'n restore thee.

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow Stockings——

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd——

Oli. Cross-garter'd?

Mal. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so——

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. If not, not me see thee a servant still.

Oli. Why this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Duke *Orfino's* is return'd, I could hardly entreat him back; he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my uncle *Toby*? let some of my people have a special care of him, I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. [*Exit.*

Mal. Oh ho, do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir *Toby* to look to me! this concurs directly with the letter, she sends him on purpose that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. Cast thy humble slough, says she; be opposite with a kinsman, sure'y with servants, let thy tongue tang with arguments of state, put thy self into the trick of singularity; and consequently sets down the manner how; as a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some Sir of note, and so forth. I have lim'd her, but it is *Jove's* doing, and *Jove* make me thankful; and when she went away now, let this fellow be look'd to; fellow! not *Makvolio*, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple; no obstacle; no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—— what can be said? nothing that can be, can come between me and
the

the full prospect of my hopes. Well, *Jove*, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Sir Toby, Fabian and Maria.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? if all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and legion himself possess him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is; how is't with you, Sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off, I discard you; let me enjoy my privacy: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him; did not I tell you? *Sir Toby*, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah ha, does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let him alone. How do you, *Malvolio*? how is't with you? what man, desie the devil; consider he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you! if you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th'wise woman.

Mar. Marry and it shall be done to-morrow morning if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O Lord.

Sir To. Pr'ythee hold thy peace, that is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness, gently, gently; the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why how now my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir.

Sir To. Ay biddy, come with me. What man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with satan. Hang him, foul collier.

Mar.

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good *Sir Toby*, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx'!

Mar. No I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go hang your selves all: you are idle shallow things, I am not of your element, you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.]

Sir To. It's possible?

Fab. If this were plaid upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a drak room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad; we may carry it thus for our pleasure and his penance, 'till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of mad men; but see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a *May* morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so sawcy?

Sir And. Ay, is't? I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me.

[*Sir Toby* reads.]

Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind why I do call thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't.

Fab. A good note, he keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir

Sir To. Thou com'st to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly; but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-les.

Sir To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me ———

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o'th windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon me of our souls: he may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better, and so look to thy self. Thy friend as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir *Andrew*, scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-bailly; so soon as ever thou see'st him, draw; and as thou draw'st, swear horribly; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof it self would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [Exit.

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find that it comes from a clod-pole. But, Sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth, set upon *Ague-cheek* a notable report of valour and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter

Enter Olivia and Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your neice ; give them way 'till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [Exit.

Oli. I've said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary on't.
'There's something in me that reproves my fault ;
But such a head-strong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same haviour that your passion bears,
Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture ;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you :
And I beseech you come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honour sav'd, may upon asking give ?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that,
Which I have given to you.

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow : fare thee well,
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [Exit.

Enter Sir Toby and Fabian,

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't ; of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not ; but thy interceptor, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end ; dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, Sir, I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me ; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you; therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him, what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish a man withal.

Vio. I pray you, Sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is a Knight dubb'd with unhack'd rapier, and on carpet consideration, but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulcher: hob, nod, is his word; give't or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no: his indignation drives it self out of a very competent injury, therefore get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him; therefore on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you do me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior *Fabian*, stay you by this gentleman 'till my return. [Exit *Sir Toby*.

Vio. Pray you, Sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the Knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is indeed, Sir, the most skillful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of *Illyria*: will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with Sir Priest than Sir Knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [Exe.

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago: I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all; and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified.

Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't, if I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey *Capliet*.

Sir To. I'll make the motion; stand here, make a good shew on't, this shall end without the perdition of souls; marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian and Viola.

I have his horse to take up the quarrel, I have persuaded him the youth's a devil. [To Fabian.

Fab. He is horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, Sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake: Marry he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw for the supportance of his vow, he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me; a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, *Sir Andrew*, there's no remedy, the gentleman will for his honour's sake have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has

promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, to't. [They draw.]

Sir And. Pray God he keep his oath.

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you 'tis against my will.

Ant. Put up your sword; if this young gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me; If you offend him, I for him defend you. [Drawing.]

Sir To. You, Sir? Why, what are you?

Ant. One, Sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

[Draws.]

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good *Sir Toby*, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with anon.

Vio. Pray, Sir, put your sword up if you please.

[To *Sir Andrew*.]

Sir And. Marry will I, Sir; and for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 Off. This is the man, do thy office.

2 Off. *Antonio*, I arrest thee at the suit of *Duke Orsino*.

Ant. You do mistake me, Sir.

1 Off. No, Sir, no jot; I know your favour well; Tho' now you have no sea-cap on your head. Take him away, he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. This comes with seeking you; But there's no remedy. I shall answer it.

What will you do? now my necessity Makes me to ask you for my purse. It grieves me Much more, for what I cannot do for you, Than what befalls my self: You stand amaz'd, But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come, Sir, away.

Ant. I must intreat of you some of that mony.

Vio. What mony, Sir?

For the fair kindness you have shew'd me here,
 And part being prompted by your present trouble,
 Out of my lean and low ability
 I'll lend you something; my having is not much,
 I'll make division of my present with you:
 Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?

Is't possible, that my deserts to you
 Can lack persuasion? do not tempt my misery,
 Lest that it make me so unfound a man,
 As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
 That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none,
 Nor know you by voice, or any feature.
 I hate ingratitude more in a man,
 Than lying, vainness, babling, drunkenness,
 Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
 Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. Oh heav'ns themselves!

2 Off. Come, Sir, I pray you go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see
 here,

I snatcht one half out of the jaws of death,
 Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,
 And to his image, which methought did promise
 Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 Off. What's that to us? the time goes by; away,

Ant. But oh, how vile an idol proves this God!
 Thou hast, *Sebastian*, done good feature shame.
 In nature there's no blemish but the mind:
 None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.
 Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
 Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

1 Off. The man grows mad, away with him:
 Come come, Sir.

Ant. Lead me on.

[*Exit.*

Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
 That he believes himself; so do not I:
 Prove true, imagination, oh prove true,

That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you.

Sir To. Come hither, Knight, come hither, *Fabian*; we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd *Sebastian*; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass, even such, and so
In favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: Oh if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love. [Exit.

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare; his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship ask *Fabian*.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

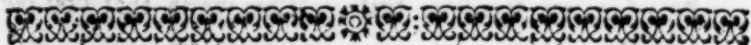
Sir And. 'Slid I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. If I do not.

Fab. Come, let's see the event,

Sir To. I dare lay any mony 'twill be nothing yet. [Exit.



A C T - I V .

Enter Sebastian and Clown.

Clown. W I L L you make me believe that I am sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow,
Let me be clear of thee.

Clow. Well held out i'faith; No, I do not know you, nor I am not sent to by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master *Cesario*, nor this is not my nose neither; nothing that is so is so.

Seb. I prythee vent thy folly somewhere else, thou know'st not me.

Clow. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove

a cokney : I pry'thee now ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady ; shall I vent to her, that thou art coming ?

Seb. I pry'thee foolish *Greek* depart from me, there's mony for thee. If thou tarry longer I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth thou hast an open hand ; these wise men that give fools mony get themselves a good report after fourteen years purchase.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.

Sir And. Now, Sir, have I met you again ? there's for you. [*Striking Sebastian.*]

Seb. Why there's for thee, and there, and there : Are all the people mad ? [*Beating Sir Andrew.*]

Sir To. Hold, Sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady frait : I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [*Exit Clown.*]

Sir To. Come on, Sir, hold. [*Holding Sebastian.*]

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him ; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in *Illyria* ; tho' I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, Sir, I will not let you go. Come my young soldier, put up your iron ; you are well flesh'd : Come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now ? if thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what ? nay, then I must have ounce or two of this malapert blood from you

[*They draw and fight.*]

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, *Toby*, on thy life I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam.

Oli. Will it be ever thus ? ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,

Where manners ne'er were preach'd : Out of my sight,
Be not offended, dear *Cesario*,

Rudeby, be gone. I pr'ythee, gentle friend,

[*Exeunt Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.*]

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion sway

In this uncivil and unjust extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And hear thou there, how many fruitless pranks

This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
May't smile at this : Thou shalt not chuse but go :

Do not deny ; beshrew his soul for me,

He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.

Let fancy still my sense in *Lethe* steep.

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.

Oli. Nay come I pray : Would thou'dst be rul'd by me.

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O say so, and so be.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee put on this gown and this beard,
make him believe thou art *Sir Topas* the Curate ; do it
quickly. I'll call *Sir Toby* the whilst.

Cl. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble my self
in't ; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled
in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the
function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good
student ; but to be said an honest man, and a good house-
keeper, goes as fairly as to say, a careful man a great
scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby.

Sir To. *Jove* blefs thee, Mr. Parson.

Cl. *Bonos dies*, *Sir Toby* ; for as the old hermit of *Pra-*
gue, that never saw pen and ink, very wily said to a
neice of King *Gorboduck*, that that is, is : So I being Mr.
Parson, am Mr. Parson ; for what is that, but that ? and
and is, but is ?

Sir To.

Sir To. To him, *Sir Topas*.

Clo. What hoa, I say, peace in this prison.

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

[*Malvolio within.*]

Mal. Who calls there?

Clo. *Sir Topas* the curate, who comes to visit *Malvolio* the lunatick.

Mal. *Sir Topas*, *Sir Topas*, good *Sir Topas* go to my lady.

Clo. Out hyperbolical fiend, how vexest thou this man?

Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master Parson.

Mal. *Sir Topas*, never was man thus wrong'd good *Sir Topas* do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darknes.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest fathan; I call thee by the most modest terms, for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with curtesie: Say it thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, *Sir Topas*.

Clo. Why it hath bay windows transparent as baricadoes, and the clear stoness towards the South North are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, *Sir Topas*, I say to you this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest; I say there is no darknes but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the *Egyptians* in their fog.

Mal. I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say there was never man thus abus'd; I am no more mad than you are, make the tryal of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of *Pythagoras*, concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might happily inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'st thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: Remain thou still in darknes; thou shalt hold th' opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow

of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the house of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, Sir *Topas*.

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir *Topas*!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown, he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him: I would we were all rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my neice, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. [Exit.]

Clo. Hey Robin, jolly Robin, tell me how my lady does.

[Singing.]

Mal. Fool.

Clo. My lady is unkind, perdie.

Mal. Fool.

Clo. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say.

Clo. She loves another—— who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Mr. *Malvolio*!

Mal. Ay, good fool,

Clo. Alas, Sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abus'd; I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well! then thou art mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have propertied me; they keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say: The minister is here, *Malvolio*, *Malvolio*, thy wits the heav'ns restore: Endeavour thy self to sleep, and leave thy vain bible babble.

Mal. Sir *Topas*.

Clo.

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.
who I, Sir, not I, Sir, God b'w'you good Sir *Topes*,
Marry, amen. I will, Sir, I will, Sir.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I fay.

Clo. Alas, Sir, be patient. What say you, Sir? I
am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some
paper; I tell thee I am as well in my wits, as any man
in *Illyria*.

Clo. Well-a-day that you were, Sir.

Mal. By this hand I am: good fool, some ink, paper
and light; and convey what I set down to my lady: It
shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter
did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you
not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a mad-man 'till I see his
brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink,

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree;
I pr'ythee be gone,

Clo. *I am gone, Sir, and anon, Sir,* [Singing.

I'll be with you again

In a trice, like to the old vice,

Your need to sustain.

Who with dagger of lath, in his rage, and his wrath,

Cries ah ha! to the devil;

Like a mad lad, pare thy nails, dad,

Adieu, good man drivell.

[Exit.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air, that is the glorious sun,
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't.
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's *Antonio* then?
I could not find him at the *Elephant*.
Yet there he was, and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.

His

His counsel now might do me golden service ;
 For tho' my soul disputes well with my sense,
 That this may be some error, but no madness,
 Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
 So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
 That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
 And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
 To any other trust, but that I'm mad,
 Or else the lady's mad ; yet if 'twere so,
 She could not sway her house, command her followers,
 Take, and give back affairs, and their dispatch,
 With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
 As I perceive she does : there's something in't
 That is deceivable. But here she comes.

Enter Olivia and Priest.

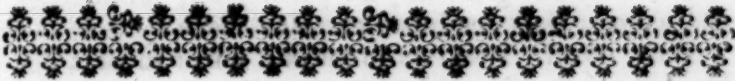
Oli. Blame not this haste of mine : if you mean well,
 Now go with me and with this holy man
 Into the chantry by ; there before him,
 And underneath that consecrated roof,
 Plight me the full assurance of your faith,
 That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
 May live at peace. He shall conceal it
 Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
 What time we will our celebration keep
 According to my birth. What do you say ?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you,
 And having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father ; heav'n's so
 shine,
 That they may fairly note this act of mine. [*Exeunt.*



A C T



A C T V.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fabian. **N**OW, as thou lov'st me, let me see this letter.

Clo. Good Mr. *Fabian*, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is to give a dog, and in recompence desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the lady *Olivia*, friends?

Clo. Ay, Sir, we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, Sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, Sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, Sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an ass: so that by my foes, Sir, I profit in the knowledge of my self, and by my friends I am abused: so that conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, Sir, no; tho' it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me, there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, Sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O you give me ill counsel.

Cl.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, Sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer: there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio,* is a good play, and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, Sir, is a good tripping measure, or the bells of *St. Bennet*, Sir, may put you in mind, one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw; if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, Sir, lullaby to your bounty 'till I come again. I go, Sir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but, as you say, Sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon.

[*Exit Clown.*]

Enter Antonio and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, Sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as *Vulcan*, in the smoak of war:
A bawbling Vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cry'd fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

Off. Orsino, this is that *Antonio*

That took the *Phœnix* and her fraught from *Candy*;
And this is he that did the *Tyger* board,
When your young nephew *Titus* lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, Sir; drew on my side,
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distractions

Duke.

Duke. Notable pirate, thou salt-water thief,
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in terms so bloody and so dear
Hast made thine enemies ?

Ant. Orsino : noble Sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me :
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate ;
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither :
That most ungrateful boy there by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth,
Did I redeem ; a wreck past hope he was :
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love without cerention or restraint ;
All this in dedication. For his sake
Did I expose my self (pure for his love)
Into the danger of this adverse town,
Drew to defend him, when he was beset ;
Where being apprehended, his false cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing,
While one would wink : deny'd me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be ?

Duke. When came he to this town ?

Ant. To-day, my lord ; and for three months before,
No *Interim*, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company,

Enter Olivia and attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess ; now heav'n walks,
on Earth.
But for thee, fellow ; fellow, thy words are madness :
Three months this youth hath tended upon me ;
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have
Wherein *Olivia* may seem serviceable ?

Cesario,

Cesario, you don't keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam.

Duke. Gracious *Olivia*.

Oli. What do you say, *Cesario*? Good my lord —

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it ought to the old tune, my lord,

It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear,

As howling after musick.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings has breath'd out
That e'er devotion tender'd. What shall I do?

Oli. Ev'n what it please my lord, that shall become
him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do't,
Like to th' *Egyptian* thief, at point of death
Kill what I love? a savage jealousy,
That sometimes favours nobly; but hear this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour:
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still.
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heav'n, I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spight.
Come boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spight a raven's heart within a dove.

Vio. And I most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

Oli. Where goes *Cesario*?

Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these Eyes, more than my life,
More by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witness above
Punish my life, for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ay me, detested! how am I beguil'd?

Vio.

What you will.

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thy self? Is it so long?

Call forth the holy father.

Duke. Come, away.

Oli. Whither, my lord? *Cesario*, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband.

Oli. Ay, husband. Can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, firrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,

That makes thee strangle thy propriety:

Fear not, *Cesario*, take thy fortunes up,

Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art

As great as thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O welcome, father.

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence

Here to unfold, (tho' lately we intended

To keep in darkness, what occasion now

Leveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know,

Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,

Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,

Attested by the holy clove of lips,

Strengthened by enterchangement of your rings,

And all the ceremony of this compact

Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:

Since when, my watch hath told me tow'rd my grave

I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub; what wilt thou be

When time hath sow'd a grizzel on thy case?

Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,

That thin own trip shall be thine overthrow?

Farewel, and take her, but direct the feet,

Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest——

Oli. O do not swear;

Hold little faith, tho' thou hast too much fear!

Enter

Enter Sir Andrew with his head broke.

Sir And. For the love of God a surgeon, and send one presently to Sir *Toby*.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. H's broke my head a-crofs, and given Sir *Toby* a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God your help. I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir *Andrew*?

Sir And. The Count's gentleman, one *Cesario*; we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incarnate.

Duke. My gentleman, *Cesario*?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is, you broke my head for nothing, and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir *Toby*.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you: You drew your sword upon me without cause, But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Enter Sir Toby and Clown.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb. Here comes Sir *Toby* halting, you shall hear more; but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other-gates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one, he has hurt me, and there's an end on't; sot, didst see *Dick* surgeon, sot?

Clow. O he's drunk, Sir, above an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i'th morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a past measure *Painim*. I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: who hath made this havock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir *Toby*, because we'll be drest together.

Sir

Sir To. Will you help an afs-head, and a coxcomb,
and a knave, a thin-fac'd knave, a gull?

[*Exe. Clo. To. and And.*]

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your uncle :
But had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard on me, by which
I do perceive it hath offended you ;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other, but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A nat'ral perspective, that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio, O my dear *Antonio!*
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee ?

Ant. *Sebastian* are you ?

Seb. Fear'd you that, *Antonio?*

Ant. How have you made division of your self?
An apple cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is *Sebastian?*

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother :
Nor can there be a deity in my nature
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd :
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To Viola.*]
What countryman : what name ? what parentage ?

Vio. Of *Messaline* ; *Sebastian* was my father,
Such a *Sebastian* was my brother too :
So went he suited to his wat'ry tomb.
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed,
But am in that dimension grossly clad.
Which from the womb I did participat'.

Were

Were you a woman, as the rest go even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say, thrice welcome drowned *Viola*.

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And dy'd that day when *Viola* from her birth
Had numbred thirteen years.

Seb. O that record is lively in my soul,
He finished indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire ;
Do not embrace me, 'till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am *Viola* ; which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town
Where lye my maiden weeds ; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd to serve this noble Duke.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook :
[To Oli.]

But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid,
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd : right noble is his blood ;
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times [To *Vio.*]
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Vio. And all these sayings will I over-swear,
And all those swearings keep us true in soul,
As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maids garments : he upon some action
Is now in durance, at *Malvolio's* suit.

A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him: fetch *Malvolio* hither.

And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Enter the Clown with a letter, and Fabian.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
How does he, firrah?

Cl. Truly, madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the staves
end as well as a man in his case may do: he's here
writ a letter to you, I should have given't you to
day morning. But as a mad-man's epistles are no gos-
pels, so it skills not much when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open't and read it.

Cl. Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool
delivers the mad man—*By the lord, madam,* [Reads.]

Oli. How now, art mad?

Cl. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your
ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must al-
low *Vox.*

Oli. Pr'ythee read it, i'thy right wits.

Cl. So I do, *Madona*; but to read his right wits, is
to read thus; therefore preprend, my princefs and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, firrah. [To *Fabian,*

Fab. [Reads.] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me,
and the world shall know it: though you have put me
into darkness, and given your drunken uncle rule over
me, yet have I benefit of my senses as well as your la-
dyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the
semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to
do my self much right, or you much shame: think of me
as you please: I leave my duty a little unthought of, and
speak out of my injury,*

The madly us'd *Malvolio.*

Oli. Did he write this?

Cl. Ay, madam.

Duke. This favours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, *Fabian,* bring him hither.

My

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on?
To think me as well a sister, as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you;
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer.
Your master quits you; and for your service done him,
So much against the metal of your sex, [To Viola.
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding.
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand, you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister, you are she.

Enter Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the mad-man?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same: how now, *Malvolio*?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, *Malvolio*? no.

Mal. Lady, you have; pray you peruse that letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand.
Write from it if you can, in hand or phrase,
Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention;
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bad me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir *Toby*, and the lighter people?
And acting this in an obedient hope.
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck or gull
That e'er invention plaid on? tell me why?

Oli. Alas, *Malvolio*, this is not my writing,
Tho', I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis *Maria's* hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling.

And

And in such terms which here were presuppos'd
 Upon thee in the letter: pr'ythee be content,
 This practice hath most shrewdly past upon thee;
 But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
 Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
 Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;
 And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
 Taint the condition of this present hour,
 Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
 Most freely I confess my self and *Toby*
 Set this device against *Malvolio* here,
 Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
 We had conceiv'd against him. *Maria* writ
 The letter, at Sir *Toby's* great importance,
 In recompence whereof he hath married her.
 How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
 May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,
 If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
 That have on both sides past.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee?

Clo. Why some are born great, some atchieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them. I was one, Sir, in this interlude, one Sir *Topas*, Sir, but that's all one; by the lord, fool, I am not mad; but do you remember, madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not he's gagg'd: and thus the whirl-gigg of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.

[*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:
 He hath not told us of the captain yet;
 When that is known, and golden time convents,
 A solemn combination shall be made
 Of our dear souls. Mean time, sweet sister,
 We will not part from hence. *Cesario* come,
 (For so you shall be, while you are a man;)
 But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's Queen,

[*Exeunt.*
 Clown

Clown sings.

*When that I was an a little tiny boy,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain ;
 A foolish thing was but a toy,
 For the rain it raineth every day.
 But when I came to man's estate,
 With boy, ho, &c.
 'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
 For the rain, &c.
 But when I came at last to wive,
 With hey, ho, &c.
 By swagging could I newer thrive,
 For the rain, &c.
 But when I came unto my beds,
 With hey, ho, &c.
 With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
 For the rain, &c.
 A great while ago the world begun,
 With hey, ho, &c.
 But that's all one, our play is done,
 And we'll strive to please you every day.*

[Exit.]

F I N I S.

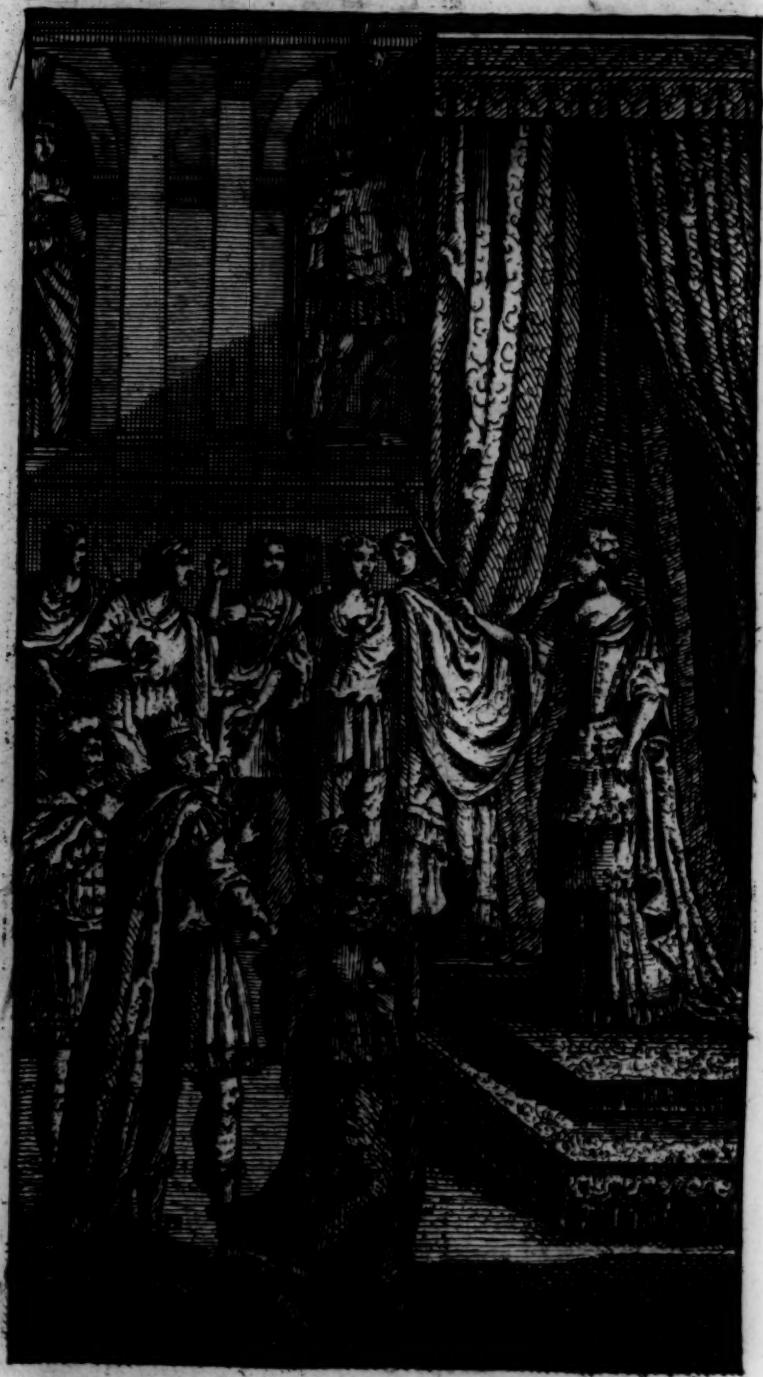


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THE
WINTER'S
TALE.

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. TONSON, and the rest of the PROPRIETORS; and sold by the Booksellers of *London and Westminster.*

M.DCC.XXXV.

Dramatis Personæ.

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia.*
Polixenes, *King of Bohemia.*
Mamillus, *Young Prince of Sicilia.*
Florizel, *Prince of Bohemia.*
Camillo,
Antigonus, } *Sicilian Lords.*
Cleomines, }
Dion,
Archidamus, *a Bohemian Lord.*
Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clown, his Son.
Autolicus, *a Rogue.*

Hermione, *Queen to Leontes.*
Perdita, *Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*
Paulina, *Wife to Antigonus.*
Mopsa, } *Shepherdesses.*
Dorcas, }

Goaler, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, and Attendants.

SCENE, *partly in Sicilia, and partly in Bohemia.*

The Plot taken from the old Story-book of Doraftus and Faunia.





T H E
W I N T E R ' S T A L E .

A C T I .

SCENE, A PALACE.

Enter Camillo, and Archidamus.

ARCHIDAMUS.



If you shall chance, *Camillo*, to visit *Bohemia*, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our *Bohemia* and your *Sicilia*.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of *Sicilia* means to pay *Bohemia* the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us: we will be justified in our loves; for indeed ———

Cam. 'Beseech you ———

Arch. Verily I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge; we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say—we will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses (unintelligent of our insufficiency) may, tho' they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

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Cam. *Sicilia* cannot shew himself over-kind to *Bohemia*; they were train'd together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot chuse but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society; their incounters, though not personal, have been royally attornied with enterchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies, that they have seem'd to be together, tho' absent; shook hands, as over a vast sea, and embrac'd as it were from the ends of oppos'd winds. The heav'ns continue their loves.

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young Prince *Mamillus*: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child, one that, indeed, physicks the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Can. Yes, if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the King had no son, they would desire to live on crutches 'till he had one. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillus, Polixenes,
and Camillo.

Pol. Nine changes of the watry star hath been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burthen, time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks,
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cypher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one *we thank you*, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leo. Stay your thanks a while,
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow:

I'm question'd by my fears of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence, that may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly: besides, I have stay'd
To tire your roya'ty.

Leo. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leo. One sev'n-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leo. We'll part the time between's then: and in
that

I'll no gain-faying.

Pol. Prefs me not, 'beseech you, so;

There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'th' world
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now
Were there necessity in your request, altho'
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leo. Tongue-ty'd our Queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, Sir, to've held my peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay: you, Sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him you are sure
All in *Bohemia's* well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leo. Well said, *Hermione*.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were wrong;
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.
Yet of your royal presence, I'll adventure [To *Polixenes*.
The borrow of a week. When at *Bohemia*
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,
To let him there a month, behind the gest
Prefix'd for's parting: yet, good heed, *Leontes*;
I love thee not a jar o'th' clock behind
What lady she her lord. You'll stay?

6 *The WINTER'S TALE.*

Pol. No, Madam.

Her. Nay, but you will.

Pol. I may not verily.

Her. Verily?

You put me off with limber vows; but I,
 Tho' you would seek t'unsphere the stars with oaths,
 Should yet say, Sir, no going: verily
 You shall not go; a lady's verily is
 As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
 Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
 Not like a guest? so you shall pay your fees
 When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
 My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread verily,
 One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, Madam:
 To be your prisoner, should import offending;
 Which is for me less easie to commit,
 Than you to punish.

Her. Not your goaler then,
 But your kind hostess; come, I'll question you
 Of my lord's tricks and yours, when you were boys:
 You were pretty lordings then?

Pol. We were, fair Queen,
 Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
 But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
 And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord
 The verier wag o'th' two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i'th' sun,
 And bleat the one at th'other: what we chang'd,
 Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
 The doctrine of ill-doing, no nor dream'd
 That any did: had we pursu'd that life,
 And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
 With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
 Boldly, *not guilty*; th'imposition clear'd,
 Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather
 You have tript since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady,
 Temptations have since then been born to's; for
 In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;

Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot :

Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your Queen and I are devils. Yet go on,
Th' offences we have made you do, we'll answer,
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault; and that you slipt not
With any but with us.

Leo. Is he won yet ?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leo. At my request he would not:

Hermione, my dearest, thou ne'er spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never ?

Leo. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? when was't be-
fore?

I pr'ythee tell me; cram's with praise, and make's
As fat as rame things: one good deed, dying tongue-less,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.

Our praises are our wages. You may ride's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to th' goal:
My last good deed was to intreat his stay;
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were *Grace*.
But once before I spake to th' purpose? when?
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leo. Why, that was when

Three crabbed months had sower'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clepe thy self my love; then didst thou utter,
I am yours for ever.

Her. 'Tis grace indeed,

Why lo you now; I've spoke to th' purpose twice;
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
Th' other, for some while a friend.

Leo. Too hot, too hot——

[*Aside.*

To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me——my heart dances,

8 *The WINTER'S TALE.*

But not for joy——not joy——this entertainment
 May a free face put on; derives a liberty
 From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
 And well becomes the Agent? 't may, I grant;
 But to be padding palms, and pinching fingers,
 As now they are, and making practis'd similes
 As in a looking-glass——and then to sigh, as 'twere
 The most o'th' deer; oh, that is entertainment
 My bosom likes not, nor my brows —— *Mamillus*,
 Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I' fecks!

Why that's my bawcock; what? has't smutch'd thy
 nose?

They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
 We must be neat; nor neat, but cleanly, captain;
 And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
 Are all call'd neat. Still virginalling

[*Observing Polixenes and Hermione.*

Upon his palm——how now, you wanton calf!
 Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leo. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I
 have,

To be full like me. Yet they say we are
 Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
 That will say any thing; but were they false,
 As o'er-dy'd blacks, as winds, as waters; false
 As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
 No bourne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,
 To say this boy were like me. Come, Sir page,
 Look on me with your welking eye, sweet villain.
 Most dear'st, my collop——can thy dam? may't be——
 Imagination! thou dost stab to th'center.
 Thou dost make possible things not be so held,
 Communicat'st with dreams——how can this be
 With what's unreal? thou coactive art,
 And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent
 Thou may'st co-join with something, and thou dost,
 And that beyond commission, and I find it,
 And that to the infection of my brains,
 And hardning of my brows.

Pol. What means *Sicilia*?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How? my lord?

Leo. What cheer? how is it with you, my best brother?

Her. You look as if you held a brow of much distraction.

Are you mov'd, my lord?

Leo. No, in good earnest.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly!
Its tenderness! and make it self a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines,
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil
Twenty three years, and saw my self unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous;
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for mony?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leo. You will! why happy man be's dole. My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, Sir,

- He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter;
- Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
- My parasite, my soldier, states-man, all;
- He makes a *July's* day short as *December*,
- And with his varying childishness, cures in me
- Thoughts that should thicken my blood.

Leo. So stands this Squire

Offic'd with me: we two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. *Hermione*,
How thou lov'st us, shew in our brother's welcome.
Let what is dear in *Sicily* be cheap:
Next to thy self, and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,

We are yours i'th' garden: shall's attend you there?

Leo. To your own bents dispose you; you'll be found,

Be you beneath the sky: I am angling now,
 Tho' you perceive me not how I give line,
 Go to, go to. [*Aside, observing Her.*
 How she holds up the neb! the bill to him!
 And arms her with the boldness of a wife

[*Exe. Polix. Her. and attendants. Manent Leo.
 Mam. and Cam.*

To her allowing husband. Gone already!
 Inch thick, knee deep; o'er head and ears a fork'd one.
 Go play, boy, play ——— thy mother plays, and I
 Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
 Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour
 Will be my knell. Go play, boy, play ——— there
 have been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now?
 And many a man there is, even at this present,
 Now while I speak this, holds his wife by th' arm,
 That little thinks she has been sluic'd in's absence,
 And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
 Sir *Smile*, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
 Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open'd,
 As mine, against their will. Should all despair
 That have revolted wives, the tenth of Mankind
 Would hang themselves. Physick for't there is none:
 It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
 Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful: think it.
 From east, west, north and south, be it concluded,
 No barricado for a belly. Know't,
 It will let in and out the enemy,
 With bag and baggage: many thousand of's
 Have the disease, and feel't not. How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leo. Why that's some comfort.

What? *Camillo* there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. Go play, *Mamillus* ——— thou'rt an honest
 man, [*Ex. Mamil.*

Camillo, this great Sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
 When you cast out, it still came home.

Leo. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions made;

His business more material.

Leo. Didst perceive it?

They're here with me already; whisp'ring, rounding
Sicilia is a so-forth; 'tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last. How came't, *Camillo*,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good Queen's entreaty.

Leo. At the Queen's be't; good should be pertinent;
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks; not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary; lower messes
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.

Cam. Business, my lord? I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leo. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and th' entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leo. Satisfie?

Th' entreaties of your mistress? satisfie? —
Let that suffice. I've trusted thee, *Camillo*,
With all the things nearest my heart, as well
My chamber-counsels, wherein, priest like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom: I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd; but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord.

Leo. To bide upon't; thou art not honest; or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd; or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That seest a game plaid home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest,

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish and fearful;

In every one of these no man is free,
 But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
 Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
 Sometime puts forth in your affairs, my lord.
 If ever I were wilful negligent,
 It was my folly; if industriously
 I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
 Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
 To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
 Whereof the execution did cry out
 Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
 Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
 Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
 Is never free of. But beseech your grace
 Be plainer which me, let me know my trespass
 By its own visage; if I then deny it,
 'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha'not you seen *Camillo*?

(But that's past doubt; you have, or your eye-glass
 is thicker than a cuckold's horn) or heard?
 (For to a vision so apparent, rumour
 Cannot be mute) or thought (for cogitation
 Resides not in that man that does not think)
 My wife is slippery? if thou wilt, confess,
 Or else be impudently negative,
 To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought; then say
 My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name
 As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
 Before her troth-pledge: say't and justify't.

Cam. I would not be a slander-by, to hear
 My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
 My present vengeance taken; 'shrew my heart,
 You never spoke what did become you less
 Than this, which to reiterate, were sin
 As deep as that, tho' true.

Leo. Is whispering nothing?

Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
 Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
 Of laughter with a sigh? a note infallible
 Of breaking honesty? horsing foot on foot?
 Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
 Hours minutes? the noon midnight? and all eyes

Blind with the pin and web, but theirs ; theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked ? is this nothing ;
Why then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing ;
The covering sky is nothing, *Bohemia* nothing,
My wife is nothing, nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes ;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leo. It is ; you lye, you lye :
I say thou lye'st, *Camillo*, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a gross lowt, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both : were my wife's liver
Infected, as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her ?

Leo. Why he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, *Bohemia* ; who, if I
Had servants true about me, that bear eyes
To see alike mine honour, as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing : I, and thou
His cup-bearer, whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship, who may'st see
Plainly, as heav'n sees earth, and earth sees heav'n,
How I am gall'd, thou might'st be-spice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink,
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash portion,
But with a lingring dram, that should not work,
Maliciously, like poison : but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee.

Leo. Make that thy question, and go rot :
Do'st think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint my self in this vexation ?

14 *The WINTER'S TALE.*

Sully the purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps:
Give scandal to the blood o' th' prince, my son,
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to't? would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, Sir,
I do, and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't:
Provided that when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your Queen, as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake, and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and ally'd to yours.

Leo. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with *Bohemia*,
And with your Queen: I am his cup-bearer,
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leo. This is all.
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leo. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.

Cam. O miserable lady! but for me, [Exit.]
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good *Polixenes*, and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master, one,
Who in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too. To do this deed
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed Kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment bears not one,
Let villainy it self forswear't. I must
Forsake the court; to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now.
Here comes *Bohemia*.

The WINTER'S TALE. 15

Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is strange! methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?
Good day, *Camillo*.

Cam. Hail, most royal Sir.

Pol. What is the news i'th' court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The King hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd, as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment, when he
Wafting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me, and
So leaves me to consider what his breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How, dare not? do not? do you know, and
dare not?

Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabout:
For to your self, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good *Camillo*,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shews me mine chang'd too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
My self thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease, and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not fighted like the basilisk,
I've look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so: *Camillo*,
As you are certainly a gentleman,
Clerk-like experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents noble names,
In whose success we are gentle: I beseech you,
If you know ought which does behove my knowledge,
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well?

I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, *Camillo*,
 I conjure thee by all the parts of man,
 Which honour does acknowledge, whereof the least
 Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare
 What Incidency thou dost guess of harm
 Is creeping towards me; how far off, how near,
 Which way to be prevented, if to be;
 If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you,
 Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
 That I think honourable; therefore mark my counsel,
 Which must be ev'n as swiftly follow'd as
 I mean to utter it; or both your self and me
 Cry lost, and so good-night.

Pol. On, good *Camillo*.

Cam. I am appointed to murder you.

Pol. By whom, *Camillo*?

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay with all confidence he swears,
 As he had seen't, or been an instrument
 To vice you to't, that you have toucht his Queen
 Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh then, my best blood turn
 To an infected jelly, and my name
 Be yoak'd with his that did betray the best:
 Turn then my freshest reputation to
 A favour that may strike the dullest nostril
 Where I arrive; and my approach be shun'd,
 Nay hated too, worse than the great'st infection
 That e'er was heard, or read.

Cam. Swear his thought over
 By each particular star in heav'n, and
 By all their influences; you may as well
 Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
 As or by oath remove, or counsel shake
 The fabrick of his folly, whose foundation
 Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
 The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not; but I'm sure 'tis safer to
 Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.

If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies inclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night;
Your followers I will whisper to the business,
And will by twos, and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o'th' city. For my self, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain,
For by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth; which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemned by the King's own mouth:
Thereon his execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:

I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago. This jealousy
Is for a precious creature; as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent; and, as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-shades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queen, part of his team? but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion. Come, *Camilla*,
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns: please your highness
To take the urgent hour. Come, Sir, away. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

The SCENE Continues.

Enter Hermione, Mamillus, and Ladies.

HERMIONE.

Take the boy to you; he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

18 *The WINTER'S TALE.*

1 Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if
I were a baby still; I love you better.

2 Lady. And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because

Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become for ~~me~~ women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2 Lady. Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces: pray now
What colour be your eye-brows?

1 Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I've seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

1 Lady. Hark ye,

The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days, and then you'll wanton with us
If we would have you.

2 Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk, good time encounter her.

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? come, Sir, now
I am for you again. Pray you sit by us,
And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter,
I have one of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good Sir.

Come on, sit down. Come on, and do your best,
To fright me with your sprites: you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man——

Her. Nay, come sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard: I will tell it softly:
Yond crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then, and give't me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, and Lords.

Leo. Was he met there? his train? *Camillo* with him?

The WINTER'S TALE. 19

Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scowr so on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ships.

Leo. How blest am I

In my just censure! in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge, how accurs'd
In being so blest! there may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
Th' abhor'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides
With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pandar:
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He hath discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will: how came the posterns
So easily open?

Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so
On your command.

Leo. I know't too well,
Give me the boy, I'm glad you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leo. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about her;
Away with him, and let her sport her self
With that she's big with: 'tis *Polixenes*
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say he had not;
And I'll be sworn you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to th' nayward.

Leo. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say she is a goodly lady, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add.
'Tis pity she's not honest: honourable:
Praise her but for this her without-door form,

Which on my faith deserves high speech, and straight
 The shrug, the hum, or ha, these petty-brands,
 That calumny doth use: oh I am out,
 That mercy does, for calumny will fear
 Virtue it self. These shrugs, these hums, and ha's;
 When you have said she's goodly, come between
 Ere you can say she's honest: but be't known,
 From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
 She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
 The most replenish'd villain in the world,
 He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
 Do but mistake.

Leo. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for *Leontes*. O thou thing,
 Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
 Left barbarism, making me the precedent,
 Should a like language use to all degrees,
 And mannerly distinguishment leave out
 Betwixt the prince and beggar. I have said
 She's an adulteress, I have said with whom:
 More; she's a traitor, and *Camillo* is
 A federary with her, and one that knows
 What she should shame to know her self,
 But with her most vile principal; that she's
 A bed-swerger, even as bad as those
 That vulgar give bold't titles; ay, and privy
 To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
 Privy to none of this: how will this grieve you,
 When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
 You thus have publish'd me? gentle my lord,
 You scarce can right me throughly then, to say
 You did mistake.

Leo. No, if I mistake:
 In these foundations which I build upon,
 The center is not big enough to bear
 A school-boy's top. Away with her to prison:
 He who shall speak for her, is far off guilty
 But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns;
 I must be patient, 'till the heavens look

With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are, the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: 'beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The King's will be perform'd.

Leo. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is't that goes with me? 'beseech your
highness

My women may be with me, for you see
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause; when you shall know your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out; this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord,
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now
I trust I shall. My women come, you've leave.

Leo. Go, do our bidding; hence.

Lord. 'Beseech your highness call the Queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, Sir, lest your justice
Prove violence, in the which three great ones suffer,
Your self, your Queen, your son.

Lord. For her, my lord,

I dare my life lay down, and will do't, Sir,
Please you t' accept it, that the Queen is spotless
I'th' eyes of heav'n, and to you, I mean
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove

She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife, I'll go in couples with her:
Than when I feel, and see her, no further trust her,
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,
If she be.

Leo. Hold your peaces.

Lord. Good my lord.

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for our selves:
You are abused by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't; would I knew the villain,

I would land-damn him: be she honour-flaw'd,
 I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
 The second, and the third, nine; and sons five;
 If this prove true, they'll pay for't. By mine honour
 I'll geld 'em all: fourteen they shall not see
 To bring false generations: they are co-heirs,
 And I had rather glib my self, than they
 Should not produce fair issue.

Leo. Cease, no more:

You smell this business with a sense as cold
 As is a dead man's nose; I see't and feel't,
 As you feel doing thus; and see withal
 The Instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,

We need no grave to bury honesty,
 There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
 Of the whole dungy earth.

Leo. What? lack I credit?

Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
 Upon this ground; and more it would content me
 To have your honour true, than your suspicion;
 Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leo. Why what need we

Commune with you for this? but rather follow
 Our forceful instigation? our prerogative
 Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
 Imparts this; which, if you, or stupified,
 Or seeming so, in skill, cannot, or will not
 Relish a truth like us: inform your selves,
 We need no more of your advice; the matter,
 The loss, the gain, the ord'ring on't
 Is properly all ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,

You had only in your silent judgment try'd it,
 Without more overture.

Leo. How could that be?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,
 Or thou wert born a fool. *Camillo's* flight
 Added to their familiarity,
 (Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
 That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation
 But only seeing, all other circumstances

The WINTER'S TALE. 23

Made up to th' deed) doth push on this proceeding;
Yet for a greater confirmation,
(For in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild) I have dispatch'd in post,
To sacred *Delphos*, to *Apollo's* temple,
Cleomines and *Dion*, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency: now, from the oracle
They will bring all, whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?

Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leo. Tho' I am satisfy'd, and need no more
Than what I know; yet shall the oracle
Give rest to th' minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to th' truth. So we have thought it good
From our free person, she should be confin'd,
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us,
We are to speak in publick; for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, A PRISON.

Enter Paulina and a Gentleman.

Paul. The keeper of the prison, call to him:

[*Exit Gent.*]

Let him have knowledge whom I am. Good lady,
No court in *Europe* is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in prison: now, good Sir,
You know me, do you not?

[*Re-enter Gentleman with the Goaler.*]

Goa. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then
Conduct me to the Queen.

Goa. I may not, madam,
To the contrary I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's a-do to lock up honesty and honour from
Th' access of gentle visitors! Is't lawful pray you
To see her women? any of them? *Emilia?*

Goa. So please you, madam,
To put a-part these your attendants, I

24 *The WINTER'S TALE.*

Shall bring *Emilia* forth.

Pau. I pray you now call her:
Withdraw your selves.

Gen. And madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Pau. Well; be it so pr'ythee.

Enter Emilia.

Here's such a-do to make no stain a stain,
As passeth colouring. Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together; on her frights and griefs,
Which never tender lady hath born greater,
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Pau. A boy?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the Queen receives
Much comfort in't. Says, my poor prisoner,
I'm innocent as you.

Pau. I dare be sworn:

These dangerous, unsafe lunes i'th' King! bestrew
them.

He must be told of it, and shall; the office
Becomes a woman best. I'll take't upon me,
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more. Pray you, *Emilia*,
Commend my best obedience to the Queen,
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll shew't the King, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o'th' child:
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently

Acquaint

The WINTER'S TALE. 25

But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be deny'd.

Pau. Tell her, *Emilia*,
I'll use that tongue I have; if wit flow from't
As boldness from my bosom, let't not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it.
I'll to the Queen: please you come something nearer.

Goa. Madam, if't please the Queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Pau. You need not fear it, Sir;
The child was prisoner to the womb, and is
By law and process of great nature thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd, not a party to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of Queen.

Goa. I do believe it.

Pau. Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I
Will stand 'twixt you and danger. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, *The PALACE.*

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, *Lords and other Attendants.*

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no rest; it is but weakness
To bear the matter thus; meer weakness, if
The cause were not in being; part o'th' cause,
She, the adulteress; for the harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine arm; out of the blank
And level of my brain; plot-proof; but she
I can hook to me: say that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. Who's there?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. My lord.

Leo. How does the boy?

Atten. He took good rest to-night; 'tis hop'd,
His sickness is discharg'd.

Leo. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself;

B

Threw

Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
 And down-right languish'd. Leave me solely; go,
 See how he fares. Fie, fie, no thought of him,
 The very thought of my revenges that way
 Recoil upon me; in himself too mighty,
 And in his parties, his alliance; let him be
 Until a time may serve. For present vengeance
 Take it on her. *Camillo and Polixenes*
 Laught at me, make their pastime at my sorrow?
 They should not laugh, if I could reach them, nor
 Shall she, within my power.

Enter Paulina with a child.

Lord. You must not no enter.

Pau. Nay rather, good my lords, be second to me:
 Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
 Than the Queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
 More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

Atten. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; com-
 manded

None should come at him.

Pau. Not so hot, good Sir,
 I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you
 That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
 At each his needless heavings; such as you
 Nourish the cause of his awaking. I
 Do come with words, as medicinal, as true;
 Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
 That presses him from sleep,

Leo. What noise there, ho?

Pau. No noise, my lord, but needful conference,
 About some gossips for your highness.

Leo. How?

Away with that audacious lady. *Antigonus,*
 I charg'd thee that she should not come about me,
 I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
 On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
 She should not visit you.

Leo. What! can't not rule her?

Pau. From all dishonesty he can; in this,
 Unless he take the course that you have done,

Commit

Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo' you now, your hear,
When she will take the rein, I let her run,
But she'll not stumble.

Pau. Good my liege, I come——
And I beseech you hear me, who profess
My self your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor: you that dares
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seems, yours. I say, I come
From your good Queen.

Leo. Good Queen?

Pau. Good Queen, my lord,
Good Queen, I say good Queen?
And would by combat make her good so, were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Pau. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine own accord I'll off,
But first, I'll do my errand. The good Queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter,
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[Laying down the child.]

Leo. Out?

A mankind witch! hence with her out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd.

Pau. Not so,
I am as ignorant in that as you,
In so intit'ling me; and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leo. Traitors!

Will you not push her out? give her the bastard [To *Ant.*
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tir'd; unrooted
By thy dame *Partlet* here. Take up the bastard,
Take't up, I say, give't to thy croan.

Pau. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Take't up the princess, by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon't.

Leo. He dreads his wife.

Pau. So I would you did: then 'twere past all doubt
You'd call your children yours.

Leo. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Pau. Nor I; nor any

But one that's here; and that's himself. For he,
The sacred honour of himself, his Queen's
His hopeful son's, his babe's betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword; and will not
(For as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak or stone was found.

Leo. A callat

Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,
And now bairs me. This beat is none of mine,
It is the issue of *Polixenes*.
Hence with it, and together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Pau. It is yours;

And might we lay th' old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,
Aho' the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father; eye, nose, lip,
The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek, his smiles,
The very mold and frame of hand, nail, finger,
And thou good goddess nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's.

Leo. A gross hag!

And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
Thou wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave your self
Hardly one subject.

Leo. Once more take her hence.

Pau. A most upworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leo. I'll ha' thee burnt.

Pau. I care not;

It is an heretick that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrants
But this most cruel usage of your Queen
(Not able to produce more accusation,
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something favours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea scandalous to all the world.

Leo. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Pau. I pray you do not push me, I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord, 'tis yours; *Jove* send her
A better guiding spirit. What need these hands?
You that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so: farewell, we are gone. [Exit.]

Leo. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this?
My child? away with't. Even thou that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word it is done,
And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: if thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so:
The bastard-brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out: go take it to the fire,
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, Sir:
The lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

Lords. We can, my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leo. You're liars all.

Lords. Beseech your highness give us better credit.
We've always truly serv'd you, and beseech you
So to esteem of us: and on our knees we beg
(As recompence of our dear services
Past, and to come) that you do change this purpose,
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel——

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Leo. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
 Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel
 And call me father? better burn it now,
 Than curse it then. But be it; let it live:
 It shall not neither. You Sir, come you hither;

[*To Antigonus.*

You that have been so tenderly officious
 With lady *Margery*, your midwife there,
 To save this bastard's life; (for 'tis a bastard,
 So sure as this beard's grey) what will you adventure
 To save this brat's life;

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
 That my ability may undergo,
 And nobleness impose: at least thus much;
 I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
 To save the innocent; any thing possible.

Leo. It shall be possible; swear by this sword
 Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leo. Mark and perform it; seest thou? for the fail
 Of any point in't shall not only be
 Death to thy self, but to thy lewd-rongu'd wife,
 Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
 As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
 This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it
 To some remote and desert place, quite out
 Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
 Without much mercy, to its own protection
 And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
 It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
 On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
 That thou commend it strangely to some place,
 Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this; tho' a present death
 Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe.
 Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
 To be thy nurses. Wolves and bears, they say,
 (Casting their savageness aside) have done
 Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
 In more than this deed does require; and blessing,
 Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
 Poor thing condemn'd to loss. [*Exit with the child.*

Leo. No; I'll not rear

Ano-

Another's issue.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to th' oracle, are come
An hour since. *Cleomines* and *Dion*
Being well arriv'd from *Delphos*, are both landed,
Hasting to th' court.

Lord. So please you, Sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leo. Twenty three days
They have been absent: this good speed foretels
The great *Apollo* suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you lords,
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for as she hath
Been publickly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open tryal. While she lives
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me
And think upon my bidding. [Exit.

ACT III.

Enter Cleomines and Dion.

CLEOMINES,

THE climate's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits.
Methinks I should so term them, and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice:
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' th' offering!

Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deafning voice o' th' oracle,
Kin to *Jove's* thunder, so surpriz'd my sense
That I was nothing.

Dio. If th' event o' th' journey
Prove as successful to the Queen (O be't so)
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy;
The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great *Apollo*,
Turn all to th' best! these proclamations,
So forcing faults upon *Hermione*,
I little like.

Dio. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end the business, when the oracle,
Thus by *Apollo's* great divine seal'd up,
Shall the contents discover: something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go; fresh horses,
And gracious be the issue. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E, S I C I L Y.

Enter Leontes, Lords, Officers, *Hermione* as to her
trial, with *Paulina* and ladies.

Leo. This sessions, to our great grief, we pronounce
Ev'n pushes 'gainst our heart. The party try'd,
The daughter of a King, our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd; let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.

Off. It is his highness' pleasure, that the Queen
Appear in person here in court. Silence!

Leo. Read the indictment.

Offic. *Hermione*, Queen to the worthy *Leontes*, King
of *Sicilia*, thou art here accused and arraigned of high
treason, in committing adultery with *Polixenes* King of
Bohemia, and conspiring with *Camillo* to take away
the life of our sovereign lord the King, thy royal hus-
band; the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly
laid open, thou *Hermione*, contrary to the faith and
allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them
for their better safety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
Testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from my self, it shall scarce boot me
'To say, not guilty: mine integrity
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus, if powers divine

Behold

Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusations blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, tho' devis'd
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne: a great King's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, Sir, before *Polixenes*
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrant I
Have strain'd t'appear thus; if one jot beyond
The bounds of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, hardned be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave.

Leo. I ne'er heard yet
That any of those bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gain-say what they did
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough,
Tho' 'tis a saying, Sir, not due to me.

Leo. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of
What comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*,
With whom I am accus'd, I do confess
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So and no other, as your self commanded:
Which not to have done, I think had been in me

Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you, and towards your friends; whose love had
spoke,

Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes, tho' it be dish'd
For me to try how; all I know of it,
Is, that *Camillo* was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Working no more than I, are ignorant.

Leo You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underr'a'en to do in's absence.

Her. Sir,

You speak a language that I understand not;
My life stand in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leo. Your actions are my dreams.

You had a bastard by *Polixenes*,
And I but dream'd it: as you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact are so) so past all truth;
Which to deny, concerns more than avails; for as
Thy brat ha'h been cast out, like to it self,
No father owning it, (which is indeed
More criminal in thee than it) so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats;

The bug which you would fright me with I seek:
To me can life be no commodity,
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost, for I do feel it gone,
But, know not how it went. My second joy,
The first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I'm barr'd like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast
(The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murder; my self on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege deny'd which 'longs
To women of all fashion: lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i'th' open air, before
I have got strength of limbs. And now, my liege,
Tell

Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
 That I should fear to die? therefore proceed:
 But yet hear this; mistake me not; no life,
 I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour,
 Which I would free: if I shall be condemn'd
 Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else,
 But what your jealousies awake, I tell you
 'Tis rigour and not law. Your honours all,
 I do refer me to the Oracle:
Apollo be my judge.

Enter Dion and Cleomines.

Lord. This your request
 Is altogether just; therefore bring forth,
 And in *Apollo's* name, his oracle.

Her. The Emperor of *Russia* was my father,
 Oh that he were alive, and here beholding
 His daughter's tryal; that he did but see
 The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
 Of pity, not revenge!

Officer. You here shall swear upon the sword of justice,
 That you, *Cleomines* and *Dion*, have
 Been both at *Delphos*, and from thence have brought
 This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
 Of great *Apollo's* priest; and that since then
 You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
 Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leo. Break up the seals, and read.

Off. *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camilo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten, and the King shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.*

Lords. Now blessed be the great *Apollo*.

Her. Praised.

Leo. Hast thou read the truth?

Off. Ay, my lord, even so as it is here set down.

Leo. There is no truth at all i' th' oracle;
 The session shall proceed; this is meer falsehood.

Enter servant.

Ser. My lord the King, the King.

Leo. What is the business?

Ser.

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Ser. O Sir, I shall be hated to report it.
The prince your son, with meer conceit and fear
Of the Queen's speed, is gone.

Leo. How gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leo. *Apollo's* angry, and the heav'ns themselves
Do strike at my injustice. How now there?

[*Her. faints.*]

Pau. This news is mortal to the Queen: look down
And see what death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence;

Her heart is but o'er-charg'd; she will recover.

[*Exeunt Paulina and ladies with Hermione.*]

I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:

'Beseech you tenderly apply to her

Some remedies for life. *Apollo*, pardon

My great prophaneness 'gainst thine oracle.

I'll reconcile me to *Polixenes*,

Now woo my Queen, recall the good *Camillo*

(Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy)

For being transported by my jealousies

To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose

Camillo for the minister, to poison

My friend *Polixenes*; which had been done,

But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied

My swift command; tho' I with death, and with

Reward did threaten and encourage him,

Not doing it, and being done; he (most humane,

And fill'd with honour) to my kingly guest

Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,

Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard

Of all incertainties himself commended,

No richer than his honour: how he glisters

Through my dark rust! and how his piety

Does my deeds make the blacker!

Enter Paulina.

Pau. Woe the while:

O cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,

Break too.

Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Pau. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?

What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling?

burning

In

In leads or oils? what old or newer torture
 Must I receive? whose every word deserves
 To taste of thy most worst. Thy tyranny
 Together working with thy Jealousies,
 Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
 For girls of nine! O think what they have done,
 And then run mad indeed; stark mad; for all
 Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
 That thou betray'dst *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing,
 That did but shew thee, of a fool, inconstant,
 And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much,
 Thou would'st have poison'd good *Camillo's* honour,
 To have him kill a King: poor trespasses,
 More monstrous standing by; whereof I reckon
 The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter,
 To be, or none, or little; tho' a devil
 Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:
 Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
 Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts
 (Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
 That could conceive a gross and foolish fire
 Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
 Laid to thy answer; but the last: O lords,
 When I have said, cry woe, the Queen, the Queen,
 The sweetest dearest creature's dead; and vengeance
 for't

Not dropt down yet.

Lord. The higher powers forbid.

Pau. I say she's dead: I'll swear't: if word or oath
 Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
 Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye
 Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
 As I would do the Gods. 'But, O thou tyrant!
 ' Doit not repent these things, for they are heavier
 ' Than all thy woes can stir? therefore betake thee
 ' To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
 ' Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
 ' Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
 ' In storm perpetual, could not move the Gods
 ' To look that way thou wert.

Leo. Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speak too much, I have deserv'd
 All tongues to talk their bitterest.

Lord.

Lord. Say no more;
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
With boldness of your speech.

Pau. I am sorry for't.
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them
I do repent: alas, I've shew'd too much
The rashness of a woman; he is touch'd
To th' noble heart. What's gone, and what's past help
Should be past grief. Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you; rather
Let me be punish'd that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal Sir, forgive a foolish woman
The love I bore your Queen——lo, fool again——
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children:
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too. Take you your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leo. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queen and son,
One grave shall be for both. Upon them shall
The causes of their death appear unto
Our shame perpetual; once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me
To these sorrows.

[*Exeunt.*

*Changes to Bohemia. A desert Country; the Sea at a
little distance.*

Enter Antigonus with a Child, and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The desarts of *Bohemia*?

Mar. Ay, my lord, and fear
We've landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heav'ns with that we have in hand are angry.
And frown upon's.

Ant.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done; get thee aboard,
Look to thy bark, I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too far i'th' land; 'tis like to be loud weather:
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away,
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I'm glad at heart
To be so rid o'th' business.

[Exit.

Ant. Come, poor babe;
I have heard, but not believ'd, the spirits o'th' dead
May walk again; if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow
So fill'd, and so becoming; in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts; the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her. Good *Antigonus*,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in *Bohemia*,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever and ever, *Perdita*
I pry'thee call't. For this ungentle business
Put on thee, by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife *Paulina* more. And so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect my self, and thought
This was so, and no slumber: dreams are toys,
Yet for this once, yea superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of King *Polixenes*, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth

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Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well,

[*Laying down the child.*]

There lie, and there thy character: there these,
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty
one,

And still rest thine. The storm begins; poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd

To loss, and what may follow. Weep I cannot,

But my heart bleeds: and most accurst am I:

To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewel.

The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have

A lullaby too rough: I never saw

The heav'ns so dim by day. A savage clamour!

Well may I get aboard: this is the chace,

I am gone for ever.

[*Exit pursued by a bear.*]

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancients, stealing, fighting—hark you now—would any but these boil'd brains of nineteen and two and twenty hunt this weather? They have scar'd away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master; if any where I have them, 'tis by the seaside, brouzing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will, what have we here? [*Taking up the child*] Mercy on's, a barne! a very pretty barne! a boy or a child, I wonder! a pretty one, a very pretty one, sure some 'scape: tho' I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the 'scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity, yet I'll tarry 'till my son come: he hollow'd but even now. Whoa, ho-hoa.

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hillos, loa.

Shep. What, art so near? if thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land; but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky;

sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore; but that's not to the point; oh the most piteous cry of the poor souls, sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallow'd with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a c rk into a hoghead. And then the land-service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone, how he cry'd to me for help, and said his name was *Antigonus*, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it. But first, how the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd them. And how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now, I have not winked since I saw these fights, the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear halfdined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by to have help'd the old man.

Clo. I would you had been by the ship-side, to have help'd her, there your charity would have lack'd footing.

Shep. Heavy matters, heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thy self; thou meet'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a fight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy, open't; so, let's see: it was told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling; open't; what's within, boy?

Clo. You're a mad old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold; all gold.

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so. Up with it, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy, and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings, I'll

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go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst, but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th' sight of him.

Clo. Marry will I, and you shall help to put him i'th' ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

Enter Time. The Chorus.

T I M E.

I That please some, try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that make and unfold error;
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untry'd
Of that wide gap? since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'er-whelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now receiv'd. I witness to
The times that brought them in, so shall I do
To th' freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it, your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between. *Leantes* leaving
Th' effects of his fond jealousies so grieving
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair *Bohemia*, and remember well,
I mention here a son o'th' King's, whom *Florizel*
I now name to you, and with speed so pace
To speak of *Perdita*, now grown in grace

Equal

Equal with wondring. What of her ensues
I list not prophesie. But let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth. A shepherd's
daughter,

And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is th' argument of time; of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now:
If never, yet that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may. [Exit.

Court of Bohemia.

Enter Polixenes and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good *Camillo*, be no more importunate; 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing, a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country; though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King, my master, hath sent for me, to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'st me, *Camillo*, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now; the deed I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou having made me busineses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thy self, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, as too much I cannot; to be more thankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country *Sicilia*, pr'ythee speak no more, whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled King my brother, whose loss of his most precious Queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince *Florizel* my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince;
what

what his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have (missingly) noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appear'd.

Pol. I have consider'd so much, *Camillo*, and with some care so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, Sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note; the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence; but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of *Sicilia*.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best *Camillo*, we must disguise our selves.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *The Country.*

Enter Autolicus singing.

When daffadils begin to peere

With hey the doxy over the dale,

Why then comes in the sweet o'th' year:

For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,

With hey the sweet birds, O how they sing:

Doth set my pugging tooth an edge;

For a quart of ale is a dish for a King.

The lark with tirra, lyra chaunts,

With hey, with hey the thrush and the jay:

Are summer songs for me and my aunts,

While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served prince *Florizel*, and in my time wore three pile, but now I am out of service.

But

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But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?

The pale moon shines by night:

And when I wander here and there,

I then do go most right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,

And bear the sow-skin budget,

Then my account I well may give,

And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffick is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linnen. My father nam'd me *Autolicus*, who being, as I am, litter'd under *Mercury*, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsider'd trifles: with die and drab, I purchas'd this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the high-way, beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see, every eleven weather tods, every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine. [*Aside.*]

Clo. I cannot do't without compters. Let me see, what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? three pound of fuggar, five pound of currants, rice ——— what will this sister of mine do with rice? but my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nose-gays for the shearers; three-man song-men all, and very good ones, but they are most of them means and bases; but one puritan among them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden-pies, mace ——— dates ——— none ——— that's out of my note: nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many raisins o'th' sun.

Aut. Oh, that ever I was born!

[*Graveling on the ground.*]

Clo. I'th' name of me ———

Aut. Oh help me, help me: pluck but off these rags, and then death, death. ———

Clo.

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Clo. Alack, poor soul, thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. Oh, Sir, the loathsomness of them offends me, more than the stripes I have receiv'd, which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, Sir, and beaten; my mony and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a footman?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet Sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he has left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*]

Aut. Oh! good Sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul.

Aut. O good Sir, softly, good Sir: I fear, Sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear Sir; good Sir, softly; you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any mony? I have a little mony for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet Sir; no, I beseech you, Sir; I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have mony, or any thing I want: offer me no mony, I pray you, that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, Sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good Sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court; they cherish it to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say, Sir. I know this man well, he hath been since an ape-bearer, then a process-server,

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a bailiff; then he compass a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue; some call him *Autolicus*.

Clo. Out upon him, prig! for my life, prig; he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, Sir; he, Sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into his apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all *Bohemia*; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, Sir, I am no fighter; I am false of heart that way, and that he knew I warrant him.

Clo. How do you do now?

Aut. Sweet Sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk; I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on thy way?

Aut. No, good fac'd Sir; no, sweet Sir.

Clo. Then farewell, I must go to buy spices for our sheep-shearing. [Exit.]

Aut. Prosper you, sweet Sir. Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrol'd, and my name put into the book of virtue.

S O N G.

Fog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

And merrily bent the stile-a.

A merry heart goes all the-day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a. [Exit.]

Enter Florizel and Perdita.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you Does give a life, no shepherdess but *Flora*, Peering in *April's* front. This your sheep-shearing Is as a meeting of the petty gods, And you the Queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extreams it not becomes me:

Oh pardon, that I name them: your high self,
 The gracious mark o'th' land, you have obscur'd
 With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
 Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts
 In every mess have folly, and the feeders
 Digest it with a custom, I should blush
 To see you so attired; sworn I think,
 To shew my self a glass.

Flo. I bless the time
 When my good falcon made her flight a-cross
 Thy father's ground.

Per. Now *Jove* afford you cause;
 To me the difference forges dread, your greatness
 Hath not been us'd to fear; even now I tremble
 To think your father, by some accident,
 Should pass this way, as you did: oh the fates!
 How would he look to see his work, so noble,
 Vilely bound up! what would he say! or how
 Should I in these my borrow'd flaunts behold
 The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
 Nothing but jollity: the Gods themselves,
 Humbling their deities to love, have taken
 The shapes of beasts upon them. *Jupiter*
 Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green *Neptune*
 A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd God,
 Golden *Apollo*, a poor humble swain,
 As I seem now. Their transformations
 Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
 Nor in a way so chaste; since my desires
 Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
 Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O, but dear Sir,
 Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
 Oppos'd, as it must be, by th' pow'r o' th' King.
 One of these two must be necessities,
 Which then will speak, that you must change this pur-
 pose,
 Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest *Perdita*,
 With these forc'd thoughts I pr'ythee darken not
 The mirth o' th' feast; or I'll be thine, my fair,

Or

O: not my father's. For I cannot be
 Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
 I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
 Tho' destiny say no. Be merry, gentle,
 Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
 That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
 Lift up your countenance, as 'twere the day
 Of celebration of that nuptial, which
 We two have sworn shall come.

Por. O lady fortune,
 Stand you auspicious.

*Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, Servants ;
 with Polixenes and Camillo disguis'd.*

Flo. See, your guests approach ;
 Address your self to entertain them sprightly,
 And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fie, daughter ; when my old wife liv'd, upon
 This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,
 Both dame and servant ; welcom'd all, serv'd all ;
 Would sing her song, and dance her turn ; now here
 At upper end o'th' table, now i'th' middle ;
 On his shoulder, and his ; her face o' fire
 With labour ; and the thing she took to quench it
 She would to each one sip. You are retired,
 As if you were a feasted one, and not
 The hostess of the meeting ; pray you bid
 These unknown friends to's welcome, for it is
 A way to make us better friends, more known.
 Come, quench your blushes, and present your self
 That which you are, mistress o'th' feast. Come on,
 And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
 As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Sirs, welcome. [*To. Pol. and Cam.*]

It is my father's will, I should take on me
 The hostessship o' th' day ; you're welcome, Sirs.
 Give me those flowers there, *Dorcas*. Reverend Sirs,
 For you there's rosemary and rue, these keep
 Seeming and favour all the winter long:
 Grace and remembrance be unto you both,
 And welcome to our shearing.

Pol. Shepherdes,
 A fair one are you, well you fit our ages

With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Nor yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o'th' season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers,
Which some call nature's bastards; of that kind
Our rustick garden's barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which in their pideness shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say there be,
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean; so over that art,
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes: you see, sweet Maid, we marry
A gentler scyon to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather; but
The art it self is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly flowers,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth, to set one slip of them:
No more than were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say 'twere well: and only therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savoury, marjoram,
The mary-gold, that goes to bed with th' sun,
And with him rises, weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. You're welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out alas;
You'd be so lean, that blasts of *January*
Would blow you through and through. Now my
fairest friends,
I would I had some flowers o' th' spring, that might
Becom

Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
 That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
 Your maiden-heads growing: O *Proserpina*,
 For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
 From *Dis's* waggon! daffadils,
 That come before the swallow dares, and take
 The winds of *March* with beauty; violets dim,
 But sweeter than the lids of *Juno's* eyes,
 Or *Cytherea's* breath; pale primroses,
 That die unmarried, ere they can behold
 Bright *Phœbus* in his strength, a malady
 Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
 The crown-imperial; lillies of all kinds,
 The flower-de-lis being one. O these I lack
 To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend
 To strow him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What? like a coarse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
 Not like a coarse; or if, not to be buried
 But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers,
 Methinks I play as I have seen them do
 In Whitson pastorals: sure this robe of mine
 Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,

Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
 I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
 I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
 Pray so; and for the ord'ring your affairs,
 To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
 A wave o'th' sea, that you might ever do
 Nothing but that; move still, still so,
 And own no other function. Each your doing,
 So singular in each particular,
 Crowns what you're doing in the present deeds,
 That all your acts are Queens.

Per. O *Doricles*,

Your praises are too large; but that your youth
 And the true blood which peeps forth fairly through it,
 Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
 With wisdom I might fear, my *Doricles*,
 You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have

As little skill to fear, as I have purpose

To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray;
Your hand, my *Perdita*; so turtles pair
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sord; nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than her self,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out; good sooth she is
The Queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Dor. *Mopsa* must be your mistress; marry garlick
to mend her kissing with.

Mop. Now in good time.

Clo. Not a word, a word, we stand upon our man-
ners, come strike up.

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Who dances with your daughter?

Shop. They call him *Doricles*, and he boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding; but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it:
He looks like sooth; he says he loves my daughter,
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand and read
As 'twere my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to chuse
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shop. So she does any thing, tho' I report it
That should be silent; if young *Doricles*
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O master, if you did but hear the pedler at the
door, you would never dance again after a tabor and
pipe: no, the bag-pipe could not move you; he sings
several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters
them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens ears grow
to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in;
I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful mat-
ter

set merrily set down; or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably.

Ser. He hath songs for man or woman of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids, so without bawdry, (which is strange) with such delicate burthens of dikkos and sapings: jump her and thump her: and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, slights him, with *Whop, do me no harm, good man*.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow, has he any unbraided wares?

Ser. He hath ribbons of all the colours i'th' rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in *Bohemia* can learnedly handle, tho' they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses, cambricks, lawns; why he sings 'em over, as they were gods and goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't.

Clo. Pr'ythee bring him in, and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in's tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlers that have more in them than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolicus singing.

Lawn as white as driven snow,
 Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
 Gloves, as sweet as damask roses,
 Masks for faces and for noses;
 Bugle bracelets, neck lace amber,
 Perfume for a lady's chamber.
 Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
 For my lads to give their dears:
 Pins, and poaking sticks of steel,
 What maids lack from head to heel:
 Come buy of me, come: come busy, come buy,
 Buy lads, or else your lasses cry: come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with *Mopsa*, thou should'st take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the feast, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be lyars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'may be he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kill-hole, to whistle of these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'tis well they are whispering: clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done: come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And indeed, Sir, there are cozeners abroad, therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, Sir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now buy some, I love a ballad in print, or a life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed with twenty money-bags at a burthen, and how she long'd to eat adders heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer.

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't; one mistress *Tale-porter*, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lyes abroad?

Mop. Pray you now buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by; and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

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Aut. Here's another ballad of a fish that appear'd upon the coast, on *Wednesday* the fourscore of *April*, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids; it was thought she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her: the ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices hands at it; and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Cl. Lay it by too: another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one:

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of two maids wooing a man; there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part, you must know 'tis my occupation; have at it with you.

S O N G.

Aut. Get you hence, for I must go.

Where it fits not you to know.

Dor. Whither?

Mop. O whither?

Dor. Whither?

Mop. It becomes thy oath full well,

Thou to me thy secrets tell.

Dor. Me too, let me go thither:

Mop. Or thou goest to th' grange, or mill,

Dor. If to either thou dost ill.

Aut. Neither.

Dor. What neither?

Aut. Neither.

Dor. Thou hast sworn my love to be.

Mop. Thou hast sworn it more to me:

Then whither goest? say whither?

Cl. We'll have this song out anon by our selves; my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: come bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both: pedlar, let's have the first choice; follow me, girls.

Ant. And you shall pay well for 'em.

SONG.

Will you buy any tape, or lace for your cape,

My dainty duck, my deer-a?

Any silk, any thread, any toys for your head

Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st where-a?

Come to the pedler, mony's a medler,

That doth utter all mens ware-a.

[*Ex. Clown; Autolicus, Dorcas, and Mopsa.*

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Master, there are three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, and three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves falliers, and they have a dance, which the wenches say is a gallymaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o'th' mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away; we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, Sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: 'pray let's see these four-threes of herdsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, Sir, hath danc'd before the King; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by th' square.

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in, but quickly now.

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. O father, you'll know more of that hereafter. Is it not too far gone? 'tis time to part them, He's simple, and tells much. How now, fair shepherd, Your heart is full of something that does take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young, And handed love, as you do, I was wont To load my she with knacks: I would have ranfack'd The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it To her acceptance; you have let him go, And nothing marted with him. If your last Interpretation should abuse, and call this Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited For a reply at least, if you make a care Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know

She prizes not such trifles as these are;
The gifts she looks from me, are packt and lockt
Up in my heart which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient Sir, who it should seem
Hath sometime lov'd. I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or *Ethiopian's* tooth, or the fann'd snow
That's balred by the northern blait twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?

How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! I've put you out;
But to your protestation: let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more

Than he, and men; the earth, and heav'ns, and all;
That were I crown'd the most imperial monarch
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love; for her employ them all,
Commend them, and condemn them to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shews a sound affection.

Shep. But my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak

So well, nothing so well, no, nor mean better,
By the pattern of mine own thoughts, I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain
And friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't;
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I'th' virtue of your daughter; one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet,
Enough then for your wonder: but come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, a-while; 'beseech you,
Have you a father?

Flo. I have; but what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does nor shall.

Pol. Methinks a father
Is at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table: pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and striking rheums? can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again, does nothing
But what he did, being childish?

Flo. No, good Sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength indeed
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong.
Something unnatural: reason my son
Should chuse his self a wife, but as good reason
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;
But for some other reasons, my grave Sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Fly, hee let him.

Flo. No; he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son, he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of my choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not:
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young Sir,
Whom son I dare not call: thou art too base
To be acknowledged. Thou a Repter's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook? Thou old crayon,

I'm sorry that by hanging thee, I can
But shorten thy life one week. And thou fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou coap'st with——

Shep. Oh my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and
made

More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succession,
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,
Far than *Deucalion* off: mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,
Tho' full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it: and you, enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee; if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to it.

[Exit.

Per. Even here undone:

I was not much afraid; for once or twice
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. Wilt please you, Sir, be gone?

[To Flo.

I told you what would come of this. 'Beseech you
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why how now, father?

Speak e'er thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. O Sir, [To Flor.
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
To lie close by his honest bones; but now
Some hangman must put on my cloud, and lay me
Where

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Where no priest shovels in dust. Oh cursed wretch!

[To Perdita.

That knew'st this was the prince, and would'st adventure

To mingle faith with him. Undone, undone!

If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd

To die when I desire.

[Exit.

Flo. Why look you so upon me?

I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd,

But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;

More straining on for plucking back; not following

My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,

You know your father's temper: at this time

He will allow no speech, which I do guess

You do not purpose to him; and as hardly

Will he endure your sight, as yet I fear;

Then, 'till the fury of his highness settle,

Come not before him.

Flo. I nor purpose it.

I think *Camillo*.

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus?

How often said, my dignity would last

But 'till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by

The violation of my Faith, and then

Let nature crush the sides o' th' earth together,

And mar the seeds within. Lift up thy looks!

From my succession wipe me, father, I

Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy; if my reason

Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;

If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,

Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, Sir.

Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow;

I needs must think it honesty. *Camillo,*

Not for *Bahemia*, nor the pomp that may

Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or

The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide

In unknown fadoms, will I break my oath

To

The WINTER'S TALE. 61

To this my fair belov'd: therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's friend,
When he shall miss me, (as in faith I mean not
To see him any more) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion; let my self and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver, I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And most opportune to her need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, *Perdita*,
I'll hear you by and by.

Cam. He's irremoveable,
Resolv'd for flight: now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase the fight again of dear *Sicilia*,
And that unhappy King, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see. [Aside.]

Flo. Now, good *Camillo*,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor services, i'th' love
That I have born your father.

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: 'tis my father's musick
To speak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompenc'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the King,
And through him, what's nearest to him, which
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration, on mine honour,
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness, where you may

Enjoy

Enjoy your mistress; from the whom, I see
 There's no disjunction to be made, but by
 (As heav'n's forefend) your ruin. Marry her,
 And with my best endeavours, in your absence,
 Your discontented father I'll strive to qualify,
 And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, *Camillo*,

May this, almost a miracle, be done?
 That I may call thee something more than man,
 And after that trust to thee?

Cam. Have you thought on
 A place whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:

But as th' unthought-on accident is guilty
 Of what we wildly do, so we profess
 Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
 Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:

This follows, if you will not change your purpose,
 But undergo this flight; make for *Sicilia*,
 And there present yourself, and your fair princess
 (For so I see she must be) 'fore *Leontes*;
 She shall be habited as it becomes
 The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping
 His welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
 As 'twere i'th' father's person; kisses the hands
 Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him,
 'Twixt his unkindness, and his kindness: th'one
 He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
 Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy *Camillo*,

What colour for my visitation shall I
 Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your father
 To greet him, and to give him comforts, Sir,
 The manner of your bearing towards him, with
 What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
 Things known betwixt us three I'll write you down,
 The which shall point you forth at every sitting,
 What you must say, that he shall not perceive,
 But that you have your father's bosom there,
 And speak his very heart.

Flo.

Flo. I am bound to you :
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain,
To miseries enough: no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one, to take another :
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loth to be: besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true :
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not at your father's house, these seven years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good *Camillo*,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i'th' rear of our birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, Sir, for this.
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest *Perdita*—
But oh, the thorns we stand upon! *Camillo*,
Preserver of my father, now of me ;
The medicine of our house; how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like *Bohemia's* son,
Nor shall appear in *Sicily*—

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes,
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The ferne you play were mine. For instance, Sir,
That you may know you shall not want; one word.

[*They talk aside.*]

Enter Autolycus.
Aut. Ha, ha, what a fool honesty is! and trust,
his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have

fold

fold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander, browch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shooe-tye, brace'et, horn-ring to keep my pack from fastning: they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer; by which means, I saw whose Purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use, I remember'd. My good clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches song, that he would not stir his pettitoes 'till he had both tune and words, which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears; you might have pinch'd a placket, it was senseless, 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sir's song, and admiring the nothing off it. So that in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the King's son, and scar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

Cam. Nay; but my letters by this means being there, so soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flor. And those that you'll procure from King Leontes—

Cam. Shall satisfie your father.

Per. Happy be you: —

All that you speak shews fair.

Cam. Who have we here?

We'll make an instrument of this; omit

Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now: why hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow,

Why stak'st thou so? fear not, man,

Here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be so still: here's no body will steal that from thee; yet for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore discase thee instantly, (thou must think there's a necessity in't) and change garments with this gentleman: tho' the penny-worth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut.

The WINTER'S TALE. 65

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir; I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee dispatch: the gentleman is half flea'd already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, Sir? I smell the trick on't.

Flo. Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed I have had earnest, but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.

Fortunate mistress, (let my prophecy
Come home to ye,) you must retire your self
Into some covert; take your sweet-heart's hat
And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,
Dismantle you, and as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming, that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you) to ship-board
Get undescry'd.

Per. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy ———

Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me Son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat:
Come lady, come: farewell my friend.

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O *Perdita*, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you a word.

Cam. What I do next, shall be to tell the King

[*Aside.*]

Of this escape, and whither they are bound:
Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail
To force him after; in whose company
I shall review *Sicilia*; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us,

Thus we set on, *Camillo*, to th' sea side. [Ex. *Flor.* & *Per.*]

Cam. The swifter speed, the better. [Exit.]

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: to have
an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is ne-
cessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also,
to smell out work for th' other senses, I see this is
the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an
ex-

exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? sure the gods do this year cannive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the King withal, I would not do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside, here's more matter for a hot brain; every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Cl. See, see; what a man you are now, there is no other way, but to tell the King she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Cl. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Cl. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the King, and so your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her; this being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the King's brother-in-law.

Cl. Indeed brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him, and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely, puppies.

[*Aside.*

Shep. Well; let us to the King; there is that in this farthel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Cl. 'Pray heartily he be at the palace.

Aut. Tho' I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket up my pedler's excrement. How now, rustiques, whither are you bound?

Shep. To th' palace, and it like your worship.

Aut.

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Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that farthel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your age, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting for to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, Sir,

Aut. A lye; you are rough and hairy; let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lye, but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel, therefore they do not give us the lye.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken your self with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, and like you, Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier *Cap-a-pe*; and one that will either push on, or push back thy business there, whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, and't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant; say you have none.

Shep. None, Sir; I have no pheasant cock, nor hen.

Aut. How blest'd are we, that are not simple men!

Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomly.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical; a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The farthel there; what's it's farthel?

Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this farthel and box, which none must know but the King, and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to th' speech of him.

Aut.

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Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the palace, he is gone aboard a new ship, to purge melancholy and air himself; for if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the King is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, Sir, about his son that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, Sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are german to him, tho' remov'd fifty times, shall all come under the hangman; which, tho' it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whist'ing rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! some say he shall be ston'd; but that death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a sheep-coat! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, Sir; do you hear, and't like you, Sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive, then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest, then stand 'till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with *Aqua-vita*, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, (and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims) shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly-rascals, whose miseries are to be smi'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the King; being something gently consider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalf; and if it be in man, besides the King, to effect your suits, here is a man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority; close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn

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born bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: shew the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember ston'd and flay'd alive.

Shep. And't please you, Sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have; I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn 'till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Clo. Ay, Sir.

Aut. You'll give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, Sir; but tho' my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. Oh that's the case of the shepherd's son; hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort; we must to the King, and shew our strange sights; he must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sifter, we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is perform'd, and remain, as he says, your pawn 'till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you, walk before toward the seaside, go on the right hand, I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blest'd in this man, as I may say even blest'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us; he was provided to do us good. [Exeunt *Shep. and Clown.*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see *Fortune* would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth, I am courted now with a double occasion: gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him; if he think it fit to shoar them again, and that the complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being so far officious, for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: to him will I present them, there may be matter in it.

[Exit
ACT

ACT V.

SCENE *Changes to Sicilia.**Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulin, and Servants.*

CLEOMINES.

Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
 A faint-like forrow; no fault could you make,
 Which you have not redeem'd; indeed paid down
 More penitence, than done trespass. At the last
 Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
 With them forgive your self.

Leo. Whilst I remember
 Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
 My blemishes in them, and so still think of
 The wrong I did my self; which was so much
 That heir-less it hath made my kingdom, and
 Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
 Bred his hopes out of, true.

Paul. Too true, my lord,
 If one by one you wedded all the world,
 Or from them all that are took something good,
 To make a perfect woman; she you kill'd
 Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I think so. Kill'd?
 She I kill'd? I did so, but thou strik'st me
 Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
 Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,
 Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady;
 You might have spoke a thousand things that would
 Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
 Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those
 Would have him wed again.

Dio. If you would not so,
 You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
 Of his most sovereign name; consider little,
 What dangers (by his highness' fail of issue)
 May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
 Uncertain lookers on. What were more holy,

Thas

Than to rejoice the former Queen is well?
 What holier, than for royalty's repair,
 For present comfort, and for future good,
 To bless the bed of majesty again
 With a sweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
 (Respecting her that's gone;) besides, the Gods
 Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
 For has not the divine *Apollo* said,
 Is't not the tenor of his oracle,
 That King *Leontes* shall not have an heir,
 'Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
 Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
 As my *Antigonus* to break his grave,
 And come again to me; who, on my life,
 Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
 My lord should to the heav'ns be contrary,
 Oppose against their wills. Care not for issue,
 The crown will find an heir. Great *Alexander*
 Left his to th' worthiest; so his successor
 Was like to be the best.

Leo. Good *Paulina*,
 Who hast the memory of *Hermione*
 I know in honour: O, that ever I
 Had squar'd me to thy counsel; then, even now
 I might have look'd upon my Queen's full eyes,
 Have taken treasure from her lips!

Paul. And left them
 More rich, for what they yielded.

Leo. Thou speak'st truth:
 No more such wives, therefore no wife; one worse
 And better us'd would make her fainted spirit
 Again possess her corps, and on this stage,
 (Where we offenders now appear) soul-vent,
 And begin, why to me?

Paul. Had she such power,
 She had just cause.

Leo. She had, and would incense me
 To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so:
 Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
 Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
 You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your ears
 Should

Shou'd rift to hear me, and the words that follow'd
Should be, Remember mine.

Leo. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else, dead coals: fear thou no wife:
I'll have no wife, *Paulina*.

Pau. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leo. Never, *Paulina*, so be bless'd my spirit.

Pau. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Pau. Unless another,
As like *Hermione* as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good madam, pray have done.

Pau. Yet, if my lord will marry; if you will, Sir;
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To chuse you a Queen; she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first Queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leo. My true *Paulina*,
We shall not marry, 'till thou bid'st us.

Pau. That
Shall be, when your first Queen's again in breath:
Never till then. *Enter a Servant.*

Ser. One that gives himself out prince *Florizel*,
Son of *Polixenes*, with his Princess (the
The fairest I have yet beheld) desires access
To your high presence.

Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness; his approach
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'Tis not a visitation framed, fore'd
By need and accident. What train?

Ser. But few,
And those but mean.

Leo. His princess, say you, with him?

Sir. Yes; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Pau. Oh *Hermione*,
As every present time doth boast it self
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave

Head?

Give

Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you your self
Have said, and writ so; but your writing now
Is colder than that theme; she had not been,
Nor was she to be equall'd; thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once, 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you've seen a better.

Ser. Pardon, Madam;
The one I have almost forgot, (your pardon)
The ether, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else, make profelytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Pau. How! not women?

Ser. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man: men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leo. Go, *Cleomines*;
Your self (assisted with your honour'd friends)
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange
He thus should steal upon us. [Exit Cleo.]

Pau. Had our Prince
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not a full month
Between their births.

Leo. Pr'ythee no more; cease; thou know'st
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of Reason. They are come.

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomines, and others.
Your Mother was most true to wedlock, prince,
For she did phint your royal father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome,
And your fair princess: Goddess, oh! alis!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heav'n and earth
Might thus have flood, begetting wonder,
as
You gracious couple do; and then I lost
(All mine own folly) the society,
Amity too of your brave father, whom

(Tho' bearing misery) I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him
Give you all greetings, that a King, as friend
Can send his brother; and but infirmity,
Which waits upon worn times, hath something seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd, to look upon you, whom he loves,
He bad me say so, more than all the scepters,
And those that bear them living.

Leo. Oh my brother!
Good gentleman, the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as Interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness. Welcome hither,
As is the spring to th' earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this Paragon to th' fearful usage
(At least ungentle) of the dreadful *Nephtune*,
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much less
Th' adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from *Libya*.

Leo. Where the warlike *Smalus*,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal Sir,
From thence; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his parting with her; thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness; my best train
I have from your *Sicilian* shores dismiss'd,
Who for *Bohemia* bend, to signifie
Not only my Success in *Libya*, Sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leo. The blessed Gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here; you have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman, against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin;
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd,

As he from heaven merits it, with you,
 Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
 Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
 Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble Sir,
 That which I shall report will bear no credit,
 Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great Sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me;
 Desires you to attach his son, who has
 His dignity and duty both cast off,
 Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
 A shepherd's daughter.

Leo. Where's *Bohemia*? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him.
 I speak amazedly, and it becomes
 My marvel, and my message: to your court
 Whilst he was hasting, in the chase, it seems,
 Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
 The father of this seeming lady, and
 Her brother, having both their country quitted:
 With this young prince.

Flo. *Camillo* has betray'd me,
 Whose honour and whose honesty 'till now
 Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge;
 He's with the King your father.

Leo. Who? *Camillo*?

Lord. *Camillo*, Sir, I spake with him, who now
 Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
 Wretches so quake; they kneel, they kiss the earth;
 Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
 With divers deaths, in death.

Per. Oh my poor father,
 The heav'n which sets spies on us, will not have
 Our contract celebrated.

Leo. You are marry'd?

Flo. We are not, Sir, nor are we like to be;
 The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first;
 The odds for high and low's alike.

Leo. My Lord,
 Is this the daughter of a King?

Flo. She is,
 When once she is my wife.

Leo

Leo. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry you have broken from his liking;
Where you were ty'd in duty; and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich an worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up;
Though *Fortune*, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father; power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you, Sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now; with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leo. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't; not a month
'Fore your Queen dy'd she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look'd on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made. But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd; I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I'm friend to them and you; upon which errand
I now go toward him, therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make: come, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Autolycus, and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, Sir, were you present at this relation?

Gent. I was by at the opening of the sardel, heard
the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found
it; whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all
commanded out of the Chamber; only this, me-thought,
I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business;
but the changes I perceived in the King and *Camillo*,
were very notes of admiration; they seem'd almost,
with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their
eyes. There was speech in their dumbness, language
in their very gesture; they look'd as if they had heard
of a world ransom'd, or one destroy'd; a notable
passion of wonder appear'd in them; but the wisest
beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not

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say if th' imporrance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman that happily knows more: the news, *Rogero*.

2 Gent. Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfill'd; the King's daughter is found; such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the lady *Paulina's* steward, he can deliver you more. How goes it now, Sir? this news which is call'd true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion; has the King found his heir?

3 Gent. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen *Hermione*; her jewel about the neck of it; the letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know to be his character; the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother; the affection of nobleness, which nature shews above her breeding; and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the King's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two Kings?

2 Gent. No.

3 Gent. Then have you lost a sight which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner, that it seem'd sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our King being ready to leap out of himself, for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, Oh, thy mother, thy mother! then asks *Bohemia* forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old shepherd, who stands by, like a weather-beaten conduit of many Kings reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gent.* What pray you became of *Antigonus*, that carry'd hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still, which will have matters to rehearse, tho' credit be asleep, and not an ear open; he was torn to pieces with a bear; this avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence, which seems much to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his, that *Paulina* knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wrackt the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd; so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But oh the noble combat, that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in *Paulina*. She had one eye declin'd for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd. She lifted the Princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes, for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, caught the water, though not the fish, was, when at the relation of the Queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, bravely confess'd, and lamented by the King, how attentiveness wounded his daughter, 'till, from one sign of dour to another, she did, with an *alas*, I would fain say, bleed tears; for I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed; if all the world could have seen't, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No. The princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of *Paulina*, a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare *Italian* master, *Fulio Romano*, who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape. He so near to *Hermione* hath done *Hermione*, that they say one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gent.* I thought she had some great matter there hand, for she hath privately twice or thrice a-day,

ever since the death of *Hermione*, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

Gent. Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [Exeunt.]

Aut. Now, had not I the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what; but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter (so he then took her to be) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscover'd. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come boy, I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clow. You are well met, Sir; you denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: see you these cloaths? say you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born. You were best say these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lye; do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, Sir, a gentleman born,

Clow. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clow. So you have; but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the King's son took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two Kings call'd my father brother; and then the prince my brother, and the princess my sister call'd my father, father, and so we wept; and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clow. Ay, or else 'twere hard luck, being in so posterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, Sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to

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give me your good report to the prince, my master.

Shep. Pry'thee son do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Ant. Ay, and it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand; I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in *Bohemia*.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I'll swear to the Prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it, and I would thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Ant. I will prove so, Sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow; if I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark, the Kings and the Princes our kindred are going to see the Queen's picture. Come follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*

Paulina's House.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords and Attendants.

Leo. O grave and good *Paulina*, the great comfort That I have had of thee!

Pau. What, sovereign Sir,
I did not well, I meant well; all my services
You have paid home. But that you have vouchsaf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your Kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your Grace which never
My life may last to answer.

Leo. O *Paulina*,

We honour you with trouble; but we came
To see the statue of our Queen. Your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content,
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

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Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness I do well believe
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lovely, apart. But here it is; prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death; behold, and say 'tis well.

[*Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers Hermione
standing like a statue.*]

I like your silence, it the more shews off
Your wonder; but yet speak, first you, my liege,
Comes it not something near?

Leo. Her natural posture!

Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art *Hermione*; or rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, *Paulina*,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.

Pol. Oh, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence,
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.

Leo. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. Oh, thus she stood;
Even with such life of majesty, warm life,
As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her.
I am ashamed; does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it? oh royal piece;
There's magick in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.

Per. And give me leave,

And do not say 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing. Lady,
Dear Queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience;

The statue is but newly fix'd; the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too fore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry scarce any joy

Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But kill'd it self much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Pau. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, for the stone is mine,
I'd not have shew'd you it.

Leo. Do not draw the curtain.

Pau. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy
May think anon, it move.

Leo. Let be, let be;
Would I were dead, but that methinks already—
What was he that did make it? see, my lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd; and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done!
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leo. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we were mock'd with art.

Pau. I'll draw the curtain.
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leo. O sweet *Paulina*,
Make me to think so twenty years together:
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Pau. I'm sorry, Sir, I have thus far stirr'd you; but
I could afflict you further.

Leo. Do *Paulina*;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still methinks
There is an air comes from her. What fine chizzel
Could ever yet cut breath? let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Pau. Good my lord forbear;
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll marr it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting; shall I draw the curtain?

Leo. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by a looker on.

PAU. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chappel, or resolve you
For more amazement; if you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand; but then you'll think,
Which I protest against, I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leo. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easie
To make her speak, as move.

PAU. It is requir'd
You do awake your faith, then all stand still;
And those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leo. Proceed;
No foot shall stir.

PAU. Musick; awake her: strike, [Musick.]
'Tis time, descend; be stone no more; approach,
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I'll fill your grave up: stir, nay come away,
Bequeath to death your dumbness; for from him
Dear life redeems you; you percieve she stirs,

[Hermione comes down.]

Start not, her actions shall be holy, as
You hear my spell is lawful; do not shun her,
Until you see her die again, for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand;
When she was young, you woo'd her; now in age,
Is she become the suitor.

Leo. Oh she's warm, [Embracing her.]
If this be magick, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck,
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make it manifest where she has liv'd,
Or how stol'n from the dead?

PAU. That she is living,
Where it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,
Tho' yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam, kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing; turn good lady;

Our *Perdita* is found.

[*Presenting Perdita, who kneels to Herm.*

Her. You Gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head; tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,
Knowing by *Paulina* that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
My self, to see the issue.

Pau. There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together
You precious winners all, your exultation
Partake to every one; I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament 'till I am lost.

Leo. O peace, *Paulina!*
Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife. This is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine,
But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband. Come, *Camillo*,
And take her by the hand; whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted; and here justified
By us, a pair of Kings. Let's from this place.
What? look upon my brother: both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion: this your son-in-law,
And son unto the King, — whom heav'n's directing,
Is troth-pledge to your daughter. Good *Paulina*,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd. Hastily lead away. [*Exeunt omnes.*



N. I. S.

Our Index is here

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THE
LIFE and *DEATH*
OF
KING *JOHN*
A
TRAGEDY.

By Mr. *WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR*.



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MDCC XXXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

King. John.

Prince Henry, Son to the King.

Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, and Nephew to the King.

Pembroke,

Effex,

Salisbury,

Hubert,

Bigot,

} *English Lords.*

Faulconbridge, Bastard-Son to Richard the First.

Robert Faulconbridge, suppos'd Brother to the Bastard.

James Gurney, Servant to the Lady Faulconbridge.

Peter of Pomfret, a Prophet.

Philip, King of France,

Lewis, the Dauphin.

Arch-Duke of Austria.

Pandulpho, the Pope's Legate.

Melun, a French Lord.

Chatilion, Ambassador from France to King John.

Elinor, Queen-Mother of England.

Constance, Mother to Arthur.

*Blanch, Daughter to Alphonso King of Castile, and Neice
to King John.*

*Lady Faulconbridge, Mother to the Bastard, and Robert
Faulconbridge.*

*Citizens of Angiers, Heralds, Executioners, Messengers,
Soldiers, and other Attendants.*

*The SCENE sometimes in England, and
sometimes in France.*



THE



The LIFE and DEATH of
King JOHN.

ACT I.

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, and Salisbury, and Chatilion.

King John.



OW say, *Chatilion*, what
would *France* with us?
Chat. Thus, after greet-
ing, speaks the King of
France,
In my Behaviour to the
Majesty,

The borrowed Majesty of *England* here.

Eli. A strange beginning; borrow'd Majesty!

K. John. Silence, good mother, hear the embassie.

Chat. *Philip* of *France*, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother *Geffrey's* Son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays lawful claim
To this fair Island, and the terretories:
To *Ireland*, *Poictiers*, *Anjou*, *Touraine*, *Maine*:
Desiring thee to lay aside the Sword -
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young *Arthur's* hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal Sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud controul of fierce and bloody war,
T'inforce these rights so forcibly with-held.

K. *John*. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,

Controulment for controulment; so answer *France*.

Chat. Then take my King's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limits of my embassie.

K. *John*. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace.
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of *France*,
For ere thou can'st report, I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.
So hence! be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And fullen presage of your own decay.
An honourable Conduct let him have,
Pembroke look to't; farewell *Chatilion*.

[Exit *Chat*. and *Pem*.]

Eli. What now, my son, have I not ever said,
How that ambitious *Constance* would not cease
Till she had kindled *France* and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented, and made whole
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful, bloody issue, arbitrate.

K. *John*. Our strong possession and our right for us.

Eli. Your strong possession much more than your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me;
So much my Conscience whispers in your ear.
Which none but Heav'n, and you, and I shall hear.

Essex. My Liege, here is the strangest controversy.
Come from the Country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard; shall I produce the Men?

K. *John*. Let them approach.
Our abbies and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge — What men are you?

Enter *Robert Faulconbridge* and the *Bastard*.

Bast. Your faithful Subject, I, a gentleman,
Born in *Northamptonshire*, and eldest Son,
As I suppose, to *Robert Faulconbridge*,
A soldier, by the honour-given hand
Of *Coeur-de-lion* knighted in the field.

K. *John*. What art thou?

Robert. The son and heir to that said *Faulconbridge*.

K. *John*.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then it seems?

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty King,
That is well known, and as I think one Father:
But for the certain Knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heav'n, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man, thou dost shame thy
mother.

And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it?
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine,
The which if he can prove, he pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year;
Heav'n guard my mother's honour and my land.

K. John. A good blunt fellow: why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land;
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whether I be true begot or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But that I am as well begot, my Liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me)
Compare our faces, and be judge your self.
If old Sir *Robert* did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him;
O old Sir *Robert*, father, on my knee
I give heav'n thanks I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why what a mad-cap hath heav'n lent us here?

Eli. He hath a trick of *Coeur-de-lion's* face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect *Richard*: firrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brothers land.

Bast. Because he hath a half-face like my father,
With half that face would he have all my land,
A half-fac'd groat, five hundred pound a year.

Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much

Bast. Well, Sir, by this you cannot get my land.

Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassie
To *Germany*; there with the Emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
The advantage of his absence took the King,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where, how he did prevail, I shame to speak:
But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father speak himself)
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and took it on his death
That this my mother's son was none of his:
And if he were, he came in the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time:
Then, my good Liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate,
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And if she did play false, the fault was hers,
Which fault lyes on the hazard of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who as you say took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his,
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world.
In sooth he might; then if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him; this concludes,
My mother's son did get your father's heir,
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, Sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Say, hadst thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,
And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land:
Or the reputed Son of *Coeur-de-lion*,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

Bast. Madam, and if my brother had my shape,
And I had his; Sir *Robert's* his, like him,

And if my legs were two such riding rods,
 My arms such Eel-skins stuf; my face so thin,
 That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
 Lest men should say, look where three farthings goes;
 And to his shape were heir to all this land;
 Would I might never stir from off this place,
 I'd give it ev'ry foot to have this face:
 I would not be Sir *Nobbe* in any case.

Eli. I likethee well; wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
 Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
 I am a soldier and now bound to *France*.

Bast. Brother take you my land, I'll take my chance,
 Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
 Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.
 Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my Liege, so is my name begun,
Philip, good old Sir *Robert's* wife's eldest Son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form
 thou bear'st:

Kneel thou down *Philip,* but rise up more great,
 Arise Sir *Richard* and *Plantagenet*.

Bast. Brother by th'mother's side, give me your hand,
 My father gave me honour, yours gave land.
 Now blessed by the hour, by night or day,
 When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away.

Eli. The very spirit of *Plantagenet!*
 I am thy grandam; *Richard,* call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth, what tho;
 Something about a little from the right,

In at the Window, or else o'er the hatch:
 Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night,
 And have is have, however men do catch;
 Near or far off well won is still well shot,
 And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, *Faulconbridge,* now hast thou thy desire,
 A landless Knight makes thee a landed 'Squire:
 Come madam, and come *Richard;* we must speed
 For *France,* for *France,* for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu, good Fortune come to thee,

For thou wast got i'th' way of honesty. [*Ex. all but Bast.*
 A foot of honour better than I was,
 But many, a many foot of land the worse !
 Well, now can I make any *Joan* a lady.
 Good-den, Sir *Richard*, — Godamercy fellow.
 And if his name be *George*, I'll call him *Peter* ;
 For new-made honour doth forget mens names ;
 'Tis too respectful and unfociable
 For your conversing. Now your traveller,
 He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess ;
 And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
 Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
 My piked man of countries, — My dear Sir,
 (Thus leaning on my elbow I begin)
 I shall beseech you, — that is Question now,
 And then comes Answer like an A B C-book :
 O Sir, says Answer, at your best command,
 At your employment, at your Service, Sir : —
 No, Sir, says Question, I, sweet Sir, at yours, —
 And so e'er Answer knows what Question would,
 (Saying in dialogue of Compliment,
 And talking of the *Alps* and *Appennines*,
 The *Pyrenean* and the river *Po*)
 It draws towards supper in conclusion so.
 But this is worshipful Society,
 And fits the mounting spirit like my self :
 For he is but a bastard to the time
 That doth not smack of observation,
 And so am I, whether I smoke or no :
 And not alone in habit and device,
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement ;
 But from the inward motion to deliver
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the ages tooth ;
 Which tho' I will not practise to deceive,
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn ;
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.
 But who comes in such haste in riding robes ?
 What woman-post is this ? hath she no husband
 That will take pains to blow a horn before her ?
 O me, it is my mother ; now, good lady,
 What brings you here to court so hastily ?

Enter

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that Slave, thy brother? where is he
That holds in chase my honour up and down?

Bast. My brother Robert, old Sir Robert's son,
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man,
Is it Sir Robert's son that you seek for?

Lady. Sir Robert's son: ay, thou unrev'rend boy,
Sir Robert's son, why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Robert's son! and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Bast. Philip, sparrow James:

There's toys abroad, anon I'll tell thee more. [Ex.] James.

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son.

Sir Robert might have eat his part in me

Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast:

Sir Robert could do well; marry confess!

Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;

We know his handy-work, therefore, good mother

To whom I am beholden for these limbs?

Sir Robert never help'd to make this leg.

Lady. Hast thou conspir'd with thy Brother too,
That for thine own gain should'st defend mine honour?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Bast. Knight — Knight, good mother, *Rafilisco* like,

Why I am dub'd, I have it on my shoulder:

But mother, I am not Sir Robert's son,

I have disclaim'd Sir Robert and my land,

Legitimation, name, and all is gone;

Then, good my mother, let me know my father?

Some proper man I hope; who was it, mother.

Lady. Hast thou deny'd thy self a *Faulcon-bridgo*?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady. King *Richard Coeur-de-lion* was thy father;

By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd

To make room for him in my husband's bed.

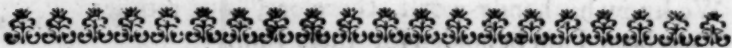
Heav'n lay not my Transgression to my charge!

Thou art the of my dear offence,

Which was so strongly urg'd past my defence.

Bast. Now by this light were I to get again,

Madam, I would not wish a better father.
 Some sins do bear their Privilege on earth,
 And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly;
 Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
 Subjected tribute to commanding love;
 Against whose fury and unmatched force
 The awless lion could not wage the fight,
 Nor keep his princely heart from *Richard's* hands.
 He that per force robs lions of their hearts,
 May easily win a Woman's. Ay, my mother,
 With all my heart I thank thee for my father.
 Who lives and dares but say, thou did'st not well
 When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
 Come, lady, I will shew thee to thy kin,
 And they shall say, when *Richard* me begot,
 If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin;
 Who says it was, he lyes; I say 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

Enter Philip King of France, Lewis the Dauphin, the Archduke of Austria, Constance, and Arthur.

Lewis. **B**E F O R E *Angiers*, well met brave *Austria*;
Arthur! that great fore-runner of thy blood.
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart
 And fought the holy wars in *Palestine*,
 By this brave Duke came early to his grave,
 And for amends to his posterity,
 At our impartance hither he is come,
 To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf,
 And to rebuke the usurpation
 Of thy unnatural uncle, *English John*.
 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.
Arth. God shall forgive you *Coeur-de-lion's* death
 The rather, that you give his off-spring Life,
 Shadowing their right under your wings of war,
 I give you welcome with a pow'rless hand,

But

But with a heart full of unstained love :
Welcome before the gates of *Angiers*, Duke.

Lewis. A noble boy ! who would not do thee right ?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love ;
That to my home I will no more return,
Till *Angiers* and the right thou hast in *France*,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders ;
Ev'n till that *England*, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes ;
Ev'n till that outmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her King. Till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more requital to your love.

Aust. The peace of heav'n is theirs, who list their
swords

In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phil. Well then, to work, our engines shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town ;
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages.
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in *Frenchmens* blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassie,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood.
My lord *Chatilion* may from *England* bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war,
And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter Chatilion.

K. Philip. A wonder, lady ! lo, upon thy wish
Our messenger *Chatilion* is arriv'd ;
What *England* says, say briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pause for thee. *Chatilion* speak.

Chat.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paulty siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.

England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have staid, have giv'n him time
To land his legions all as soon as I.

His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.

With him along is come the Mother-Queen;

An *Ate*, stirring him to blood and strife,

With her her neice, the lady *Blanch* of *Spain*;

With them a bastard of the King deceas'd,

And all th' unsettled humours of the land;

Rash, inconfid'rate, fiery voluntaries,

With ladies faces, and fierce dragons spleens,

Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,

Bearing their birthright proudly on their backs,

To make a hazard of new fortunes here.

In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits

'Than now the *English* bottoms have waft o'er,

Did never float upon the swelling tide,

To do offence and scathe in Christendom.

'The interruption of their churlish drums [*Drums beat.*

Cuts off more circumstance; they are at hand,

To parly or to fight, therefore prepare.

K. Philip. How much unlook'd-for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much

We must awake endeavour for defence;

For courage mounteth with occasion:

Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter King of England, Bastard, Elinor, Blanch, Pembroke, and others.

K. John. Peace be to *France*, if *France* in peace permit

Our just and lineal entrance to our own:

If not, bleed *France*, and peace ascend to heav'n!

Whilst we, God's wrathful agent, do correct

Their proud contempt that bears his peace to heav'n.

K. Philip. Peace be to *England*; if that war return

From *France* to *England*, there to live in peace.

England we love, and for that *England's* sake

With

With burthen of our armour here we sweat;
 This toil of our should be a work of thine.
 But thou from loving *England* art so far,
 That thou hast under-wrought its lawful King,
 Cut off the sequence of posterity,
 Out-faced infant state, and done a rape
 Upon the maiden-virtue of the crown.
 Look here upon thy brother *Geffrey's* face,
 These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his;
 This little abstract doth contain that large
 Which dy'd in *Geffrey*; and the hand of time
 Shall draw this brief into as large a volume.
 That *Geffrey* was thy elder brother born,
 And this his son; *England* was *Geffrey's* right,
 And this is *Geffrey's*; in the name of God
 How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,
 When living blood doth in these temples beat,
 Which own the crown that thou o'er-maisterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission,
France,

To draw my answer to thy articles?

K. Philip. From that supernal judge that sirs good
 thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,
 To look into the blots and strains of right.
 That judge hath made me guardian to this boy;
 Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
 And by whose help I mean to chastise it. *

King

*—— I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Philip. Excuse it, 'tis to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is't that thou dost call usurper, *France*?

Const. Let me make answer: Thy usurping son.

Eli. Out insolent! thy bastard shall be King,

That thou may'st be a Queen, and check the world!

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,

As thine was to thy husband; and this boy,

Liker in feature to his father *Geffrey*,

Than thou and *John*, in manners being as like

As

King *John*, this is the very sum of all ;
England, and *Ireland*, *Anjou*, *Touraine*, *Main*,
 In right of *Arthur* I do claim of thee :

Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms ?

K. John. My life as soon. I do despise thee, *France*.
Arthur of *Britain*, yield thee to my hand,

And

As rain to water or devil to his dam,
 My boy a bastard ! by my soul, I think
 His father never was so true begot ;
 It cannot be, and if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace.

Bast. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou ?

Bast. One that will play the devil, Sir, with you,
 And a may catch your hide and you alone.
 You are the hare, of whom the proverb goes,
 Whose valour plucks dead Lions by the beard,
 I'll smooke your skin-coat, and I catch you right ;
 Sirrah, look to't, i'faith I will, i'faith.

Blanch. O well did he become that Lyon's robe,
 That did disrobe the Lyon of that robe.

Bast. It lyes as lightly on the back of him,
 As great *Alcides'* shoes upon an *Afs* ;
 But, *Afs*, I'll take that burthen from your back,
 Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same that deafs our ears
 With this abundance of superfluous breath ?

King *Lewis*, determine what we shall do streight.

Lewis. Women and fools, break off your conference.

K. Phil, King *John*, this, &c.

And out of my dear love I'll give thee more,
Than e'er the coward-hand of *France* can win.*

K. Phil.

* — of *France* can win ;

Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy Grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it Grandam, child,
Give Grandam kingdom, and it Grandam will
Give it a plumb, a cherry and a fig ;
There's a good Grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace,
I would that I were low laid in my grave,
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you whe're she does or no.
His Grandam's wrong, and not his mother's shame
Draws those heav'n moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heav'n shall take in nature of a fee :
With these sad chrystal beads heav'n shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heav'n and earth.

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heav'n and earth,
Call me not slanderer ; thou and thine usurp
The domination, royalties, and rights
Of this oppressed boy ; this is thy eldest son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee :
Thy sins are visited in this poor child,
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plague her sin ; his injury
Her injury, the beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her ; a plague upon her.

Ek.

K. *Phil.* Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of *Angiers*; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, *Arthur's* or *John's*.

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

Enter a Citizen upon the Walls.

Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. *Phil.* 'Tis *France* for *England*.

K. *John.* *England* for it self;

You men of *Angiers*, and my loving subjects——

K. *Phil.* You loving men of *Angiers*, *Arthur's* subjects,

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle——

K. *John.* For our advantage; therefore hear us first:
These flags of *France*, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement.
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparations for a bloody siege
And merciless proceeding, by these *French*,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And but for our approach, those sleeping stones
That as a waste do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havock made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But on the sight of us your lawful King,
(Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a counter-check before your gates,

To

Eliz. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will; a wicked will;
A woman's will; a canker'd Grandam's will.

K. *Phil.* Peace, lady, pause, or be more temperate;
It ill beseems this presence to cry, Amen,
To these ill tuned repetitions.
Some trumpet, &c.

To save unscratch'd your city's threatned cheeks)
 Behold the *French* amaz'd vouchsafe a parole;
 And now instead of bullets wrap'd in fire,
 To make a shaking fever in your walls,
 They shoot but calm words folded up in smoak,
 To make a faithless error in your ears;
 Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
 And let in us, your King, whose labour'd spirits
 Fore-weary'd in this action of swift speed,
 Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. *Phil.* When I have said, make answer to us both.
 Loe in this right hand, whose protection
 Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
 Of him it holds, stands young *Plantagenet*,
 Son to the elder brother of this man,
 And King o'er him, and all that he enjoys.
 For this down-trodden equity, we tread
 In warlike march these greens before your town:
 Being no further enemy to you,
 Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
 In the relief of this oppress'd child,
 Religiously provokes. Be pleas'd then
 To pay that duty which you truly owe
 To him that owns it, namely, this young Prince.
 And then our arms, like to a muzzled Bear,
 Save in aspect, hath all offence seal'd up:
 Our cannons malice vainly shall be spent
 Against th' invulnerable clouds of heav'n;
 And with a blessed, and unvext retire,
 With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
 We will bear home that lusty blood again
 Which here we came to spout against your town;
 And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
 But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
 'Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walls
 Can hide you from our messengers of war:
 Tho' all these *English*, and their discipline,
 Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
 Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,
 In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
 Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
 And stalk in blood to our possession?

Cit. In brief, we are the King of *England's* subjects,
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the King,
To him will we prove loyal; till that time
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Dost not the crown of *England* prove the
King?

And if not that, I bring you witness,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of *England's* breed——

Bast. (Bastards, and else.)

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phil. As many, and as well born bloods as those——

Bast. (Some bastards too.)

K. Phil. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shalt fleet,
In dreadful tryal of our kingdom's King.

K. Phil. Amen, Amen. Mount chevaliers, to arms.

Bast. Saint *George* that swing'd the Dragon, and e'er
since

Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den, sirrah, with your Lioness,
I'd set an Ox-head to your Lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

[To Austria,

Aust. Peace, no more.

Bast. O tremble, for you hear the Lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain, where we'll set forth
In best appointment all our regiments.

Bast. Speed them to take th' advantage of the field.

K. Phil. It shall be so; and the other hill
Command the rest to stand. God and our right!

[Exeunt.

Here, after excursions, enter the Herald of France with
trumpets to the gates.

F. Her. You men of *Angiers*, open wide your gates,
And let young *Arthur* Duke of *Bretagne* in;

Who

Who by the hand of *France* this day hath made
 Much work for tears in many an *English* mother,
 Whose sons lye scatter'd on the bleeding ground :
 And many a widow's husband groveling lyes,
 Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth ;
 While Victory with little losf doth play
 Upon the dancing banners of the *French*.
 Who are at hand triumphantly display'd
 To enter conquerors ; and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's King, and yours.

Enter English Herald with Trumpets.

E Her. Rejoice, you men of *Angiers* ; ring your bells,
 King *John*, your King and *England's*, doth approach,
 Commander of this hot malicious day.
 Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
 Hither return all gilt in *Frenchmens* blood.
 There stuck no plume in any *English* crest,
 That is removed by a staff of *France*.
 Our colours do return in those same hands,
 That did display them when we first march'd forth ;
 And like a jolly troop of huntsmen come
 Our lusty *English*, all with purpled hands,
 Stain'd in the dying slaughter of their foes.
 Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our tow'rs we might behold,
 From first to last, the onset and retire
 Of both your armies, whose equality
 By our best eyes cannot be censured ;
 Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answered
 blows ;
 Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted
 power.
 Both are alike, and both alike we like ;
 One must prove greatest. While they weigh so even,
 We hold our town for neither ; yet for both.

Enter the two Kings with their Powers at several Doors.

K. John. *France*, hast thou yet more blood to cast
 away ?
 Say, shall the current of our right run on ?

Whose

Whose passage, vext with thy impediment,
 Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell
 With course disturb'd ev'n thy confining shores ;
 Unless thou let his silver water keep
 A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phil. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of
 blood

In this hot tryal, more than we of *France* ;
 Rather lost more. And by this hand I swear
 That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
 Before we will lay by our just-born arms,
 We'll put thee down 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
 Or add a royal number to the dead :

Gracing the scroul that tells of this war's loss,
 With slaughter coupled to the name of Kings.

Bast. Ha ! Majesty ; how high thy glory towers,
 When the rich blood of Kings is set on fire !
 Oh, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel ;
 The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his phangs ;
 And now he feasts, mouching the flesh of men
 In undetermin'd differences of Kings.

Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus ?

Cry havock, Kings, back to the stained field

You equal potents, fiery-kindled spirits !

Then let confusion of one part confirm

The other's peace ; till then, blows, blood, and death.

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit ?

K. Philip. Speak citizens, for *England*, who's your
 King ?

Cit. The King of *England*, when we know the King.

K. Philip. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
 And bear possession of our person here,
 Lord of our presence, *Angiers*, and of you.

Cit. A greater pow'r than we denies all this ;
 And till it be undoubted, we do lock
 Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates. *

* ———— in our strong-barr'd gates :

Kings of our fear, until our fears resolv'd
 Be by some certain King purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. Heav'n, &c.

Bast.

Bast. By heav'n, these scroyles of *Angiers* flout you
Kings,

And stand securely on their battlements
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
You royal presences be rul'd by me ;
Do like the Mutines of *Jerusalem*,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.
By east and west let *France* and *England* mount
Their batt'ring cannon charged to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.
I'd play incessantly upon these jades ;
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And party our mingled colours once again,
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point.
Then in a moment fortune shall cull forth,
Out of one side her happy minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious Victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states ?

K. John. Now by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. *France*, shall we knit our pow'rs,
And lay this *Angiers* even with the ground.
Then after, fight who shall be King of it ?

Bast. And if thou hast the mettle of a King,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these sawcy walls ;
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why then desie each other, and pell-mell
Make work upon our selves for heav'n or hell.

K. Philip. Let it be so ; say, where will you assault ?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Philip. Our thunder from the south

Shall

Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town. *

Cit. Hear us great Kings ; vouchsafe a while to stay,
And I shall shew you peace, and fair-fac'd league.
Win you this city without stroak or wound ;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field ;
Persevere not, but hear me, mighty Kings.

K. John. Speak on ; with favour we are bent to hear.

Cit. That daughter there of *Spain*, the lady *Blanch*,
Is near to *England* ; look upon the years
Of *Lewis* the *Dauphin*, and that lovely maid.
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in *Blanch* ?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in *Blanch* ?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady *Blanch* ?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young *Dauphin* every way compleat :
If not compleat of, say he is not she ;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he.
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she ;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorifie the banks that bound them in :
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, Kings,
To these two Princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can,
To our fast closed gates : for at this match,
With swifter speed than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,

*—bullets on this town.

Bast. O prudent discipline ! from North to South ;
Austria and *France* shoot in each other's mouth,
I'll stir them to it ; come away, away.

Cit. Hear us great Kings, &c.

And give you entrance ; but without this match,
 The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
 Lions so confident, mountains and rocks
 So free from motion, no, not death himself
 In mortal fury half so peremptory,
 As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here's a stay,
 That shakes the rotten carcass of old death
 Out of his rags. Here's a large mouth indeed,
 That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas,
 Talks as familiarly of roaring Lions,
 As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.
 What cannoneer begot this lusty blood ?
 He speaks plain cannon-fire, and smoak and bounce,
 He gives the bastinado with his tongue :
 Our ears are cudgel'd ; not a word of his
 But buffets better than a fist of *France* ;
 Zounds, I was never so bethumpt with words
 Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match,
 Give with our neice a dowry large enough ;
 For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
 Thy now-unfur'd assurance to the crown,
 That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
 The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
 I see a yielding in the looks of *France* :
 Mark how they wisper, urge them while their souls
 Are capable of this ambition,
 Lest zeal now melted by the windy breath
 Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,
 Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Cit. Why answer not the double Majesties,
 This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town ?

K. Philip. Speak *England* first, that hath been forward
 first

To speak unto this city : what say you ?

K. John. If that the *Dauphin* there, thy Princely
 son,

Can in this book of beauty read *I love* ;
 Her dowry shall weigh equal with a *Queen*.
 For *Anjou*, and fair *Touraine*, *Maine*, *Poitiers*,
 And all that we upon this side the sea,

Except

Except this city now by us besieg'd,
 Find liable to our crown and dignity;
 Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich
 In titles, honours, and promotions;
 And she in beauty, education, blood,
 Holds hands with any Princess of the world.

K. *Philip*. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's
 face.

Lewis. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
 A wonder, or a wond'rous miracle, *
 I do protest I never lov'd my self
 Till now infixed I beheld my self,
 Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye.

[*Whispering with Blanch,*

Bast. Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye!
 Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
 And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espie
 Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,
 That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be
 In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is mine,
 If he see ought in you that makes him like;
 That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
 I can with ease translate it to my will:
 Or if you will, to speak more properly,
 I will enforce it easily to my love.
 Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
 That all I see in you is worthy love,
 Than this; that nothing do I see in you, [judge)
 (Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your
 That I can find should merit any hate.

K. *John*. What say these young ones? what say you,
 my neice?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
 What you in wisdom will vouchsafe to say.

* ——— miracle,

The shadow of my self form'd in her eye,
 Which being but the shadow of your son,
 Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow;
 I do protest — —

K. *John*

K. *John*. Speak then, Prince *Dauphin*, can you love this lady ?

Lewis. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love, For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. *John*. Then do I give *Volquessen*, *Touraine*, *Maine*, *Poitiers*, and *Anjou*, these five provinces With her to thee, and this addition more, Full thirty thousand marks of *English* coin. *Philip* of *France*, if thou be pleas'd withal, Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. *Philip*. It likes us well ; young princes, close your hands. *

Now citizens of *Angiers* ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made :
For at *Saint Mary's* chappel presently
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.
Is not the lady *Constance* in his troop ?
I know she is not ; for this match made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much.
Where is she and her son, tell me, who knows ?

Lewis. She's sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

K. *Philip*. And by my faith, this league that we have made

Will give her sadness very little cure.
Brother of *England*, how may we content
This widow lady ? in her right we came,
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way
To our own vantage.

K. *John*. We will heal up all,
For we'll create young *Arthur* Duke of *Britain*,
And Earl of *Richmond* ; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. Call the lady *Constance*,
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity : I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.

* ——— close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too, for I am well assur'd
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.

K. *Philip*. Now citizens, &c.

Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp.

[*Ex. all but Bast.*

Bast. Mad world, mad kings, mad composition?
John to stop *Arthur's* title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:
And *France*, whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own foldier; rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that;
That smooth'd-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity:
Commodity, the bias of the world,
The world, which of it self is poised well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent.
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapt on the outward eye of fickle *France*,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a resolv'd and honourable war,
To a most base and vile concluded peace.
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But that my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raieth on the rich.
Well, while I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say there is no sin but to be rich:
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say there is no vice, but beggary.
Since Kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain be my lord, for I will worship thee.

[*Exit.*
Enter

Enter Constance, Artdur, and Salisbury.

Const. Gone to be marry'd! gone to swear a peace!
 False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
 Shall *Lewis* have *Blanch*, and *Blanch* those provinces?
 It is not so, thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard;
 Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again,
 It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so.
 I think I may not trust thee, for thy word
 Is but the vain breath of a common man:
 I have a King's oath to the contrary.
 Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
 For I am sick, and capable of fears,
 Opprest with wrongs, and therefore full of fears:
 A widow, husbandless, subject to fears,
 A woman, naturally born to fears.
 And tho thou now confess thou didst but jest,
 With my vext spirits I can't take a truce,
 But they will quake and tremble all this day.
 What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
 Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
 What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
 Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
 Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
 Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
 Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
 But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as I believe you think them false,
 That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. Oh if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
 Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
 And let belief and life encounter so,
 As doth the fury of two desp'rate men,
 Which in the very meeting, fall and die.
Lewis wed *Blanch*! O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with *England*! what becomes of me?
 Fellow be gone, I cannot brook thy fight.*

* ——— I cannot brook thy fight;

This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done
 But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within it self so heinous is,
 As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, &c. B 2 *Arth.*

Arth. I do beseech you, mother, be content.

Consb. If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and stand'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks;
I would not care, I then would be content:
For then I should not love thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great.
Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lillies boast,
And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune, oh!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee,
Adulterates hourly with thine uncle *John*,
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on *France*
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs,
France is a bawd to Fortune, and to *John*,
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping *John*!
Tell me, thou fellow, is not *France* forsworn?
Envenon him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave these woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,

I may not go without you to the King.

Consb. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee.
I will instruct my sorrow to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop,
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let Kings assemble: for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: Here I and sorrow sit;
Here is my throne, bid Kings come bow to it.



A C T III.

*Enter King John, King, Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor,
Philip the Bastard, Austria, and Constance.*

K. Phil. **T**IS true, fair daughter; and this blessed day,
Ever in *France* shall be kept festival:

To

To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
 Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist,
 Turning with splendor of his precious eye
 The meager cloddy earth to glitt'ring gold.
 The yearly course that brings this day about,
 Shall never see it, but a holy-day.

Const. What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,
 That it in golden letters should be set
 Among the high tides in the kalendar?
 Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
 This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
 Or if it must stand still, let wives with child
 Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
 Lest that their hopes prodigioussly be crost:
 Except this day, let seamen fear no wrack;
 No bargains break, that are not this day made;
 This day all things begun came to ill end,
 Yea, faith it self to hollow falshood chang'd.

K. Phil. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
 To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
 Have I not pawn'd to you my Majesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit
 Resembling Majesty, which touch'd and try'd
 Proves valueless: You are forsworn, forsworn.
 You came in arms to spill my enemies blood,
 But now in arms, you strengthen it with yours.
 The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
 Is cold in amity and painted peace,
 And our oppression hath made up this league.
 Arm, arm, ye heav'ns, against these perjur'd Kings:
 A widow cries, be husband to me, heav'n!
 Let not the hours of this ungodly day
 Wear out the days in peace; but ere sun-set,
 Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd Kings.
 Hear me, oh hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Const. War, war, no peace; peace is to me a war:
 O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
 That bloody spoil: Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward,
 Thou little valiant, great in villany:
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side;
 Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight

But when her humorous ladyship is by
 To teach thee safety; thou art perjur'd too,
 And sooth'ft up greatness. What a fool art thou,
 A ramping fool, to brag, to stamp, and swear,
 Upon my party; thou cold-blooded slave,
 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side,
 Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
 And dost thou now fall over to my toes?
 Thou wear a Lion's hide? doff it for shame,
 And hang a calve's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O that a man would speak those words to me.

Bast. And hang a calve's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'ft not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calve's-skin on those recreant limbs.

' *Aust.* Methinks that *Richard's* pride and *Richard's*
 'fall

' Should be a precedent to fright you, Sir.

' *Bast.* What words are these? how do my finews shake!

' My father's foe clad in my father's spoil!

' How doth *Alecto* whisper in my ears;

' Delay not, *Richard*, kill the villain strait,

' Disrobe him of the matchless monument,

' Thy father's triumph o'er the savages——

' Now by his soul I swear, my father's soul,

' Twice will I not review the morning's rise,

' Till I have torn that trophy from thy back,

' And split thy heart, for wearing it so long.

K. John. We like not this, thou dost forget thy self.

Enter Pandulph.

K. Phil. Here comes the holy legate of the Pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heav'n.

To thee, King *John*, my holy errand is;

I *Pandulph*, of fair *Milain* Cardinal,

And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate here,

Do in his name religiously demand

Why thou against the church our holy mother

So wilfully dost spurn, and force perforce

Keep *Stephen Langton*, chosen Archbishop

Of *Canterbury*, from that holy see?

This in our foresaid holy father's name

Pope *Innocent*, I do demand of thee.

K. *John*. What earthly name, to interrogatories
Can tax the free breath of a sacred King ?

Thou canst not, Cardinal, devise a name

So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous

To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.

Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of *England*

Add thus much more, that no *Italian* Priest

Shall tithe or toll in our dominions :

But as we under heav'n are supreme head,

So under it, that great supremacy

Where we do reign we will alone uphold,

Without th' assistance of a mortal hand.

So tell the Pope, all rev'ence set apart

To him and his usurp'd authority.

K. *Phil*. Brother of *England*, you blaspheme in this.

K. *John*. Tho you, and all the Kings of Christendom

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,

Dreading the curse that mony may buy out ;

And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,

Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,

Who in that sale sells pardon from himself :

Tho you and all the rest so grossly led,

This juggling witch-craft with revenue cherish,

Yet I alone, alone do me oppose

Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawful power that I have,

Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate ;

And blessed shall he be that doth revolt

From his allegiance to an heretick,

And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,

Canonized and worshipp'd as a saint,

That takes away by any secret course

Thy hateful life.

Const. O lawful let it be

That I have leave with *Rome* to curse a while.

Good father Cardinal, cry thou, *Amen*,

To my keen curses ; for without my wrong

There is no tongue hath pow'r to curse him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too ; when law can do no right,

Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong :

Law cannot give my child his kingdom here ;
 For he that holds his kingdom, holds the law ;
 Therefore since law it self is perfect wrong,
 How can the law forbid my tongue to curse ?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
 Let go the hand of that Arch-heretick,
 And raise the pow'r of *France* upon his head,
 Unless he do submit himself to *Rome*.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, *France* ? do not let go thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil ! lest that *France* repent,
 And by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King *Philip*, listen to the Cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calve's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
 Because _____

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the Cardinal ?

Const. What should he say, but as the Cardinal ?

Lewis. Bethink you father ; for the difference.

Is purchase a heavy curse from *Rome*,
 Or the light loss of *England* for a friend ;
 Forgo the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of *Rome*.

Const. Lewis, stand fast, the devil tempts thee here
 In likeness of a new untrimmed bride. *

K. Phil.

* — a new untrimmed bride.

Blanch. The lady *Constance* speaks not from her faith :
 But from her need.

Const. Oh, if thou grant my need,
 Which only lives but by the death of faith,
 That need must needs infer this principle,
 That faith would live again by death of need :
 O then tread down my need, and faith mounts up :
 Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The King is mov'd, and answers not to this.

Const. O be remov'd from him ; and answer well.

Aust. Do so, King *Philip*, hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calve's-skin, most sweet lout.

K. Phil. I am perplext, &c.

K. Phil. I am perplex and know not what to say.

Pand. What can't thou say, but will perplex thee more,

If thou stand excommunicate and curst?

K. Phil. Good rev'rend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow your self?
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together:
With all religious strength of sacred vows:
The latest breath that gave the sound of words,
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love
Between our kingdoms and our royal selves.
And ev'n before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could wash our hands
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heav'n knows they were besmear'd and over-stain'd?
With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed Kings.
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heav'n,
Make such unconstant children of our selves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm?
Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of smiling peace, to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O holy Sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so;
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order, and we shall be blest
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to *England's* love.
Therefore to arms, be champion of our church.
Or let the church our mother breathe her curse,
A mother's curse on her revolting son.
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chafed Lyon by the mortal paw,
A fasting Tyger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phil. I may dis-join my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'ft thou faith an enemy to faith ;
 And like a civil war fet'ft oath to oath,
 Thy tongue againft thy tongue. O let thy vow
 Firft made to heav'n, firft be to heav'n perform'd :
 That is, to be the champion of our church.
 What fince thou fwor'ft, is sworn againft thy felf,
 And may not be performed by thy felf.
 For that which thou haft sworn to do amifs,
 Is not amifs, when it is truly done :
 And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
 The truth is then moft done, not doing it.
 The better act of purpofes miftook
 Is to miftake again, tho indirect
 Yet indirection thereby grows direct
 And falshood, falshood cures, as fire cools fire
 Within the fcorched veins of one new-burn'd.
 It is religion that doth make vows kept,
 But thou haft sworn againft religion :
 By what thou fwear'ft, againft the thing thou fwear'ft :
 And mak'ft an oath the furety for thy truth,
 Againft an oath the truth thou art unfure
 To fwear, fwear only not to be forsworn ;
 Elfe what a mockery fhould it be to fwear ?
 But thou doft fwear, only to be forsworn,
 And moft forsworn, to keep what thou doft fwear.
 Therefore thy latter vows, againft thy firft,
 Is in thy felf rebellion to thy felf.
 And better conquest never canft thou make,
 Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
 Againft thefe giddy, loofe fuggeltions ;
 Upon which better part, our pray'rs come in,
 If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know
 The peril of our curfes light on thee
 So heavy as thou fhalt not shake them off,
 But in defpair, die under their black weight.

Auf. Rebellion, flat rebellion.

Baf. Will't not be ?

Will not a Calve's-skin ftop that mouth of thine ?

Lewis. Father, to arms.

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day ?

Against the blood that thou haft married ?

What,

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?
 Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,
 Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?
 O husband, hear me: Ay, alack, how new
 Is husband in my mouth? ev'n for that name
 Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
 Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
 Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
 Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
 Thou virtuous *Dauphin*, alter not the doom
 Forethought by heav'n.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love, what motive may
 Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,
 His honour. Oh thine honour, *Lewis*, thine honour.

Lewis. I muse your Majesty doth seem so cold,
 When such profound respects do pull you on?

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phil. Thou shalt not need. *England*, I'll fall from
 thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of *French* inconstancy!

K. John. *France*, thou shalt rue this hour within this
 hour.

Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton,
 Time,

Is it, as he will? well then, *France* shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: Fair day, adieu.

Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both, each army hath a hand,

And in their rage, I having hold of both,

They wirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win:

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose:

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine:

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose:

Assured loss, before the match be play'd,

Lewis. Lady with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life
 dies.

K. John.

K. *John*. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.

[*Exit Bast.*

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath,
A rage, whose heat hath this condition;
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest valu'd blood of *France*.

K. *Phil*. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt
turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thy self, thou art in jeopardy.

K. *John*. No more than he that threatens. To arms
let's hie. [Exit.

Alarums, Excursions: Enter Bastard with Austria's Head.

Bast. Now by my life, this day grows wond'rous-hot,
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. *Austria's* head lie there.
' Thus hath King *Richard's* son perform'd his vow,
' And offer'd *Austria's* blood for sacrifice
' Unto his father's ever-living soul.

Enter John, Arthur, and Hubert.

K. *John*. There *Hubert*, keep this boy.—*Philip*, make
My mother is staid in our tent, [up.
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescu'd her:
Her highness is in safety, fear you not.
But on, my Liege, for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [Exit.

Alarums, Excursions, Retreat. Re-enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, Bastard, Hubert, and Lords.

K. *John*. So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind
So strongly guarded: Cousin, look not sad, [To *Arth*.
Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee, as thy father was.

Arth. O this will make my mother die with grief.

K. *John*. Cousin, away for *England*, haste before,

[To the *Bast*.

And ere our coming see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots, their imprison'd angels
Set at liberty: The fat ribs of peace

Must

Must by the hungry now be fed upon.

Use our commissions in its utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,

When gold and silver beck me to come on.

I leave your highness: Grandam, I will pray,

(If ever I remember to be holy)

For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewel, my gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell.

[Exit *Bast.*

Eli. Come hither little kinsman,——hark, a word.

[Taking him to one side of the stage.

K. John. [to *Hubert* on the other side.]

Come hither *Hubert*. O my gentle *Hubert*,

We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh

There is a foul counts thee her creditor,

And with advantage means to pay thy love:

And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath

Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand, I had a thing to say——

But I will fit it with some better time.

By heav'n, *Hubert*, I'm almost asham'd

To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your Majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so——
yet——

But thou shalt have——and creep time ne'er so slow,

Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.

• I had a thing to say——but let it go:

• The sun is in heav'n, and the proud day,

• Attended with the pleasures of the world,

• Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds

• To give me audience. If the midnight bell

• Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth

• Sound on into the drowsie race of night;

• If this same were a church-yard where we stand,

• And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;

• Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,

• Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy-thick,

• Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,

• Making that Ideot, laughter, keep mens eyes,

• And strain their cheeks to idle merriment;

• (A passion hateful to my purposes)

• Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
 • Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 • Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
 • Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
 • Then, in despite of broad-ey'd watchful day,
 • I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
 • But ah, I will not——yet I love thee well,
 And by my troth I think thou lov'st me well,

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
 Tho that my death were adjunct to my act,
 By heav'n I'd do.

K. John. Do not I know thou would'st?
 Good *Hubert, Hubert, Hubert,* throw thine eye
 On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
 He is a very serpent in my way,
 And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
 He lyes before me. Dost thou understand me?
 Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
 That he shall not offend your Majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A Grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now. *Hubert,* I love thee;
 Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
 Remember:—Madam, fare you well.

[*Returning to the Queen.*]

I'll send those pow'rs o'er to your Majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee.

K. John. For *England,* cousin, go.

Hubert shall be your man, t'attend on you
 With all true duty; on toward *Calais* ho.

[*Exe.*]

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulpho, and Attendants.

K. Phil. So by a roaring tempest on the flood,
 A whole armado of collected sail
 Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort, all shall yet go well.

K. Phil. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
 Are we not beaten? Is not *Angiers* lost?

Arthur

Arthur ta'en pris'ner ? divers dear friends slain ?
And bloody *England* into *England* gone,
O'er-bearing interruption, spight of *France* ?

Lewis. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd :
So hot a speed, with such advice dispos'd,
Such temp'rate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example ; who hath read or heard
Of any kindred-action like to this ?

K. Phil. Well could I bear that *England* had this
praise,
So we would find some pattern of our shame.

Enter Constance.

Look, who comes here ? a Grave unto a soul,
Holding th' eternal spirit 'gainst her will
In the vile prison of afflicted breath ;
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo now ; now see the issue of your peace.

K. Phil. Patience, good lady ; comfort, gentle *Constance*.

Const. No, I defie all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death ; death, oh amiable, lovely death !
Arise forth from thy couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones ;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows,
And ring these fingers with thy household worms,
And stop this gap of breath with fulsom dust,
And be a carrion monster like thy self ;
Come grin on me, and I will think thou smil'st,
And kiss thee as thy wife ; thou Love of Misery !
O come to me.

K. Phil. O fair affliction, peace.

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry ;
O that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth,
Then with a passion I would shake the world,
And rouse from sleep that fell Anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
And scorns a modest invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so ;
I am not mad ; this hair I tear is mine ;

My

My name is *Constance*, I was *Geffrey's* wife:
 Young *Arthur* is my son, and he is lost!
 I am not mad, I would to heaven I were,
 For then 'tis like I should forget my self.
 O if I could, what grief should I forget! *
 I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
 The different plague of each calamity. †
 Oh father Cardinal, I have heard you say
 That we shall see and know our friends in heav'n;
 If that be, I shall see my boy again.
 For since the birth of *Cain*, the first male child,
 To him that did but yesterday suspire.

There

*—should I forget!
 Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
 And Cardinal thou shalt be canoniz'd;
 For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
 My reasonable part produces reason
 How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
 And teaches me to kill or hang my self.
 If I were mad, I should forget my son,
 Or madly think a babe of clouts were he:
 I am not mad; &c.

† — of each calamity.
 K. *Phil.* Bind up those tresses; O what love I note
 In the fair multitude of those her hairs;
 Where but by chance a silver drop hath fall'n,
 Ev'n to that drop ten thousand wery friends
 Do glew themselves in sociable grief,
 Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
 Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To *England*, if you will.

K. *Phil.* Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
 I tore them from their bonds, and cry'd aloud,
 O that these hands could so redeem my son,
 As they have giv'n these hairs their liberty;
 But now I envy at their liberty,
 And will again commit them to their bonds,
 Because my poor child is a prisoner.
 Oh father Cardinal, &c.

There was not such a gracious creature born.
 But now will canker-forrow eat my bud,
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
 And so he'll die; and rising so again,
 When I shall meet him in the court of heav'n
 I shall not know him; therefore never, never
 Must I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phil. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child:
 • Lyes in his bed, walks up and down with me;
 • Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts;
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form,
 Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
 Fare you well; had you such a loss as I,
 I could give better comfort than you do.
 I will not keep this form upon my head,

[*Tearing off her Heads-cloaths.*]

When there is such disorder in my wit.

O lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my fair son!

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world,

My widow comfort, and my sorrow's cure! [Exit.]

K. Phil. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. [Exit.]

Lewis. There's nothing in this world can make me
 joy,

• Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,

• Vexing the dull ear of a drowsie man.

A bitter shame hath spoilt the sweet world's taste,

That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,

Ev'n in the instant of repair and health,

The fit is strongest: evils that take leave,

On their departure, most of all shew evil.

What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lewis. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.

No, no; when fortune means to men most good,

She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.

'Tis

'Tis strange to think how much King *John* hath lost
In this, which he accounts so clearly won.

Are not you griev'd that *Arthur* is his prisoner?

Lewis. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
For ev'n the breath of what I mean to speak,
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to *England's* throne: and therefore mark,
John hath seiz'd *Arthur*, and it cannot be
That whilst warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplac'd *John* should entertain an hour,
A minute, nay, one quiet breath, of rest.
A scepter snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boist'rously maintain'd, as gain'd.
And he that stands upon a slipp'ry place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.
That *John* may stand, then *Arthur* needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lewis. But what shall I gain by young *Arthur's* fall?

Pand. You, in the right of lady *Blanch* your Wife,
May then make all the claim that *Arthur* did.

Lewis. And lose it, life and all, as *Arthur* did.

Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this old
World?

John lays you plots; the times conspire with you;
For he that sleeps his safety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.
This act so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;
That no so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it.
No nat'ral exhaltation in the sky,
No scape of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no custom'd event,
But they will pluck away its nat'ral cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, and presages, tongues of heav'n,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon *John*.

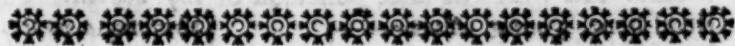
Lewis. May be, he will not touch young *Arthur's*
life,

But

But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O Sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young *Arthur* be not gone already,
Ev'n at this news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change,
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of *John*.
Methinks I see this hurly all on foot;
And O, what better matter breeds for you
Than I have nam'd. The bastard *Faulconbridge*
Is now in *England*, ransacking the church,
Offending charity. If but twelve *French*
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand *English* to their side;
Or, as a little snow tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. Noble *Dauphin*,
Go with me to the King: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent.
Now that their Souls are top-full of offence,
For *England* go; I will wait on the King.

Lewis. Strong reason makes strong actions: let us go;
If you say ay, the King will not say no. [Exeunt.]



A C T IV.

Enter Hubert and Executioner.

Hubert. **H**EAT me these irons hot, and look you
stand

Within the arras; when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground rush forth
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful; hence, and watch.

Exe. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you; look to't.—
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, *Hubert*,

Hub. Morrow, little Prince.

Arth

Arth. As little Prince (having so great a title
To be more Prince) as may be. You are sad.

Hub. Indeed I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks no body should be sad but I,
Yet I remember when I was in *France*,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,
So were I out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long.
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me.
He is afraid of me, and I of him.

Is it my fault that I was *Geffery's* son?
Indeed it is not, and I would to heav'n
I were your son, so you would love me, *Hubert*.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lyes dead;
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch. [*Aside.*]

Arth. Are you sick, *Hubert*? you look pale to day;
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night and watch with you.
Alas, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.
Read here, young *Arthur*—— [*Showing a paper.*]
How now, foolish rheum, [*Aside.*]
Turning dis-piteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears. ——
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, *Hubert*, for so foul effect.
Must you with irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? when your head did but
ake,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a Princess wrought it me)
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,

Still

Still and anon chear'd up the heavy time,
 Saying, what lack you? and where lyes your grief?
 Or what good love may I perform for you?
 Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
 But you at your sick service had a Prince.
 Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
 And call it cunning. Do, and if you will:
 If heav'n be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
 Why then you must——Will you put out mine eyes?
 These eyes that never did, and never shall
 So much as frown on you?

Hub. I've sworn to do it;

And with hot irons must I burn them out. *

Arth. Oh if an angel should have come to me,
 And told me *Hubert* should put out mine eyes,
 I would not have believ'd a tongue but *Hubert's*.

Hub. Come forth; do as I bid you do.

[*Stamps, and the men enter.*]

Arth. O save me, *Hubert*, save me! my eyes are
 out

Ev'n with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heav'n sake, *Hubert*, let me not be bound:

Nay, hear me, *Hubert*, drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb.

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angrily:

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

*——— must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would to it.

The iron of it self, tho' heat red-hot,

Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,

And quench its fiery indignation,

Even in the matter of mine innocence:

Nay, after that, consume away in rust,

But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

Are you more stubborn hard, than hammer'd iron?

Oh if an angel should, &c.

Whatever

Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

Exe. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed. [*Exit.*]

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend,
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart;
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare your self.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

A.th. O heav'n! that there were but a moth in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense:
Then feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.*

Arth. Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, *Hubert*;

Or, *Hubert*, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O spare mine eyes!
Though to no use, but still to look on you.
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth, the fire is dead with grief.
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extreams; see else your self,
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heav'n hath blown its spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on its head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy. †

—————hold your tongue.

Arth. *Hubert*, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold, &c.

†—————I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, *Hubert*:
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes:
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you, &c.

Arth.

Arth. All things that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office; only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owns:
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O now you look like *Hubert*. All this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu,
Your Uncle must not know but you are dead.
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
That *Hubert*, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heav'n! I thank you, *Hubert*.

Hub. Silence, no more; go closely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exeunt.]

Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords.

K. John. Here once again we sit, crown'd once again,
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearful eyes.

Pemb. This once again, but that your Highness
pleas'd,

Was once superfluous; you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off:
The faiths of men, ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before;
To gild refined gold, to paint the lilly,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garnish;
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Pemb. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is an ancient tale new told,
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal.

Sal. In this the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And like a snifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pemb. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness;
And oftentimes excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse:
As patches set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel; but it pleas'd your Highness
To over-bear it; yet we're all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Must make a stand at what your Highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong.
And more, more strong (the lesser is my fear)
I shall endue you with: mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pemb. Then I, as one that am the Tongue of these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts;
(Both for my self and them; but chief of all,
Your safety; for the which, my self and they
Bend their best studies;) heartily request
Th' enfranchisement of *Arthur*; whose restraint
Doth move the murmur'ing lips of discontent
To break into this dang'rous argument.
If what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why shou'd your fears, (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong) then move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barb'rous ign'rance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,

That

That you have bid us ask his liberty ;
Which for our good we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal that he have liberty.

Enter Hubert.

K. John. Let it be so ; I do commit his youth
To your direction. *Hubert,* what news with you ?

Pemb. This is the man should do the bloody deed :
He shew'd his warrant to a Friend of mine.
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye ; that close aspect of his
Does shew the mood of a much troubled breast.
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battels set :
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pemb. And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone, and dead.
He tells us *Arthur* is deceas'd to night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Pemb. Indeed we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick.
This must be answer'd either here or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me ?
Think-you I bear the shears of destiny ?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life ?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play, and 'tis shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it :
So thrive it in your game, and so, farewell.

Pemb. Stay yet, lord *Salisbury*, I'll go with thee,
And find th' inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood which own'd the breadth of all this isle
Three foot of it doth hold ; bad world the while !
This must not be thus born, this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Messenger.

K. John. They burn in indignation ; I repent.
There is no sure foundation set on blood ;
No certain life achiev'd by others death — *[Aside.*
A fearful eye thou hast ; where is that blood *To the Mesf.*
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks ?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm ;
Pour down thy weather : how goes all in *France* ?

Mesf. From *France* to *England* never such a power,
For any foreign preparation,
Was levy'd in the body of a land.

The copy of your speed is learn'd by them ;
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. Oh where hath our intelligence been drunk ?
Where hath it slept ? where is my mother's care ?
That such an army should be drawn in *France*,
And she not hear of it ?

Mesf. My Liege, her ear
Is stopt with dust : the first of *April* dy'd
Your noble mother ; and as I hear, my lord,
The lady *Constance* in a frenzie dy'd
Three days before : but this from rumour's tongue
I idely heard ; if true or false, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion !
O make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers. My mother dead ?
How wildly then walks my estate in *France* ?
Under whose conduct came those powers of *France*,
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here ?

Mesf. Under the *Dauphin*.

Enter Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings. Now, what says the world
To your proceedings ? Do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But if you be afraid to hear the worst,
Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin, for I was amaz'd
Under the tide, but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood ; and can give audience

To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the clergy-men,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the People strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.
And here's a prophet that I brought with me,
From forth the streets of *Pomfret*, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels:
To whom he sung in rude harsh-sounding rhimes,
That ere the next *Ascension-day* at noon
Your Highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore did'st thou so?

Peter. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. *Hubert*, away with him; imprison him.

And on that day at noon, whereon he says
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee. O my gentle cousin,
Hear'st thou the News abroad, who are arriv'd?

Bast. The *French*, my lord; mens mouths are full of it;
Besides, I met lord *Bigot* and lord *Salisbury*,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of *Arthur*, who they say is kill'd to night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go
And thrust thy self into their company.
I have a way to win their loves again:
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before]
O, let me have no subjects enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion.
Be *Mercury*, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Bast. The Spirit of the time shall teach me speed. [*Exit.*]

K. John. Spoke like a sprightful noble gentleman.
Go after him; for he perhaps shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers,

And be thou he.

Mef. With all my heart, my Liege.

K. John. My mother dead!

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night:

Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wond'rous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesie upon it dangerously:
Young *Arthur's* death is common in their mouths,
' And when they talk of him they shake their heads,
' And whisper one another in the ear.
' And he that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrift,
' Whilst he that hears makes fearful action
' With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
' I saw a smith stand with his hammer thus,
' The whilst his iron did on th'anvil cool,
' With open mouth swallowing a taylor's news;
' Who with his shears and measure in his hand,
' Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
' Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet;
' Told of a many thousand warlike *French*,
' That were embattel'd and rank'd in *Kent*.
' Another lean, unwash'd artificer,
' Cuts off his tale, and talks of *Arthur's* death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young *Arthur's* death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a cause
To wish him dead, but thou had'st none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord? why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of Kings, to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant,
To break into the bloody house of life:
And on the winking of authority
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dang'rous majesty, when perchance it frowns
More upon humour, than advis'd respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John.

K. John. Oh. when the last account 'twixt heav'n
and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation.

How oft the fight of means to do ill deeds,
Make deeds ill done? for hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind,
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthur's* death.
And thou, to be endeared to a King,
Mad'st it no conscience to destroy a Prince.

Hub. My lord ———

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a
pause

When I spake darkly what I purpos'd :
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
Or bid me tell my tale in exprefs words ;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me.
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And did'st in signs again parley with sin ;
Yea, without stop did'st let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name —
Out of my sight, and never see me more !
My nobles leave me, and my state is brav'd
Ev'n at my gates, with ranks of foreign pow'rs ;
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns,
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young *Arthur* is alive, this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought.

And you have slander'd nature in my form,
Which howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,
Than to be butcher of a guiltless child.

K. John. Doth *Arthur* live? O haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, answer not, but to my closet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haste.
I conjure thee but slowly: run more fast. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Arthur on the Walls.

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down.
Good ground be pitiful, and hurt me not.
There's few or none do know me: if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid, and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away;
As good to die, and go; as die, and stay. [*Leaps down.*]
Oh me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:
Heav'n take my soul, and *England* keep my bones.

[*Dies.*]

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at *St. Edmundsbury*;
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the Cardinal?

Sal. The Count *Melun*, a noble lord of *France*,
Whose Private with me of the *Dauphin's* love,
Is much more gen'ral than these lines import.

Bigot. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or rather then set forward, for 'twill be
Two long days journey, lords, or ere we meet.

Enter bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords;
The King by me requests your presence strait.

Sal.

Sal. The King hath dispossest himself of us ;
 We will not line his thin bestained cloke
 With our pure honours : nor attend the foot
 That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks.
 Return, and tell him so : we know the worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words I think were
 best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief,
 Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.

Pemb. Sir, Sir, impatience hath its privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true, to hurt its master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison : what is he lyes here ?

[Seeing Arthur.]

Pemb. Oh death, made proud with pure and princely
 beauty !

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
 Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Bigot. Or when he doom'd this beauty to the grave,
 Found it too precious princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir *Richard*, what think you ? have you beheld,
 Or have you read, or heard, or could you think,
 Or do you almost think, altho you see,
 What you do see ? could thought without this object
 Form such another ? 'tis the very top,
 The heighth, the crest, or crest unto the crest
 Of murder's arms ; this is the bloodiest shame,
 The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroak,
 That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage
 Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pemb. All murders past do stand excus'd in this ;
 And this so sole, and so unmatched,
 Shall give a holiness, a purity,
 To the yet-unbegotten sins of Time ;
 And prove a deadly blood-shed but a jest,
 Exemplified by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work,
 The graceless action of a heavy hand,
 If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand ?
 We had a kind of light what would ensue.

It is the shameful work of *Hubert's* hand,
 The practice, and the purpose of the King:
 From whose obedience I forbid my foul,
 Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
 And breathing to this breathless excellence
 The incense of a vow, a holy vow!
 Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
 Never to be infected with delight,
 Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
 Till I have set a glory to this hand,
 By giving it the worship of revenge,

Pemb. Bigot. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste, in seeking you;
Arthur doth live, the King hath sent for you.

Sal. Oh he is bold, and blushes not at death;
 Avant thou hateful villain, get thee gone.

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law? [*Drawing his Sword.*]

Bast. Your sword is bright, Sir, put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murd'rer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, lord *Salisbury*, stand back, I say,
 By heav'n I think my sword's as sharp as yours.

I would not have you, lord, forget your self,

Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;

Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget

Your worth, your greatness, and nobility,

Bigot. Out dunghill, dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
 My innocent life against an Emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murd'rer.

Hub. Do not prove me so;

Yet, I am none. Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,

Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pemb. Cut him to pieces.

Bast. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you, *Faulconbridge*.

Bast. Thou wert better gaul the devil, *Salisbury*.

If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,

Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,

I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime,

Or

Or I'll so maul you, and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Bigot. What will you do, renowned *Faulconbridge*?
Second a villain, and a murderer?

Hub. Lord *Bigot*, I am none.

Bigot. Who kill'd this Prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocence,
Away with me, all you whose souls abhor
Th' uncleanly favour of a slaughter-house,
For I am stifled with the smell of sin.

Bigot. Away tow'rd *Bury*, to the *Dauphin* there.

Pemb. There tell the King he may enquire us out.

[*Exeunt lords.*]

Bast. Here's a good world; knew you of this fair
work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, (if thou didst this deed of death)
Art thou damn'd, *Hubert*.

Hub. Do but hear me, Sir.

Bast. Ha? I'll tell thee what,
Thou'rt damn'd so black — nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince *Lucifer*.
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

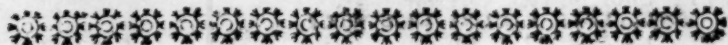
Hub. Upon my soul——

Bast. If thou didst but consent
'To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And if thou want't a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
'To hang thee on: Or would't thou drown thy self,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,

Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me.
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How easy dost thou take all *England* up,
From forth this morsel of dead royalty?
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heav'n, and *England* now is left
To tug and scramble, and to part by th' teeth
The un-owed interest of proud-swelling state.
Now for the bare-pickt bone of majesty,
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace.
Now pow'rs from home and discontents at home
Meet in one line: and vast confusion waits
(As doth a Raven on a sick fall'n beast)
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed; I'll to the King;
A thousand businessses are brief at hand,
And heav'n it self doth frown upon the land. [Exeunt.



ACT V.

Enter King John, Pandulph, and Attendants.

K. John. **T**HUS I have yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.
[Giving the crown.

Pand. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word; go meet the *French*,
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches 'fore we are enflam'd.
Our discontented counties do revolt,
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul

To stranger-blood, to foreign royalty ;
 This inundation of distemper'd humour
 Rests by you only to be qualify'd.
 Then pause not ; for the present time's so sick,
 That present med'cine must be ministred,
 Or overthrow incurable infues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
 Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope :
 But since you are a gentle convertite,
 My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
 And make fair weather in your bluff'ring land.
 On this *Ascension-day* remember well,
 Upon your oath of service to the Pope,
 Go I to make the *French* lay down their arms. [Exit.

K. John. Is this *Ascension-day* ? did not the prophet
 Say, that before *Ascension-day* at noon
 My crown I should give off ? even so I have :
 I did suppose it should be on constraint,
 But, heav'n be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter bastard.

Bast. All *Kent* hath yielded, nothing there holds out
 But *Dover-Castle* : *London* hath receiv'd,
 Like a kind host, the *Dauphin* and his powers.
 Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
 To offer service to your enemy ;
 And wild amazement hurries up and down
 The title number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
 After they heard young *Arthur* was alive ?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets,
 An empty casket, where the jewel, life,
 By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain *Hubert* told me he did live.

Bast. So on my soul he did, for ought he knew :
 But wherefore do you droop ? why look you sad ?
 Be great in act, as you have been in thought :
 Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
 Govern the motion of a kingly eye ;
 Be stirring as the time, be fire with fire ;
 Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow
 Of bragging horror : so shall inferior eyes,

That

That borrow their behaviours from the great,
 Grow great by your example, and put on
 The dauntless spirit of resolution.
 Away, and glister like the God of war
 When he intendeth to become the field;
 Shew boldness and aspiring confidence,
 What, shall they seek the Lion in his den,
 And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
 Oh let it not be said! Forage, and run
 To meet displeasure farther from the doors,
 And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the Pope hath been with me,
 And I have made a happy peace with him;
 And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
 Led by the *Dauphin*.

Bast. Oh inglorious league!
 Shall we upon the footing of our land
 Send fair play-orders, and make compromise,
 Insinuation, parly, and base truce,
 To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
 A cockred, filken, wanton, brave our fields,
 And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
 Mocking the air with colours idely spread,
 And find no check? let us, my Liege, to arms:
 Perchance the Cardinal can't make your peace;
 Or if he do, let it at least be said
 They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ord'ring of this present time.

Bast. Away then, with good courage; yet I know
 Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [Exa.]

*Enter in arms Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke,
 Bigot, and Soldiers.*

Lewis. My lord *Melun*, let this be copied out,
 And keep it safe for our remembrance:
 Return the president to these lords again,
 That having our fair order written down;
 Both they and we perusing o'er these notes,
 May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
 And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.

And, noble *Dauphin*, albeit we swear
 A voluntary zeal and un-urg'd faith

To

To your proceedings; yet believe me, Prince,
 I am not glad that such a sore of time
 Should seek a plaister by contemn'd revolt,
 And heal th' invetrate canker of one wound,
 By making many. Oh it grieves my soul,
 That I must draw this metal from my side
 To be a widow-maker: Oh, and there
 Where honourable rescue, and defence,
 Cries out upon the name of *Salisbury*.
 But such is the infection of the time,
 That for the health and physick of our right,
 We cannot deal but with the very hand
 Of stern injustice, and confused wrong.
 And is't not pity, oh my grieved friends!
 That we, the sons and children of this isle,
 Were born to see so sad an hour as this,
 Wherein we step after a stranger, march
 Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
 Her enemies ranks? I must withdraw and weep
 Upon the spot, for this enforced cause,
 To grace the gentry of a land remote,
 And follow unacquainted colours here!
 What, here? O nation, that thou could'st remove!
 That *Neptune's* arms who clippeth thee about,
 Would bear thee from the knowledge of thy self,
 And grapple thee unto a Pagan shore!
 Where these two christian armies might combine
 The blood of malice in a vein of league,
 And not to spend it so un-neighbourly.

Lewis. A noble temper dost thou shew in this,
 And great affection wrestling in thy bosom
 Doth make an earthquake of nobility.
 Oh what a noble combat hast thou fought,
 Between compulsion, and a brave respect!
 Oh what a noble compulsion, and a brave respect!
 Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
 That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.
 My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
 Being an ordinary inundation:
 But this effusion of such manly drops,
 This show'r blown up by tempest of the soul,
 Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd;

Than

Than had I seen the vaulty top of heav'n
 Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
 Lift up thy brow, renowned *Salisbury*,
 And with a great heart heave away this storm.
 Commend these waters to those baby-eyes
 That never saw the giant-world enrag'd;
 Nor met with fortune, other than at feasts,
 Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping,
 Come, come, for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
 Into the purse of rich prosperity
 As *Lewis* himself; so, nobles, shall you all,
 That knit your finews to the strength of mine.

Enter Pandulph.

And even there methinks an angel spake,
 Look where the holy legate comes apace,
 To give us warrant from the hand of heav'n,
 And on our actions set the name of right
 With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble Prince of *France*!

The next is this: King *John* hath reconcil'd
 Himself to *Rome*; his spirit is come in,
 That so stood out against the holy church,
 That great metropolis and see of *Rome*.
 Therefore thy threatning colours now wind up,
 And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
 That like a Lion foster'd up at hand,
 It may lye gently at the foot of peace,
 And be no further harmful than in shew.

Lewis. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back:
 I am too high born to be properited,
 To be a secondary at controul,
 Or useful serving-man, and instrument
 To any soveraign state throughout the world.
 Your breath first kindled the dead coal of war,
 Between this chafis'd kingdom and my self,
 And brought in matter that should feed this fire.
 And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
 With that same weak wind which inkindled it.
 You taught me how to know the face of right,
 Acquainted me with int'rest to this land,
 Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart:
 And come ye now to tell me *John* hath made

His

His peace with *Rome*? what is that peace to me?
 I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
 After young *Arthur*, claim this land for mine:
 And now it is half conquer'd, must I back,
 Because that *John* hath made his peace with *Rome*?
 Am I *Rome's* slave? what penny hath *Rome* born?
 What men provided? what munition sent,
 To under-prop this action? is't not I
 That undergo this charge? who else but I,
 And such as to my claim are liable,
 Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out
Vive le Roy, as I have bank'd their towns?
 Have I not here the best cards for the game
 To win this easie match, plaid for a crown?
 And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
 No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lewis. Outside or inside, I will not return,
 Till my attempt so much be glorified,
 As to my ample hope was promised
 Before I drew this gallant head of war,
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world
 To outlook conquest, and to win renown
 Ev'n in the jaws of danger, and of death. [*Trumpet sounds.*]
 What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter Bastard.

Bast. According to the fair play of the world,
 Let me have audience: I am sent to speak:
 My holy lord of *Milain*, from the King
 I come, to learn how you have dealt for him?
 And as you answer, I do know the scope
 And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The *Dauphin* is too wilful, opposite,
 And will not temporize with my entreaties:
 He flatly says he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
 The youth says well. Now hear our *English* King,
 For thus his royalty doth speak in me:
 He is prepar'd, and reason too he should.

This

This apish and unmannerly approach,
 This harness'd mask, and unadvised revel,
 This unheard sawciness and boyish troops,
 The King doth smile at; and is well-prepar'd
 To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
 From out the circle of his territories.
 That hand which had the strength, ev'n at your door
 To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch,
 To dive like buckets in concealed wells,
 To crouch in litter of your stable planks,
 To lye like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks,
 To herd with swine, to seek sweet safety out
 In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake
 Ev'n at the crying of our nation's crow,
 Thinking his voice an armed *Englishman* ;
 Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
 That in your chambers gave you chastisement ?
 No ; know the gallant monarch is in arms,
 And like an Eagle o'er his Aiery tow'rs,
 To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.
 And you degen'rate, you ingrate revolvers,
 You bloody *Nero's*, ripping up the womb
 Of your dear mother *England*, blush for shame.
 For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
 Like *Amazons*, come tripping after drums ;
 Their thimbles into armed gantlets change,
 Needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
 To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lewis. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in
 peace,

We grant thou canst out-scold us ; fare thee well :
 We hold our time too precious to be spent
 With such a babler.

Pand Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lewis. We will attend to neither :

Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war
 Plead for our int'rest, and our being here.

Bast. Indeed your drums being beaten, will cry out ;
 And so shall you, being beaten ; do but start
 And eccho with the clamear of thy drum,
 And ev'n at hand a drum is ready brac'd,

That

King JOHN.

That shall reverb'rate all as loud as thine.
Sound but another, and another shall
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder. For at hand
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than deed)
Is warlike *John*; and in his forehead sits
A bare ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the *French*.

Lewis. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, *Dauphin*, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt*.]

Alarms. Enter King John and Hubert.

K. John, How goes the day with us? oh tell me,
Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear; how fares your Majesty?

K. John. This feaver that hath troubled me so long,
Lyes heavy on me: Oh, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, your valiant kinsman, *Faulconbr.dge*,
Desires your Majesty to leave the field,
And send him word by me which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, tow'rd *Swinsted*, to the Abby
there.

Mes. Be of good comfort: For the great supply
That was expected by the *Dauphin* here,
Are wrack'd three nights ago on *Goodwin* sands.
This news was brought to *Richard* but ev'n now,
The *French* fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant feaver burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on tow'rd *Swinsted*; to my litter strait,
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.

[*Exeunt*.]

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not think the King so stor'd with friends.

Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the *French*:
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That mis-begotten devil, *Faulconbridge*,
In spite of sight, alone upholds the day.

Pemb. They say, King *John* sore sick hath left the field.

Enter

Enter Melun wounded.

Melum. Lead me to the revolts of *England* here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pemb. It is the Count *Melum*.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Melum. Fly, noble *English*, you are bought and sold ;
 Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
 And welcome home again discarded faith.
 Seek out King *John*, and fall before his feet :
 For if the *French* be lords of this loud day,
 He means to recompence the pains you take,
 By cutting off your heads ; thus hath he sworn,
 And I with him, and many more with me,
 Upon the altar at *St. Edmondsbury*,
 Ev' n on that altar where we swore to you
 Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible ! may this be true !

Melum. Have I not hideous death within my view ?
 Retaining but a quantity of life,
 Which bleeds away, ev' n as a form of wax
 Resolveth from its figure 'gainst the fire ?
 What in the world should make me now deceive,
 Since I must lose the use of all deceit ?
 Why should I then be false, since it is true
 That I must die here, and live hence by truth ?
 I say again, if *Lewis* win the day,
 He is forsworn if e'er those eyes of yours
 Behold another day break in the East :
 But ev' n this night, whose black contagious breath
 Already smoaks about the burning crest
 Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,
 Ev' n this ill night, your breathing shall expire ;
 Paying the fine of rated treachery,
 Ev' n with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
 If *Lewis* by your assistance win the day.
 Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King ;
 The love of him, and this respect besides
 (For that my grandfire was an *Englishman*,)
 Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
 In lieu whereof, I pray you bear me hence
 From forth the noise and rumour of the field ;

Where

Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul,
With contemplation, and devout desires.

Sai. We do believe thee, and beshrew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight;
And like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'er-look'd,
And calmly run on in obedience
Ev'n to our Ocean, to our great King *John*,
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eyes. Away, my friends, and fly! [*Exe.*

Enter Lewis and his Train.

Lewis. The sun of heav'n, methought, was loth to set,
But staid, and made the western welkin blush;
When th' *English* measur'd backward their own ground
In faint retire: Oh bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil we bid good night,
And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is my Prince, the Dauphin?

Lewis. Here, what news?

Mes. The Count *Melun* is slain: the *English* lords
By his persuasion are at length fall'n off,
And your supply which you have wish'd so long
Are cast away and sunk on *Goodwin* sands.

Lewis. Ah foul shrewd news. Beshrew thy very heart,
I did not think to be so sad to-night
As this hath made me. Who was he that said
King *John* did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mes. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night,
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.

[*Exe.*
Enter

Enter Bastard and Hubert severally.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho, speak quickly, or, I shoot.

Bast. A friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. And whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee?

Why may not I demand of thine affairs,
As well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:
Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt; and if thou please
Thou may'st be-friend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the *Plantagenets*.

Hub. Unkind remembrance; thou and endless night
Have done me shame; brave soldier pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; *sans complement*, what news abroad?

Hub. Why here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Bast. Brief then: and what's the news?

Hub. O my sweet Sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bast. Shew me the very wound of this ill news,
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The King I fear is poison'd by a Monk:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
T'acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him;

Hub. A Monk, I tell you, a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out; the King
Yet speaks, and peradventure may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his Majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come
back,

And

And brought Prince *Henry* in their company,
At whose request the King hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heav'n!
And tempt us not to bear above our power.

I'll tell thee *Hubert*, half my pow'rs this night
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,
These *Lincoln* washes have devoured them;
My self, well mounted, hardly have escap'd.

Away before: Conduct me to the King,
I doubt he will be dead, or e'er I come.

[*Exe.*

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury and Bigot.

Henry. It is too late, the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain,
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling house,
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretel the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pemb. His Highness yet doth speak, and holds belief
That being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assuileth him.

Henry. Let him be brought into the orchard here;
Doth he still rage?

Pemb. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

Henry. Oh vanity of sickness! fierce extreams
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death having prey'd upon the outward parts
Leaves them; invisible his siege is now,
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing:
I am the Sygnet to this pale, faint Swain;
Who chaunts a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, Prince, for you are born
To set a form upon that Indigest

Which

Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

King John brought in.

K. John. Ay marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form; drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

Henry. How fares your Majesty?

K. John. Poison'd, ill fate! dead, forsook, cast off,
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom: Nor intreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I ask not much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait
And so ungrateful, you deny me that.

Henry. Oh that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you.

K. John. The salt of them is hot.
Within me is a hell, and there the poison
Is as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprieveable, condemned blood.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your Majesty.

K. John. Oh, cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crackt and burnt,
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life shou'd fail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou see'st, is but a clod
And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The *Dauphin* is preparing hitherward,
Where heav'n he knows how we shall answer him.
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,

Were in the washes all, unwarily.

Devoured by the unexpected flood. [The King dies.]

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear:
My Liege! my lord! — but now a king — now thus.

Henry. Ev'n so must I run on, and ev'n so stop. *

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind
To do the office for thee, of revenge:

And then my soul shall wait on thee to heav'n,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.

Now, now you stars, that move in your bright spheres,
Where be your pow'rs? shew now your mended faiths,

And instantly return with me again,

To push destruction and perpetual shame

Out of the weak door of our fainting land:

Strait let us seek, or strait we shall be fought;

The *Dauphin* rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems you know not then so much as we:

The Cardinal *Pandulph* is within at rest,

Who half an hour since came from the *Dauphin*;

And brings from him such offers of our peace,

As we with honour and respect may take,

With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Our selves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;

For many carriages he hath dispatch'd

To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel

To the disposing of the Cardinal:

With whom your self, my self, and other lords,

If you think meet, this afternoon will post

To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so; and you, my noble Prince,

With other Princes that may best be spar'd,

Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

Henry. At *Worcester* must his body be interr'd,
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then.

And

* — and ev'n so stop.

What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay?

Bast. Art thou gone so? —

And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state, and glory of the land:
To whom with all submission on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services,
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

Hen. I have a kind soul that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Bast. Oh let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been before-hand with our griefs.
This *England* never did, and never shall
Lye at the proud foot of a Conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound it self.
Now these her Princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms!
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If *England* to it self do rest but true. [*Exe. omnes.*

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THE
LIFE and DEATH
OF
RICHARD
THE
SECOND.

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.



LONDON:

Printed for J. TONSON, and the rest of the
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of *London* and *Westminster*.

MDCCXXXIV,

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Richard the Second.

Duke of York,

John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster,

Bolingbroke, Son to John of Gaunt, afterwards King Henry the Fourth.

} *Uncles to the King.*

Aumerle, Son to the Duke of York.

Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Earl of Salisbury.

Bashy,

Bagot,

Green,

} *Servants to King Richard.*

Earl of Northumberland,

Percy, Son to Northumberland,

Rofs,

Willoughby,

Bishop of Carlisle,

Sir Stephen Scroop,

Fitzwater,

Surry,

Abbot of Westminster,

Sir Pierce of Exton.

} *Friends to Bolingbroke.*

} *Friends to King Richard.*

} *Lords in the Parliament.*

Queen to King Richard.

Duchess of Gloucester,

Duchess of York.

Ladies attending on the Queen.

Two Gardners, Keeper, Messenger, and other Attendants.

SCENE ENGLAND.



THE



THE
LIFE and DEATH
OF
KING RICHARD II.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The COURT.

*Enter King Richard, John of Gaunt, with other Nobles
and Attendants.*

King RICHARD.



L D *John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lan-*
caster,

Hast thou, according to thy oath and bond,
Brought hither *Henry Hereford* thy bold
son,

Here to make good the boist'rous late ap-
peal.

Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of *Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?*

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me moreover, hast thou founded him,
If he appeal the Duke on ancient malice,

A 1

Or

Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could lift him on that argument;
On some apparent danger seen in him
Aim'd at your highness, no invel'sate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, our selves will hear
Th' accuser, and th' accused freely speak:
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea; hasty as fire.

S C E N E II.

Enter Bolingbroke and Mowbray.

Boling. May many years of happy days befall
My gracious soveraign, my most loving liege.

Mowb. Each day still better others happiness;
Until the heavens envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown.

K. Rich. We thank you both, yet one but flatters us;
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely t'appeal each other of high treason.
Cousin of *Hereford*, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray*?

Boling. First, Heaven be the record to my speech,
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tend'ring the precious safety of my Prince,
And free from other mis-begotten hate,
Come I appelliant to this princely presence.
Now *Thomas Mowbray* do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heav'n.
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant. *

Mowb.

* a miscreant.

Too good to be so, and too bad to live.

Sincē

King RICHARD II.

5

Mowb. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal;
 'Tis not the tryal of a woman's war,
 The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
 Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;
 The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.
 Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
 As to be husht, and nought at all to say.
 First the fair rev'rence of your highness' curbs me
 From giving reins and spurs to my free speech,
 Which else would post, until it had return'd
 These terms of treason doubled down his throat,
 Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
 Let him but be no kinsman to my liege,
 And I defie him, and I spit at him,
 Call him a slanderous coward, and a villain;
 Which to maintain, I wou'd allow him odds,
 And meet him, were I ty'd to run a-foot
 Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
 Or any other ground inhabitable,
 Where never *Englishman* durst set his foot.
 Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,
 By all my hopes most falsly doth he lye.

Boling. Palet' embling coward, there I throw my gage,
 Disclaiming here the kindred of a King,
 And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
 (Which fear, not rev'rence, makes thee to except :)
 If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
 As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop.
 By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
 Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
 What I have spoken, or thou canst devise.

Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
 The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly;
 Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
 With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat.
 And with, so please my sovereign, ere I move,
 What my tongue speaks, my right drawn sword may

Mowb. Let not, &c.

[prove.
Mowb.

King RICHARD II.

Mowb. I take it up, and by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial;
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight.

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to *Mowbray's*
charge?

It must be great that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Beling. Look what I said, my life shall prove it true,
That *Mowbray* hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments;
Like a false traitor and injurious villain,
Besides, I say, and will in battel prove,
Or here or elsewhere, to the furthest verge,
That ever was survey'd by *English* eye;
That all the treasons for these eighteen years,
Conplotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false *Mowbray* their first head and spring.
Further, I say, and further will maintain,
That he did plot the Duke of *Gloucester's* death,
Suggest his soon believing adversaries,
And consequently, like a traitor-coward,
Sluc'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood;
Which blood, like sacrificing *Abel's*, cries
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me, for justice, and rough chastisement.
And by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Mowb. O let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this stand'rer of his blood,
How God and good men hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. *Mowbray*, impartial are our eyes and ears;
Were he my brother, nay, our kingdom's heir,
As he is but my father's brother's son;

Now

Now by my scepter's awe, I make a vow,
 Such neighbour-nearness to our sacred blood
 Should nothing priv'lege him, nor partialize
 Th' unstooping firmness of my upright soul.
 He is our subject, *Mowbray*, so art thou,
 Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

Mowb. Then *Bolingbroke*, as low as to thy heart—
 Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!
 Three parts of that receipt I had for *Calais*,
 Disburst I to his highness' soldiers;
 The other part reserv'd I by consent,
 For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
 Upon remainder of a dear account,
 Since last I went to *France* to fetch his Queen.
 Now swallow down that lye. For *Gloucester's* death;
 I slew him not, but to mine own disgrace,
 Neglected my sworn duty in that case.
 For you, my noble lord of *Lancaster*,
 The honourable father to my foe,
 Once I did lay an ambush for your life,
 A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;
 But ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
 I did confess it, and exactly begg'd
 Your grace's pardon; and I hope I had it.
 This is my fault; as for the rest appeal'd,
 It issues from the rancor of a villain,
 A recreant and most degen'rate traitor:
 Which in my self I boldly will defend,
 And interchangeably hurle down my gage
 Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
 To prove my self a loyal gentleman,
 Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom;
 In haste whereof most heartily I pray
 Your highness to assign our tryal-day.

K. Ricb. Wrath-kindled gentlemen be rul'd by me;
 Let's purge this choler without letting blood: *

A 4

Good

* ——— without letting blood :

This

Good uncle, let this end where it begun,
We'll calm the Duke of *Norfolk*, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age;
Throw down, my son, the Duke of *Norfolk's* gage.

K. Rich. And, *Norfolk*, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, *Harry*, when?

Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

K. Rich. *Norfolk*, throw down, we bid; there is no
boot.

Mowb. My self I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot,
My life thou shalt command; but not my shame,
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
Despight of death that lives upon my grave,
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here,
Pierc'd to the soul, with slander's venom'd spear;
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood:

Give me his gage: Lions make Leopards tame.

Mowb. Yea, but not change their spots: take but my
shame,

And I resign my gage. My dear, dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten times barr'd up chest,
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

Mine honour is my life, both grow in one:

Take honour from me, and my life is done.

Then, dear my Liege, mine honour let me try,

In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

This we prescribe though no physician,
Deep malice makes too deep incision:
Forget, forgive, conclude and be agreed,
Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.
Good uncle, &c.

Bolingb.

Boling. Oh heav'n defend my soul from such foul sin,
 Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's fight,
 Or with pale-beggar face impeach my height,
 Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my tongue
 Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong,
 Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
 The slavish motive of recanting fear,
 And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace,
 Where shame doth harbour, even in *Mowbray's* face.

[Exit Gaunt.]

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command,
 Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
 Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
 At *Coventry* upon *Saint Lambert's* day.
 There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
 The swelling difference of your settled hate:
 Since we cannot atone you, you shall see
 Justice decide the victor's chivalry.
 Lord Marshal, bid our officers at arms
 Be ready to direct these home-alarms.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Gaunt and Dutchess of Gloucester.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in *Gloster's* blood,
 Doth more solicit me than your exclaims,
 To stir against the butchers of his life.
 But since correction lyeth in those hands,
 Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
 Put we our quarrel to the will of heav'n;
 Who when it sees the hours ripe on earth,
 Will rain hot vengeance on offenders heads.

Dutch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
 Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's sev'n sons, whereof thy self art one,
 Were as sev'n vials of his sacred blood;
 Or sev'n fair branches springing from one root:
 Some of those sev'n are dry'd by nature's course;
 Some of those branches by the destinies cut:

A 5

But

But *Thomas*, my dear lord, my life, my *Glo'ster*,
 (One vial full of *Edward's* sacred blood,
 One flourishing branch of his most royal root)
 Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
 Is hackt down, and his summer's leaves all faded,
 By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe!
 Ah *Gaunt*! his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
 That metal, that self-mould that fashion'd thee,
 Made him a man; and though thou liv'st and breath'st,
 Yet are thou slain in him; thou dost consent
 In some large measure to thy father's death;
 In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
 Who was the model of thy father's life.
 Call it not patience, *Gaunt*, it is despair.
 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
 Thou shew'st the naked pathway to thy life,
 Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee.
 That which in mean men we entitle patience,
 Is pale cold cowardise in noble breasts.
 What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
 The best way is to'venge my *Glo'ster's* death.

Gaunt, God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,
 His deputy anointed in his sight,
 Hath caus'd his death; the which if wrongfully,
 Let God revenge, for I may never lift
 An angry arm against his minister.

Dutch. Where then, alas, may I complain my self?

Gaunt. To heav'n, the widow's champion and defence.

Dutch. Why then I will: farewell, old *Gaunt* farewell,
 Thou go'st to *Coventry*, there to behold
 Our cousin *Hereford* and fell *Mowbray* fight.
 O sit my husband's wrongs on *Hereford's* spear,
 That it may enter butcher *Mowbray's* breast!
 Or if misfortune miss the first career,
 Be *Mowbray's* sins so heavy in his bosom,
 That they may break his foaming courser's back,
 And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
 A caystiff recreant to my cousin *Hereford*!
 Farewel, old *Gaunt*; thy sometime brother's wife
 With her companion grief, must end her life.

Gaunt,

Gaunt. Sister, farewell; I must to *Coventry*.
 As much good stay with thee, as go with me.
Dutch. Yet one word more; grief boundeth where
 it falls,
 Not, with the empty hollowness, but weight:
 I take my leave, before I have begun;
 For sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done.
 Commend me to my brother, *Edmund York*.
 Ee, this is all—nay yet depart not so,
 Though this be all, do not so quickly go:
 I shall remember more. Bid him—oh, what?
 With all good speed at *Plashie* visit me.
 Alack, and what shall good old *York* see there
 But empty lodgings, and unfurnish'd walls,
 Un-peopled offices, untrodden stones?
 And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?
 Therefore commend me, let him not come there
 To seek out sorrow that dwells every where;
 All desolate, will I from hence, and die;
 The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

The Lists, at Coventry.

Enter the Lord Marshal and the Duke Aumerle.

Mar. **M**Y lord *Aumerle*, is Harry *Hereford* arm'd?
Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to
 enter in.

Mar. The Duke of *Norfolk*, sprightly and bold,
 Stays but the summons of th' Appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why then the champions are prepar'd, and stay
 For nothing but his Majesty's approach. [*Flourish.*]

*The trumpets sound, and the King enters with his nobles:
 when they are set, Enter the Duke of Norfolk in arms
 defendant.*

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
 The cause of his arrival here in arms;

Ask

Ask him his name, and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name and the King's, say who thou
art? [To Mowb.

And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms?
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel?
Speak truly on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
And so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

Mowb. My name is *Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,*
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which heav'n forbid a knight should violate,)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth;
To God, my King, and my succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of *Hereford,* that appeals me;
And by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of my self,
A traitor to my God, my King, and me;
And as I truly fight, defend me heav'n!

*The trumpets sound. Enter Bolingbroke appellant, in
armour.*

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither,
Thus plated in habiliments of war:
And formally according to our law
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name, and wherefore com'st thou
hither,

Before King *Richard,* in his royal lists? [To Boling.
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heav'n!

Boling. *Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby*
Am I, who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by heav'n's grace and my body's valour,
In lists, on *Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk,*
That he's a traitor foul and dangerous,
To God of heav'n, King *Richard,* and to me;
And as I truly fight, defend me heav'n!

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring hardy, as to touch the lists,
Except the Marshal, and such officers

Appointed

Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord Marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his Majesty ;
For *Mowbray* and my self are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage ;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farewell of our several friends.

Mar. Th' Appellant in all duty greets your highness,

[*To K. Rich.*
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of *Hereford*, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight ;
Farewel, my blood, which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. Oh let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbray's* spear :
As confident as is the Faulcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with *Mowbray's* fight.
My loving lord, I take my leave of you, *
Of you, my noble Cousin, lord *Aumerle*.
Oh thou ! the earthly author of my blood, [*To Gaunt*]
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Dath with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers ;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter *Mowbray's* waxen coat,
And furbish new the name of *John a Gaunt*
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

Gaunt. Heav'n in thy good cause make thee prosperous,
Be swift like lightning in the execution,

* — Lord *Aumerle* :

Not sick although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young, and chearly drawing breath.
Lo, as at *English* feasts, so I greet
The daintiest, last, to make the end most sweet :
Oh thou —

And

And let thy blows, doubly redoubled'on,
 Fall like amazing thunder on the eask
 Of thy aduerse pernicious enemy.
 Rouze up thy youthful blood, be brave and liue.

Boling. Mine innocence, God and St. *George* to thrive!

Mowb. However heav'n or fortune cast my lot,
 There liues, or dies, true to King *Richard's* throne,
 A loyal, iust and upright gentleman:
 Never did captive with a freer heart
 Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
 His golden uncontroul'd enfranchisement,
 More than my dancing soul doth celebrate.
 This feast of battel, with mine aduersary.
 Most mighty Liege, and my companion peers,
 Take from my mouth the wish of happy years;
 As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,
 Go I to fight: truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewel, my lord, securely I espy
 Virtue with valour, couched in thine eye.
 Order the tryal, Marshal, and begin.

Mar. *Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,*
 Receive thy launce, and heav'n defend thy right.

Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry *Amen.*

Mar. Go bear this launce to *Thomas Duke of Norfolk.*

1 *Her. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,*
 Stands here for God, his soveraign and himself,
 On pain to be found false and recreant;
 To prove the Duke of *Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,*
 A traitor to his God, his King and him,
 And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here standeth *Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,*
 On pain to be found false and recreant,
 Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,
 To God, his soveraign, and to him, disloyal:
 Courageously, and with a free d. fire,
 Attending but the signal to begin. [*A charge sounded.*]

Mar. Sound trumpets, and let forward combatants,
 — But stay, the King hath thrown his warder down.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets, and their spears,
 And

And both return back to their chairs again :
 Withdraw with us, and let the trumpets sound,
 While we return these Dukes what we decree.

[A long flourish.]
 For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
 With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
 And, for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
 Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords;
 And for we think, the eagle-winged pride
 Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
 With rival-hating envy, set you on,
 To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
 Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
 (Which thus rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
 And harsh resounding trumpets dreadful bray,
 And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
 Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
 And make us wade even in our kindreds blood :)
 Therefore, we banish you our territories.
 You cousin *Hereford*, on pain of death,
 Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
 Shall not re-greet our fair dominions,
 But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done: this must my comfort be.
 That sun that warms you here, shall shine on me :
 And those his golden beams to you here lent,
 Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom;
 Which I with some unwillingness pronounce.
 The fly-flow hours shall not determinate
 The dateless limit of thy dear exile:
 The hopeless word, of *never to return*,
 Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Mowb. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign Liege;
 And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth :
 A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
 As to be cast forth in the common air,
 Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
 The language I have learn'd these forty years,
 My native *English*, now I must forgo ;

And

And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
 Than an unstringed viol, or a harp,
 Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
 Or being open, put into his hands
 That knows no touch to tune the harmony. *
 I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
 Too far in years to be a pupil now :
 What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,
 Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate ;
 After our sentence plaining comes too late.

Mowb. Then thus I turn me from my country's
 light,

To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with ye.
 Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands :
 Sweat by the duty that you owe to heav'n
 (Our part therein we banish with your selves,)
 To keep the oath that we administer :
 You never shall, so help you truth, and heav'n,
 Embrace each others love in banishment,
 Nor ever look upon each others face,
 Nor ever write, re-greet, or reconcile
 This low'ring tempest of your home-bred hate,
 Nor ever by advised purpose meet,
 To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
 'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land,

Boling. I swear.

Mowb. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far, as to mine enemy :
 By this time, had the King permitted us,
 One of our souls had wandred in the air,

* — the harmony.

With'n my mouth you have engoal'd my tongue,
 Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips ;
 And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
 Is made my goaler to attend on me.
 I am too old —

Banish'd

King RICHARD II.

11

Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land.
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly this realm,
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.

Mowb. No, *Bolingbroke*; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd as from hence;
But what thou art, heav'n, thou, and I do know,
And all too soon, I fear, the King shall rue.
Farewel, my Liege; now no way can I stray,
Save back to *England*; all the world's my way.

[Exit]

SCENE V.

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy griev'd heart; thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away; six frozen winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs
End in a word; such is the breath of Kings.

Gaunt. I thank my Liege, that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile:
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For ere the six years that he hath to spend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oyl-dry'd lamp, and time-bewaited light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night:
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why uncle? thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, King, that thou canst
give;

Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:

Thy

King RICHARD II.

Thy word is current with him, for my death;
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice;
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to low'r?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion sow'r:
You urg'd me as a judge, but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father.
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine own away:
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do my self this wrong.
A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell; and uncle, bid him so:
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[Flourish:
[Exit.

SCENE VI.

Aun. Cousin, farewell; what presence must not
know,

From where you do remain, let paper show.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I, for I will ride
As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. Oh to what purpose dost thou hoard thy
words,

That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal,
To breathe th' abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time:

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set

The

The precious jewel of thy home return.
 All places that the eye of heaven visits
 Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
 Teach thy necessity to reason thus :
 There is no virtue like necessity.
 Go say, I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
 And not, the King exil'd thee. Or suppose
 Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
 And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
 Look what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
 To lye that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st;
 Suppose the singing birds, musicians;
 The gra's whereon thou tread'st, the presence-floor ;
 The flow'rs fair ladies; and thy steps no more
 Than a delightful measure or a dance.

Boling. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand
 By thinking on the frosty *Caucasus* ?
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
 By bare imagination of a feast ?
 Or wallow naked in *December* snow
 By thinking on fantastick summer's heat ?
 Oh no, the apprehension of the good
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse ;
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
 Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy
 way ;
 Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then *England's* ground farewell ; sweet soil
 adieu,

My mother and my nurse, which bears me yet.
 Where-e'er I wander, boast of this I can,
 Though banish'd, yet a true-born *Englishman*. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

*Enter King Richard, and Bushy, &c. at one door, and
 the Lord Aumerle at the other.*

K. Rich. We did indeed observe — *Cousin Aumerle,*
 How

How far brought you high *Hereford* on his way ?

Aum. I brought high *Hereford*, if you call him so,
But to the next high-way, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And say, what store of parting tears were
shed ?

Aum. Faith none by me ; except the north-east wind,
(Which then blew bitterly against our faces)
Awak'd the sleepy rheume, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said your cousin when you parted
with him ?

Aum. Farewel.

And for my heart disdain'd that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That word seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
But would the word *farewel* have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewels ;
But since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our kinsman, cousin ; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Our self, and *Bushy*, *Bagot* here and *Green*
Observ'd his courtship to the common people ;
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesie,
What reverence he did throw away on slaves ;
Woping poor crafts-men with the craft of smiles,
And patient under-bearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affections with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench ;
A brace of dray-men bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends ;
As were our *England* in reversion his,
And he our subjects next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone, and with him go these
thoughts.

Now for the rebels, which stand out in *Ireland*,

Expe-

Expedient manage must be made, my Liege ;
Ere further leisure yield them further means
For their advantage, and your Highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will our self in person to this war ;
And, for our coffers with too great a court,
And liberal largesse, are grown somewhat light,
We are inforc'd to farm our royal realm,
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand ; if they come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters :
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants :
For we will make for *Ireland* presently.

Enter Bushy.

K. Rich. What news ?

Bushy. Old *John of Gaunt* is sick, my lord,
Suddenly taken, and hath sent post-haste
T' inreat your Majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he ?

Bushy. At *Ely-house*.

K. Rich. Now put it, heav'n, in his physician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately :
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these *Irish* wars.
Come gentlemen, let's all go visit him :
Pray heav'n we may make haste, and come too late.

[*Exeunt.*]





ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Gaunt sick, with the Duke of York.

GAUNT.

WILL the King come, that I may breathe my
last

In wholesom counsel to his unstay'd youth?

York. Vex not your self, and strive not with your
breath,

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. Oh but, they say, the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention like deep harmony:

Where words are scarce, they're seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.*

York. His ear is stop't with other flatt'ring charms,
As praises of his state; there are beside
Lascivious meeters, to whose venom'd sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen:
Report of fashions in proud *Italy*,
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after, in base awkward imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
So it be new, there's no respect how vile,

Tha

*—— their words in pain.

He that no more must say is listen'd more

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to close;
More are mens ends mark'd than their lives before:

The setting sun, and musick in the close
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past,
Though *Richard* my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear,

York. His ear——

That is not quickly buz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wits regard. *

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd
And thus expiring, do foretel of him,
His rash, fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
For violent fires soon burn out themselves.
Small show'rs last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder;
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon it self.
This royal throne of Kings, this scepter'd Isle,
This earth of Majesty, this seat of *Mars*,
This other *Eden*, demy *Paradise*,
This fortress built by Nature for her self,
Against infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happy lands;
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal Kings,
Fear'd for their breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as far from home,
For christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn *Jury*
Of the world's ransom, blessed *Mary's* son;
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out, (I die pronouncing it)
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm.
England bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege

Of

* ——— with wits regard.

Direct not him, whose way himself will choose;
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks I am —

Of watry Neptune, is bound in with shame,
 With inky-blots, and rotten parchment bonds.
 That *England*, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of it self.
 Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my insuing death!

S C E N E II.

Enter King Richard, Queen, Aumerle, Bushy, Green,
 Bagot, Ross, and Willoughby.

York. The King is come, deal mildly with his youth;
 For young hot colts, inrag'd, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, *Lancaster*?

K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is't with aged
Gaunt? *

* ——— with aged *Gaunt*.

Gaunt. O how that name befits my composition!
 Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old:
 Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
 And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?
 For sleeping *England* long time I have watcht,
 Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt;
 The pleasure that some fathers feed upon,
 Is my strict fast, I mean my childrens looks,
 And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt.
 Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
 Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock it self:
 Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
 I mock my name, great King, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter those that live?

Gaunt. No, no, men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou now a dying, say'st thou flatter'st me.

Gaunt. Oh no, thou dy'st though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, I see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now he that made me, knows I see thee ill
 Ill in my self——

Gaunt.

Gaunt. Ill in my self, but seeing thee too, ill,
 Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land,
 Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;
 And thou, too careless patient, as thou art,
 Giv'st thy anointed body to the cure
 Of those physicians that first wounded thee:
 A thousand flatt'ers sit within thy crown,
 Whose compass is no bigger than thy head,
 And yet engaged in so small a verge,
 Thy waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
 Oh had thy grandsire with a prophet's eye,
 Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
 From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame, }
 Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
 Who art possess'd now to depose thy self.
 Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
 It were a shame to let this land by lease:
 But for thy world enjoying but this land,
 Is it not more than shame, to shame it so?
 Landlord of *England* art thou, and not King:
 Thy state of law, is bondslave to the law,
 And——

K. Rich. And thou, a lunatick lean-witted fool,
 Presuming on an ague's privilege,
 Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
 Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
 With fury, from his native residence.
 Now by my seat's right royal Majesty,
 Wert thou not brother to great *Edward's* son,
 This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,
 Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

Gaunt. Oh spare me not, my brother *Edward's* son,
 For that I was his father *Edward's* son.
 That blood already, like the Pelican,
 Hast thou tap'd out, and drunkenly carow'd.
 My brother *Glo'ster*, plain well-meaning soul,
 (Whom fair befall in heav'n 'mongst happy souls)
 May be a precedent and witness good,
 That thou respect'st not spilling *Edward's* blood.
 Join with the present sickness that I have,
 And thy unkindness be like crooked age,

To crop at once a too long-wither'd flower.
 Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee:
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be.
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
 Love they to live, that love and honour have. [Exit.

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and fullens have;
 For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. I do beseech your Majesty impute
 His words to wayward sickness, and age:
 He loves you on my life, and holds you dear
 As *Harry Duke of Hereford*, were he here.

K. Rich. Right you say true: as *Hereford's* love, so
 his;
 As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

S C E N E III.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your
 Majesty.

K. Rich. What says old *Gaunt*?

North. Nay nothing, all is said:
 His tongue is now a stringless instrument,
 Words, life, and all, old *Lancaster* hath spent.

York. Be *York* the next that must be bankrupt so;
 Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
 His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be;
 So much for that. Now for our *Irish* wars;
 We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,
 Which live like venom, where no venom else
 But only they, have privilege to live.
 And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,
 Towards our assistance we do feize to us
 The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
 Whereof our uncle *Gaunt* did stand possess.

York. How long shall I be patient? Oh how long
 Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
 Not *Gloster's* death, nor *Hereford's* banishment,
 Not *Gaunt's* rebukes, nor *England's* private wrongs;
 Nor

Nor the prevention of poor *Bolingsbroke*
 About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
 Have ever made me sow'r my patient cheek,
 Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.
 I am the last of noble *Edward's* sons,
 Of whom thy father, Prince of *Wales*, was first:
 In war, was never Lion rag'd more fierce;
 In peace, was never gentle Lamb more mild
 Than was that young and princely gentleman;
 His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
 Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours.
 But when he frown'd, it was against the *French*,
 And not against his friends: His noble hand
 Did win what he did spend; and spent not that
 Which his triumphant father's hand had won.
 His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
 But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
 Oh *Richard*, *York* is too far gone with grief,
 Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why uncle, what's the matter?

York. Oh, my Liege, *

Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands
 The royalties and rights of banish'd *Hereford*?
 Is not *Gaunt* dead, and doth not *Hereford* live?
 Was not *Gaunt* just, and is not *Harry* true?
 Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
 Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
 Take *Hereford's* rights away, and take from time
 His charters, and his customary rights.
 Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day,
 Be not thy self. For how art thou a King
 But by fair sequence and succession?
 If you do wrongfully seize *Hereford's* right,
 Call in his letters patents that he hath,
 By his attorney's-general, to sue

* — my Liege,

Pardon if you please; if not,

I, pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content.

Seek you to seize, &c.

His livery, and deny his offer'd homage ;
 You pluck a thousand dangers on your head ;
 You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts ;
 And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
 Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will ; we seize into our
 hands

His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by the while ; my Liege, farewell ;
 What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell.
 But by bad courses may be understood,
 That their events can never fall out good. [Exit.

K. Rich. Go, *Bushy*, to the Earl of *Wiltshire* straight,
 Bid him repair to us to *Ely-house*,
 To see this business done : to-morrow next
 We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time I trow.
 And we create, in absence of our self,
 Our uncle *York* Lord-governor of *England* :
 For he is just, and always lov'd us well.
 Come on our Queen, to-morrow must we part ;
 Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [Flourish.

[Exeunt King, Queen, &c.]

SCENE IV.

Manent Northumberland, Willoughby, and *Rofs*.

North. Well, Lords, the Duke of *Lancaster* is dead.

Rofs. And living too, for now his son is Duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Rofs. My heart is great, but it must break with silence,
 Ere't be disburthen'd with a lib'ral tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind, and let him ne'er speak
 more

That speaks thy words again to do thee harm.

Willo. Tends what you'd speak, to th' Duke of *Here-*
ford ?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man :

Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

Rofs. No good at all that I can do for him,
 Unless you call it good to pity him,

Bereft

Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now afore heav'n, it's shame such wrongs are born,

In him a royal Prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land;
The King is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform
Merely in hate 'gainst any of us all,
That will the King severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Rofs. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And lost their hearts; the nobles hath he fin'd
For antient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd;
As blanks, benevolences, I wot not what:
But what o'God's name doth become of this?

North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,

But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors atchiev'd with blows:
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

Rofs. The Earl of *Wiltshire* hath the realm in farm.

Willo. The King's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.

Rofs. He hath not money for these *Irish* wars,
(His burthenous taxations notwithstanding)
But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.

North. His noble kinsman—most degenerate King!
But lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:

We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Rofs. We see the very wreck that we must suffer,
And unavoidable the danger now,
For suff'ring to the causes of our wreck.

North. Not so: ev'n through the hollow eyes of death
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

Rofs. Be confident to speak, *Northumberland*;
We three are but thy self, and speaking so,

Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.

North. Then thus, my friends. I have from *Porte Blanc,*

A bay in *Bretagne*, had intelligence,
That *Harry Hereford*, *Rainald* lord *Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,
His brother, Archbishop late of *Canterbury*,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, *Sir John Rainston*,
Sir John Norberie, *Sir Robert Waterton*, and *Francis Coines*,

All these well furnish'd by the Duke of *Bretagne*,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore;
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for *Ireland*.

If then we will shake off our slavish yolk,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broken pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's gilt,
And make high Majesty look like it self:
Away with me in haste to *Ravensburg*.

But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and my self will go.

Rofs. To horse, to horse; urge doubts to them that
fear.

Will. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The Court of England.

Enter Queen, Bushy, and Bagot.

Bushy. **M**Adam, your Majesty is much too sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the
King,
To lay aside self-harming heaviness,
And entertain a chearful disposition.

Queen.

Queen. To please the King, I did; to please my self
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest.
As my sweet *Richard*: yet again methinks
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming tow'rd me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles, yet at something grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the King.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which shew like grief it self, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire, to many objects;
Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon,
Shew nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,
Distinguish form. So your sweet Majesty
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself to wail,
Which look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not; gracious *Queen*, then weep not
More than your lord's departure, more's not seen:
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Perluades me otherwise: how'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; most heavy sad. *

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less; conceit is still deriv'd
From some fore-father grief; mine is not so, *

* — heavy sad.

As though on thinking on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing —

* — mine is not so,

For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something, hath the nothing that I grieve,
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known, what
I cannot name, 'tis nameless woe I wot.

Enter Green —

But what it is, not known, 'tis nameless woe.

SCENE VI.

Enter Green.

Green. Heav'n save your Majesty, and well met gentlemen :

I hope the King is not yet shipt for *Ireland*.

Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope he is :
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope :
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,
And driv'n into despair an enemy
Who strongly hath set footing in this land.
The banish'd *Bolingbroke* repeals himself ;
And with up-lifted arms is safe arriv'd
At *Ravenspurg*.

Queen. Now God in heav'n forbid!

Green. O, Madam, 'tis too true; and what is worse,
The lord *Northumberland*, his young son *Percy*,
The lords of *Ross*, *Beaumont*, and *Willoughby*,
With all their pow'ful friends, are fled to him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd *Northumberland*,
And all of that revolted faction, traitors?

Green. We have : whereon the Earl of *Worcester*
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To *Bolingbroke*.

Queen. So *Green*, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And *Bolingbroke* my sorrow's dismal heir :
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,
And I a gasping new-delivered mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Bushy. Despair not, Madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me ?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hopes linger, in extremity.

SCENE

King RICHARD II.

ke

SCENE VII.

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the Duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck
Oh full of careful businesses are his looks.
Uncle, for heav'n's sake, comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should bely my thoughts;
Comfort's in heav'n, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care and grief.
Your husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home.
Here am I left to underprop his land;
Who, weak with age, cannot support my self.
Now comes the sick hour after surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

York. He was; why so, go all which way it will:
The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.
Get thee to *Plashie*, to my sister *Gloster*;
Bid her send presently a thousand pound:
Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot
To tell, to-day I came by, and call'd there,
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is't?

Serv. An hour before I came, the Dutchess dy'd.

York. Heav'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Come rushing on this woful land at once?
I know not what to do: I would to heav'n,
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brother's.
What, are there posts dispatch'd for *Ireland*?
How shall we do for money for these wars?
Come sister, (cousin, I would say,) pray pardon me.
Go fellow, get thee home, provide some carts,

[To the Servant.

And

And bring away the armour that is there.
 Gentlemen, will you go and muster men?
 If I know how to order these affairs,
 Disorderly thus thrust into my hands,
 Never believe me. They are both my kinsmen;
 The one my sovereign, whom both my oath
 And duty bids defend; th'other again
 My kinsman is, one whom the King hath wrong'd,
 Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
 Well, somewhat we must do: come, cousin, I'll
 Dispose of you. Go muster up your men,
 And meet me presently at *Barkley* castle:
 I should to *Plashie* too,
 But time will not permit. All is uneven,
 And every thing is left at six and seven.
 [Exeunt York and Queen.]

S C E N E VIII.

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to *Ireland*,
 But none returns; for us to levy power
 Proportionable to the enemy,
 Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the King in love,
 Is near the hate of thoiç, love not the King.

Bagot. And that's the way'ring commons, for their
 love
 Lies in their purses; and who empties them,
 By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the King stands g'n'rally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lye in them, then so do we,
 Because we have been ever near the King.

Green. Well; I'll for refuge strait to *Bristol* castle;
 The Earl of *Wiltshire* is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little office
 The hateful commons will perform for us,
 Except like curs, to tear us all in pieces:
 Will you go with us?

Bagot. No: I'll to *Ireland* to his Majesty.
 Farewel: if hearts presages be not vain,
 We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Bushy.

Bushy. That's as York thrives, to beat back *Bolingbroke*.

Green. Alas poor Duke, the task he undertakes
Is numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry,
Where one on his side fights, thousands will flye.

Bushy. Farewel at once, for once, for all, and ever.

Green. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me never.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

In Gloucestershire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Northumberland.

Boling. **H**OW far is it, my lord, to *Barkley* now?

North. I am a stranger here in *Gloucestershire*.

These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome:

And yet our fair discourse has been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

But I bethink me what a weary way
From *Ravenspurg* to *Catshold* will be found,

In *Ross* and *Willoughby*, wanting your company,

Which I protest hath very much beguil'd

The tediousness and process of my travel:

But theirs is sweetned with the hope to have

The present benefit that I possess:

And hope to joy, is little less in joy,

Than hope enjoy'd. By this, the weary lords

Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done,

By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company
Than your good words: but who comes here?

Enter Percy.

North. It is my son, young *Harry Percy*,
Sent from my brother *Worcester*: whence soever,

Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I thought, my lord, t'have learn'd his health
of you.

North. Why, is he not with the Queen?

Percy.

Percy. No, my good lord, he hath forsook the court;
Broken his staff of office, and dispers't
The household of the King.

North. What was his reason?

He was not so resolv'd, when we last spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to *Ravenspurg*,
To offer service to the Duke of *Hereford*,
And sent me o'er by *Barkley*, to discover
What pow'r the Duke of *York* had levy'd there;
Then with direction to repair to *Ravenspurg*.

North. Have you forgot the Duke of *Hereford*, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne'er I did remember; to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the Duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle *Percy*, and be sure
I count my self in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembering my good friends:
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompence.

My heart this cov'nant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to *Barkley*? and what stir
Keeps good old *York* there with his men of war?

Percy. There stands the castle by yond tuft of trees,
Man'd with three hundred men, as I have heard,
And in it are the lords, *York*, *Bradley*, *Seymour*;
None else of name, and noble estimate-

Enter Ross and Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of *Ross* and *Willoughby*,
Bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords; I wot your love pursues
A banish'd traitor; all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labours recompence.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Will. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling.

Boling. Evermore thanks (th' exchequer of the poor)
Which, till my infant-fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who now comes here?

Enter Barkley.

North. It is my lord of *Barkley*, as I guess.

Bark. Lord *Hereford*, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is to *Lancaster*,
And I am come to seek that name in *England*,
And I must find that title in your tongue,

Bark. Mistake me not, my lord, 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out.

To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,
From the most glorious of this land,
The Duke of *York*, to know what pricks you on,
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

SCENE X.

Enter York.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you.
Here comes his Grace in person. Noble uncle! [*Kneels.*

York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle!

York. I am no traitor's uncle; that word grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.
Why have these banish'd, and forbidden legs,
Dar'd once to touch a dust of *England's* ground?
But more then, why, why have they dar'd to march
So many miles into her peaceful bosom,
Fright'ning her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And ostentation of despised arms?

Com'st thou because th' anointed King is hence?

Why, foolish boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.

Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,
As when brave *Gaunt* thy father, and my self
Rescu'd the *Black Prince*, that young *Mars* of men,
Forth from the ranks of many thousand *French*;
Oh then, how quickly should this arm of mine,

Now

Now prisoner to the pallsie, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault,
On what condition stands it, and wherein?

York. Ev'n in condition of the worst degree;
In gross rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd *Hereford*;
But as I come, I come for *Lancaster*.

And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye;
You are my father, for methinks in you
I see old *Gaunt* alive. O then, my father!
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wand'ring vagabond? my rights and royalties
Pluckt from my arms perforce, and giv'n away
To upstart unthrifths? Wherefore was I born?

If that my cousin King, be King of *England*,
It must be granted I am Duke of *Lancaster*.
You have a son, *Aumerle*, my noble kinsman:
Had you first dy'd, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle *Gaunt* a father,
To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
I am deny'd to sue my livery here,

And yet my letters patents give me leave:
My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold,
And these and all, are all amiss employ'd.

What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law: attorneys are denied me,
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To mine inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble Duke hath been too much abus'd:

Rofs. It stands your grace upon to do him right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great:

York. My lords of *England*, let me tell you this,
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind, to come in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,

To find out right with wrongs, it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble Duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own; and for the right of that
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my pow'r is weak, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the King.
But since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So farewell.
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept;
But we must win your grace to go with us
To *Bristol-Castle*, which they say is held
By *Bushy, Bagot*, and their complices;
The caterpillars of the common-wealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

York. It may be I will go: but yet I'll pause,
For I am loath to break our country's laws:
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are;
Things past redress, are now with me past care. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E XI.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captain.

Cap. MY lord of *Salisbury*, we have staid ten days,
And hardly kept your countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the King:
Therefore we all disperse our selves: farewell.

Salis. Stay yet another day, thou trusty *Welchman*:
The King reposeth all his trust in thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought the King is dead: we will not stay.
The

The Bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
 And meteors fright the fixed stars of heav'n;
 The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth;
 And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
 Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap;
 The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
 The other hope to enjoy by rage and war.

These signs forerun the death of Kings——

Farewel; our countrymen are gone and fled,

As well assur'd, *Richard* their King is dead. [Exit.

Salis. Ah *Richard*, ah, with eyes of heavy mind,

I see thy glory like a shooting star,

Fall to the base earth from the firmament:

Thy Sun sets weeping in the lowly west,

Witnessing storms to come, woe and unrest:

Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;

And crossy to thy good, all fortune goes. [Exit.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Bolingbroke's Camp.

*Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Ross, Percy,
 Willoughby, with Bushy and Green Prisoners.*

BOLINGBROKE.

BRING forth these men——

Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls
 (Since presently your souls must part your bodies)

With too much urging your pernicious lives;

For 'twere no charity: yet to wash your blood

From off my hands, here in the view of men,

I will unfold some causes of your deaths.

You have misl'd a Prince, a royal King,

A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,

By you unhappy'd, and disfigur'd clean.

You have in manner with your sinful hours

Male

Made a divorce betwixt his Queen and him ;
 Broke the possession of a royal bed,
 And stain'd the beauty of a fair Queen's cheeks
 With tears drawn from her eyes, with your foul wrongs,
 My self, a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
 Near to the King in blood, (and near in love,
 Till you did make him misinterpret me,)
 Have stoopt my neck under your injuries,
 And sigh'd my *English* breath in foreign clouds,
 Eating the bitter bread of banishment :
 While you have fed upon my feignories ;
 Dis-park'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods :
 From mine own windows torn my household coat,
 Raz'd out my Impress; leaving me no sign,
 Save men's opinions, and my living blood,
 To shew the world I am a gentleman.
 This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
 Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd
 To execution, and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
 Than *Bolingbroke* to England.

Green. My comfort is, that heav'n will take our souls,
 And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord *Northumberland*, see them dispatch'd.
 Uncle, you say the Queen is at your house ;
 For heav'n's sake, fairly let her be intreated ;
 Tell her I send to her my kind commends ;
 Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
 With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle : come my lords, away,
 To fight with *Glendower*, and his complices ;
 A while to work, and after holiday. [Exeunt]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Changes to the Coast of Wales.

Flourish : Drums and Trumpets.

Enter King Richard, Aumerle, Bishop of Carlisle, and Soldiers.

R. Rich. **B** *Arkloughly-castle* call you this ?

Aum. Yea, my good lord ; how brooks your grace the air,

After your tossing on the breaking seas ?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well : I weep for joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again.
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses hoofs :
As a long-parted mother with her child,
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting ;
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy soveraign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his rav'nous sense :
But let thy spiders that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lye in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies ;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it I pry'thee with a lurking adder ;
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy soveraign's enemies.
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords ;
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native King
Shall fault under foul rebellious arms.

Bishop. Fear not, my lord, that pow'r that made you
King

Hath pow'r to keep you King, in spite of all.
The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,

And

And not neglected : else if heaven would
 And we would not, heaven's offer we refuse,
 The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss,
 Whilst *Bolingbroke*, through our security,
 Grows strong and great, in substance and in power.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin, know'st thou not,
 That when the searching eye of heav'n is hid
 Behind the globe, that lights the lower world;
 Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
 In murders, and in outrage bloody here.
 But when from under this terrestrial ball
 He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
 And darts his light through every guilty hole;
 Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
 The cloke of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
 Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.
 So when this thief, this traitor *Bolingbroke*,
 Who all this while has revell'd in the night,
 Whilst we were wand'ring with the Antipodes,
 Shall see us rising in our throne, the east;
 His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
 Not able to endure the sight of day;
 But self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
 Not all the water in the rough rude sea
 Can wash the balm from an anointed King;
 The breath of worldly men cannot depose
 The deputy elected by the Lord.
 For ev'ry man that *Bolingbroke* hath prest,
 To lift sharp steel against our golden crown,
 Heav'n for his *Richard* hath in heav'nly pay
 A glorious angel; then if angels fight,
 Weak men must fall, for heav'n still guards the right;

S C E N E III.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, my lord, how far off lies your pow'r?

Salis. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious lord,
 Than this weak arm; discomfort guides my tongue,
 And bids me speak of nothing but despair:

One

One day (too late I fear, my noble lord)
 Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.
 Oh call back yesterday, bid time return,
 And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men.
 To-day, to-day, unhappy day too late
 O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state.
 For all the *Welshmen* hearing thou wert dead,
 Are gone to *Bolingbroke*, dispers'd and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my Liege; why looks your grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand men
 Did triumph in my face, and they are fled. *
 All souls that will be safe, fly from my side,
 For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my Liege; remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot my self: am I not King?
 Awake, thou coward Majesty, thou sleepest;
 Is not the King's name forty thousand names?
 Arm, arm my name; a puny subject strikes
 At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
 Ye fav'rites of a King! are we not high?
 High be our thoughts. I know my uncle *York*
 Hath pow'r to serve our turn. But who comes here?

SCENE IV.

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my Liege,
 Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd:
 The worst is worldly loss thou can't unfold.
 Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
 And what loss is it to be rid of care?
 Strives *Bolingbroke* to be as great as we?
 Greater he shall not be, if he serve God,
 We'll serve him too, and be his fellows so.
 Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;

* ——— and they are fled,

And till so much blood thither come again,
 Have I not reason to look pale, and dead?
 All souls ———

They

King RICHARD II.

Y

They break their faith to God as well as us.

Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your Highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.

Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of *Bolingbroke*, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts more hard than steel,
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy Majesty, boys with women's voices
Strive to speak big, and clasp their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms, against thy crown:
The very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double fatal Ewe, against thy state:
Yea distaff-women manage rusty bills.

Against thy seat both old and young rebel,
And all goes worse than I have pow'r to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill,
Where is the Earl of *Wiltshire*? where is *Bagot*?
What is become of *Bushy*? where is *Green*?
That they have let the dang'rous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.

I warrant they've made peace with *Bolingbroke*. [lord.

Scroop. Peace they have made with him, indeed, my

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption,
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man;
Snakes in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart;
Three *Judasses*, each one thrice worse than *Judas*!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sow'rest and most deadly hate:

Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: those whom you
curse

Have felt the worst of death's destroying hand,
And lye full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum;

Ann. Is *Bushy, Green,* and th' Earl of *Wiltshire* dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at *Bristol* lost their heads.

Ann. Where is the Duke my father, with his power?

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speak:

- Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,
- Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
- Write sorrow in the bosom of the earth!
- Let's chuse executors, and talk of wills;
- And yet not so—for what can we bequeath,
- Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
- Our lands, our lives, and all are *Bolingbroke's*,
- And nothing can we call our own, but death;
- And that small model of the barren earth
- Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
- For heav'n's sake let us sit upon the ground,
- And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:
- How some have been depos'd, some slain in war:
- Some haunted by the ghosts they dispossest:
- Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd,
- All murder'd.—For within the hollow crown,
- That rounds the mortal temples of a King,
- Keeps Death his court, and there the Antick sits
- Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
- Allowing him a breath, a little scene
- To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
- Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
- As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
- Were brass impregnable: and humour'd thus,
- Comes at the last, and with a little pin
- Bores through his castle-walls, and farewell King!
- Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
- With solemn rev'rence: throw away respect,
- Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
- For you have but mistook me all this while:
- I live on bread like you, feel want like you,
- Taste grief, need friends, like you: subjected thus,
- How can you say to me I am a King?

Carl. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present wees,

But

King RICHARD II.

But presently prevent the ways to wail :
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe ; *
And so your follies fight against your self.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well : proud Bolingbroke,
I come——

Say, Scroop, where lyes our uncle with his power ?

Scroop. I play the torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst, that must be spoken.
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke,
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his faction.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.
Beswore thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in to despair.
What say you now ? what comfort have we now ?
By heav'n I'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint-castle, there I'll pine away :
A King, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey :

* ——unto your foe ;

Fear, and be slain, no worse can come from fight,
And fight and die, is death destroying death,
Where fearing, dying, pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a pow'r, enquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well : proud Bolingbroke, I
come

To change blows with thee, for our day of doom ;
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown,
An easie task it is to win our own.

Say, Scroop, where lyes our uncle with his power ?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sower.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day ;
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say :
And so——

That

King RICHARD II.

That pow'r I have, discharge, and let 'em go
To ear the land, that hath some hope to grow.
For I have none. Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Ann. My Liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatt'ries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers: let them away,
From *Richard's* night to *Bolingbroke's* fair day. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Bolingbroke's Camp.

*Enter with drum and colours, Bolingbroke, York,
Northumberland, and Attendants.*

Boling. SO that by this intelligence we learn
The *Welshmen* are dispers'd, and *Salisbury*
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord,
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the lord *Northumberland*,
To say King *Richard*. Ah, the heavy day,
When such a sacred King should hide his head!

North. Your grace mistakes me; only to be brief
Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief, to shorten you the head.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should.

York. Take not, good cousin, farther than you should,
Left you mistake; the heav'ns are o'er your head.

Boling. I know it, uncle, nor oppose my self
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

Welcome *Harry*; what, will not this castle yield?

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against your entrance.

Boling.

Boling. Royally? why, it contains no King?

Percy. Yes, my good lord,

It doth contain a King: King *Richard* lyes
Within the limits of yond lime and stone;
And with him lord *Aumerle*, lord *Salisbury*,
Sir *Stephen Scroop*, besides a clergy-man
Of holy reverence: who, I cannot learn.

North. Belike it is the bishop of *Carlisle*.

Boling. Noble lord,

[To *North*]

Go to the rude ribs of that antient castle,
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:
Henry of Bolingbroke upon his knees
Doth kifs King *Richard's* hand, and sends allegiance
And faith of heart unto his royal person:
Ev'n at his feet I lay my arms and pow'r,
Provided, that my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted;
If not, I'll use th' advantage of my pow'r,
And lay the summer's dust with show'rs of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd *Englishmen*.
The which, how far off from the mind of *Bolingbroke*
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King *Richard's* land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall shew.
Go signifie as much; while here we march
Upon the grassie carpet of this plain,
Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
That from this castle's tatter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks King *Richard* and my self should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring smook
At meeting, tears the cloudy cheeks of heav'n: *
March on, and mark King *Richard* how he looks.

* — cheeks of heav'n:

Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, &c.

C

SCENE

SCENE VI.

*Parle without, and answer within; then a flourish.
Enter on the walls, King Richard, the Bishop of Car-*
lisle, Aumerle, Scroop and Salisbury.

See, see, King *Richard* doth himself appear
As doth the blushing discontented sun,
From out the fiery portal of the East,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the tract
Of his bright passage to the Occident.

York. Yet looks he like a King; behold his eye,
As bright as is the Eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling Majesty; alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show.

K. Rich. We are amaz'd, and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, [*To North,*
Because we thought our self thy lawful King;
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, shew us the hand of God,
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship.
*For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our scepter,
Unless he do prophane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends:
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,
Is must'ring in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot;
That list your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond methinks he is)
That every stride he makes upon the land
Is dangerous treason; he is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war.*

But

King RICHARD II.

51

But ere the crown he looks for live in pease,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers sons
Shall ill become the flow'r of *England's* face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastor's grafs with faithful *English* blood.

North. The King of heav'n forbid, our lord the
King

Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon: no, thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry of Bolingbroke, doth kiss thy hand,
And by the honourable tomb he swears
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
(Currents that spring from one most gracious head)
And by the bury'd hand of warlike *Gaunt*,
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn, or said,
His coming hither hath no farther scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Infranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glitt'ring arms he will commend to rust;
His barbed steeds to stables; and his heart
To faithful service of your Majesty.
This swears he, as he is a Prince, is just;
And as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. *Northumberland*, say thus the King returns?
His noble cousin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction.
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We do debase our self, cousin, do we not, [To *Aum.*]
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back *Northumberland*, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my lord, let's fight with gentle
words,

Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

52 King RICHARD II.

K. *Rich.* Oh God, oh God ! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yond proud man, should take it off again,
With words of sooth; oh that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name !
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now !
Swell'st thou, proud heart ? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. *Rich.* What must the King do now ? must he submit ?

The King shall do it : must he be depos'd ?
The King shall be contented : must he lose
The name of King ? o' God's name let it go.
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads ;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage ;
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown ;
My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood ;
My scepter, for a palmer's walking-staff ;
My subjects, for a pair of carved saints,
And my large kingdom, for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave.
Or I'll be bury'd in the King's high way ;
Some way of common trade, where subject's feet
My hourly trample on their sovereign's head. *
Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin,
We'll make foul weather with despised tears :
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears ?
As thus, to drop them still upon one place,

* ——— sovereign's head.

For on my heart they tread now, whilst I live ;
And bury'd once, why not upon my head ?

Aumerle, &c.

Till they have fretted us a pair of graves. *
 Most mighty Prince, my lord *Northumberland*,
 What says King *Bolingbroke*? will his Majesty
 Give *Richard* leave to live, till *Richard* die?
 You make a leg, and *Bolingbroke* says ay.

North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
 To speak with you, may't please you to come down:

K. Rich. Down, down I come, like glist'ring *Phaetons*,
 Wanting the manage of unruly jades. *

Boling. What says his Majesty?

North. Sorrow of heart
 Makes him speak fondly, like a frantick man;
 Yet he is come.

Boling. Stand all ap art, and show
 Fair duty to his Majesty.

My gracious lord—

[*Kneels.*]

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
 To make the base earth proud with kissing it.
 Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
 Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesie. *

*—a pair of graves,
 Within the earth; and therein laid, there lyes
 Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes;
 Would not this ill do well? well, well, I see
 I talk but idly, and you mock at me.
 Most mighty Prince, &c.

*—of unruly jades.
 In the base court? base court where Kings grow base,
 To come at traitors calls, and do them grace.
 In the base court come down? down court, down King,
 For Night-owls shriek, where mounting Larks should sing:
Boling. What, &c.

*—your courtesie.
 Up, cousin, up, your heart is up, I know,
 Thus high at least, although your knee be low.
Boling. My, &c.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserv'd: they well deserve to have,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.

Uncle, give me your hand; nay, dry your eyes,

Tears shew their love, but want their remedies.

Cousin, I am too young to be your father,

Though you are old enough to be my heir.

What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;

For do we must, what force will have us do.

Set on towards London. Cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say no. [*Flourish, Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

A Garden.

Enter Queen and two Ladies.

Queen. WHAT sport shall we devise here in this
garden,

To drive away the heavy thought of care?

Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

Lady. Madam, we'll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief.

Therefore no dancing, girl; some other sport.

Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow or of joy?

Lady. Of either, Madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl.

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow:
Or if of grief, being altogether had,

King RICHARD II.

ff

It adds more sorrow to my want of joy :
For what I have, I need not to repeat :
And what I want, it boots not to complain,

Lady. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well that thou hast cause :

But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weep.

Lady. I could weep, Madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do me
good,

And never borrow any tear of thee.

(Let's step into the shadow of these trees,
My wretchedness suits with a row of pines.)

Enter a Gardener and two Servants.

But stay, here come the gardeners ;
They'll talk of State, for every one doth so,
Against a change ; woe is fore-run with woe.

[Queen and ladies retire.]

Gard. Go bind thou up yond dangling Apricocks,
Which like unruly children, make their Sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight :
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and like an executioner
Cut off the heads of two fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our common-wealth :
All must be even in our government.
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisom weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholsom flowers.

Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Shewing as in a model, our firm state ?
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers choak'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholsom herbs
Swarming with Caterpillars ?

Gard. Hold thy peace.

He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf ;

The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did smelter,
 (That seem'd in eating him, to hold him up,)
 Are pull'd up, root and all, by *Bolingbroke*;
 I mean the Earl of *Wiltshire, Bushy, Green*.

Serv. What are they dead?

Gard. They are,

And *Bolingbroke* hath seiz'd the wasteful King.
 What pity is it, that he had not trimm'd
 And dress'd his land; as we this garden dress,
 And wound the bark, the skin of our fruit trees,
 Lest being over-proud with sap and blood,
 With too much riches it confound it self;
 Had he done so to great and growing men,
 They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
 Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
 We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
 Had he done so, himself had born the crown,
 Which waste and idle hours have quite thrown down.

Serv. What, think you then, the King shall be depos'd?

Gard. Depress'd he is already, and depos'd.
 'Tis doubted he will be. Letters last night
 Came to a dear friend of the Duke of *York*,
 That tell black tidings.

Queen. Oh I am press'd to death through want of speaking:

Thou *Adam's* likeness, set to dress this garden,
 How dares thy tongue sound this unpleasing news?
 What *Eve*, what Serpent hath suggested thee,
 To make a second fall of cursed man?
 Why dost thou say King *Richard* is depos'd?
 Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
 Divine his downfal? say, where, when, and how
 Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, Madam. Little joy have I
 To breathe these news; yet what I say is true;
 King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
 Of *Bolingbroke*; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
 In your Lord's scale is nothing but himself,
 And some few vanities that make him light;

But

But in the ballance of great *Bolingbroke*,
Besides himself are all the *English* peers,
And with that odds he weighs King *Richard* down.
Post you to *London*, and you'll find it so;
I speak no more, than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me?
And am I last that know it? Oh thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
The sorrow in my breast. Come ladies, go,
To meet at *London*, *London's* King in woe.
What, was I born to this! that my sad look,
Should grace the triumph of great *Bolingbroke*!
Gard'ner, for telling me these news of woe,
I would the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

[*Ex. Queen and ladies.*]

Gard. Poor *Queen*, so that thy state might be no
worse,

I would my skill were subject to thy curse.
Here did she drop a tear, here in this place
I'll set a bank of Rue, sow'r herb of grace:
Rue, ev'n for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping *Queen*.

[*Ex. Gard, and Serv.*]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

L O N D O N.

Enter as to the Parliament, Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surry, Bishop of Carlisle, Abbot of Westminster, Herald, Officers, and Bagot.

B O L I N G B R O K E.

CALL *Bagot* forth: now freely speak thy mind,
What thou dost know of noble *Gloster's* death?

C 5

Who

Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeleſs end?

Bagot. Then ſet before my face the lord *Aumerle*.

Boling. Couſin, ſtand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue

Scorns to unſay, what it hath once deliver'd.

In that dead time when *Gloſter's* death was plotted,

I heard you ſay, is not my arm of length,

That reacheth from the reſtful *Engliſh* court

As far as *Calais* to my uncle's head?

Amongſt much other talk, that very time,

I heard you ſay, you rather had reſuſe

The offer of an hundred thouſand crowns,

Than *Bolingbroke* return to *England*; adding,

How bleſt this land would be in this your couſin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,

What answer ſhall I make to this baſe man?

Shall I ſo much diſhonour my fair ſtars,

On equal terms to give him chaſtiſement?

Either I muſt, or have mine honour ſoil'd

With the attainder of his ſland'rous lips.

There is my Gage, the manual ſeal of death,

That marks thee out for hell. Thou lieſt,

And I'll maintain what thou haſt ſaid, is falſe,

In thy heart blood, though being all too baſe

To ſtain the temper of my knightly ſword.

Boling. *Bagot*, forbear; thou ſhalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt

In all this preſence that hath mov'd me ſo.

Fitzw. If that thy valour ſtand on ſympathies,

There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in gage to thine:

By that fair ſun, that ſhews me where thou ſtand'ſt,

I heard thee ſay, and vauntingly thou ſpak'ſt it,

That thou wert cauſe of noble *Gloſter's* death.

If thou deny'ſt it, twenty times thou lieſt,

And I will turn thy falſhood to thy heart

Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'ſt not, coward, live to ſee the day.

Fitzw. Now, by my ſoul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. *Fitzwater*, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy.

Percy. *Aumerle*, thou liest; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust;
And that thou art so, there I throw my Gage
To prove it on thee, to th' extreamest point
Of mortal breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe.
Who sets me else? by heav'n, I'll throw at all.
I have a thousand spirits in my breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surry. My lord *Fitzwater*, I remember well
The very time *Aumerle* and you did talk.

Fitzw. My lord, 'tis true: you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surry. As false, by heav'n, as heav'n it self is true.

Fitzw. *Surry*, thou liest.

Surry. Dishonourable boy,
That lie shall lye so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, rest
In earth as quiet, as thy father's scull.
In proof whereof, there is mine honour's pawn;
Engage it to the tryal, if thou dar'st.

Fitzw. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse?
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet *Surry* in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.

As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal.
Besides, I heard the banish'd *Norfolk* say,
That thou *Aumerle* didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble Duke at *Calais*.

Aum. Some honest christian trust me with a Gage,
That *Norfolk* lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.

Boling. These Differences shall all rest under gage,
Till *Norfolk* be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be;

And

And though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his seigniories; when he's return'd,
Against *Aumerle* we will enforce his tryal.

Carl. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.
Many a time hath banish'd *Norfolk* fought
For Jesu Christ, in glorious christian field
Streaming the ensign of the christian cross,
Against black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
Then toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To *Italy*, and there at *Venice* gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, Bishop, is *Norfolk* dead?

Carl. Sure as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his soul
To th' bosom of good *Abraham*— Lords appealants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of tryal.

S C E N E II.

Enter York.

York. Great Duke of *Lancaster*, I come to thee
From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high scepter yields
To the possession of thy royal hand.

Ascend his throne, descending now from him,
And long live *Henry*, of that name the Fourth.

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

Carl. Marry, heav'n forbid.

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeching me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble *Richard*; then true nobleness would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his King?
And who sits here that is not *Richard's* subject?

Thieves

Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
 Although apparent guilt be seen in them.
 And shall the figure of God's majesty,
 His captain, steward, deputy elect,
 Anointed, crown'd, and planted many years,
 Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
 And he himself not present? oh, forbid it,
 That in a christian climate, souls refin'd
 Should shew so heinous, black, obscene a deed.
 I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
 Stir'd up by heav'n, thus boldly for his King.
 My lord of *Hereford* here, whom you call King,
 Is a foul traitor to proud *Hereford's* King.
 And if you crown him, let me prophesie,
 The blood of *English* shall manure the ground,
 And future ages groan for this foul act.
 Peace shall go sleep with Turks and Infidels;
 And in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
 Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound.
 Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny
 Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
 The field of *Golgotha*, and dead men's skulls.
 Oh, if you rear this house, against his house,
 It will the wofullest division prove,
 That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
 Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
 Lest children's children cry against you, woe.

North. Well have you argu'd, Sir; and for your pains,
 Of capital treason we arrest you here.

My lord of *Westminster*, be it your charge,
 To keep him safely till his day of tryal.
 May't please you, lords, to grant the commons suit?

Boling. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
 He may surrender: so we shall proceed
 Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct.

[Exit.

Boling. Lords, you that are here under our arrest,
 Procure your sureties for your days of answer:
 Little are we beholden to your love,
 And little look'd for at your helping hands.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Enter King Richard and York.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a King,
 Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
 Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
 T' insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:
 Give sorrow leave a-while, to tutor me
 To this submission. Yet I well remember
 The favours of these men: were they not mine?
 Did they not sometime cry, all hail to me?
 So *Judas* did to *Christ*: but he in twelve,
 Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thousand,
 none. *

To do what service, am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office of thine own good will,
 Which tired Majesty did make thee offer:
 The resignation of thy state and crown.

K. Rich. Give me the crown. Here cousin, seize the
 crown.

Here on this side my hand, on that side thine. *

Now,

* ——— in twelve thousand, none.

God save the King: will no man say, *Amen*,
 Am I both priest and clerk? well then, *Amen*.
 God save the King, although I be not he:
 And yet *Amen*, if heav'n do think him me.
 To do what service, &c.

* ——— on that side thine.

Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
 That owes two buckets, filling one another,
 The emptier ever dancing in the air,
 The other down, unseen and full of water;
 That bucket down, and full of tears am I,
 Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.
Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich.

Now, mark me how I will undo my self;
 I give this heavy weight from off my head,
 And this unwieldy scepter from my hand,
 The pride of kingly sway from out my heart,
 With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
 With mine own hands I give away my crown,
 With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
 With mine own breath release all dutious oaths:
 All pomp and Majesty I do forswear:
 My manors, rents, revenues, I forgo;
 My acts, decrees and statutes I deny:
 God pardon all oaths that are broke to me,
 God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee.
 Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
 And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all atchiev'd.*
 What more remains?

K. Rich. My crown I am, but still my griefs are mine;
 You may my glories, and my state depose,
 But not my griefs; still am I King of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your
 crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up, do not pluck my cares
 down.

My care, is loss of care, by old care done;
 Your care, is gain of care, by new care won.
 The cares I give, I have, though given away;
 They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. Rich. I no; no I, for I must nothing be;
 Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
 Now, mark me, &c.

*—that hast all atchiev'd;
 Long may'st thou live in *Richard's* seat to sit,
 And soon lye *Richard* in an earthy pit.
 God save King *Henry*, unking'd *Richard* says,
 And send him many years of sun-shine days.
 What more, &c.

North. No more; but that you read
These accusations, and these grievous crimes
Committed by your person, and your followers;
Against the state and profit of this land:
That by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out:
My weav'd-up follies? Oh *Northumberland*,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? if thou would'st;
There should'st thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a King,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heav'n;
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait my self,
Though some of you with *Pilate* wash your hands,
Shewing an outward pity; yet you *Pilates*
Have here deliver'd me to my sow'r cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, dispatch; read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears: I cannot see;
And yet salt-water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon my self,
I find my self a traitor with the rest:
For I have given here my soul's consent,
F' undeck the pompous body of a King;
Made glory base; a sovereign, a slave;
Proud Majesty, a subject: state, a peasant.

North. My lord.

K. Rich. No lord of thine, insulting man;
Nor no man's lord: I have no name, no title;
No, not that name was giv'n me at the font,
But 'tis usurp'd. Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now, what name to call my self.
Oh, that I were a mockery King of snow,
Standing before the sun of *Bolingbroke*,

To melt my self away in water drops. *
 Ah if my word be sterling yet in *England*, [To Boling.
 Let it command a mirror hither streight,
 That it may shew me what a face I have,
 Since it is bankrupt of his Majesty.

Boling. Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass.

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend, thou torment'st me, ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord *Northumberland*.

North. The Commons will not then be satisfy'd.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfy'd: I'll read enough,
 When I do see the very book indeed,
 Where all my sins are writ, and that's my self.

Enter one with a glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read:
 No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck
 So many blows upon this face of mine,
 And made no deeper wounds? oh flatt'ring glass,
 Like to my followers in prosperity,
 Thou dost beguile me. Was this face, the face
 That every day under his household-roof
 Did keep ten thousand men? was this the face,
 That like the sun did make beholders wink? *
 How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face!

* — in water-drops.

Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,
 Ah if my, &c.

* — beholders wink?

Is this the face, which fac'd so many follies,
 That was at last out-fac'd by *Bolingbroke*?
 A brittle glory shineth in this face,
 As brittle as the glory is the face,
 For there it is, crackt in an hundred shivers.
 Mark, silent King, the moral of this sport,
 How soon my sorrow, &c.

Boling.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow ! ha, let's see,
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within,
And these external manners of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul.
There lies the substance : and I thank thee, King,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it ?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin ! I am greater than a King ;
For when I was a King my flatterers
Were then but subjects ; being now a subject,
I have a King here to my flatterer :
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have ?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither ?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sight.

Boling. Go some of you, convey him to the Tower. *

On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation : lords, prepare your selves.

[*Ex. all but Abbot, Bishop of Carlisle and Aumerle.*]

S C E N E IV.

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

*——to the Tower.

K. Rich. Oh good ; convey : conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true King's fall.

Boling. On Wednesday, &c.

Bishop

Bishop. The woe's to come, the children yet unborn
all feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergy-men, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament,
To bury mine intents, but to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears.
Come home with me to supper, and I'll lay
A Plot shall shew us all a merry day. [Exeunt]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Continues in London.

Enter Queen and Ladies.

QUEEN.

THIS way the King will come: this is the way
To *Julius Caesar's* ill-erected tow'r,
To whose flint bosom, my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner, by proud *Bolingbroke*.
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true King's Queen.

Enter King Richard and Guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither; yet look up; behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.
O thou the model where old *Troy* did stand,

[To K. Rich]

Thou map of honour, thou King *Richard's* tomb,
And not King *Richard*; thou most beauteous Inn,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,

When

When triumph is become an ale-house guest ?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden : learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shews us but this. I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim Necessity ; and he and I
Will keep a league till death, Hye thee to *France*,
And cloister thee in some religious house ;
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. How, is my *Richard* both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weak ? hath *Bolingbroke* depos'd
Thine intellect ? hath he been in thy heart ?
The Lion dying thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpow'r'd : and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a Lion and a King of beasts ?

K. Rich. A King of beasts indeed ; if ought but beasts,
I had been still a happy King of men.
Good, sometime *Queen*, prepare thee hence for *France* ;
Think I am dead, and that ev'n here thou tak'st,
As from my death bed, my last-living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betide :
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds. *

SCENE

*——— to their beds.

For why ? the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compassion weep the fire out :
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful King.

SCENE—

SCENE II.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My lord, the mind of *Bolingbroke* is chang'd ;
You must to *Pomfret*, not unto the *Tower*.
And, Madam, there is order ta'en for you :
With all swift speed, you must away to *France*.

K. Rich. *Northumberland*, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting *Bolingbroke* ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin-gath'ring head
Shall break into corruption; thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all :
And he shall think, that thou which know'st the way
To plant unrightful Kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from th'usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear ;
That fear to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there's an end;
Take leave and part, for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorce'd? Bad men, ye violate
A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me :
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkiss the oath, 'twixt thee and me :

[To the Queen]

And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.
Part us, *Northumberland* : I, towards the North,
Where shiv'ring cold and sickness pines the clime :
My Queen to *France*; from whence set forth in pomp
She came adorned hither like sweet *May*,
Sent back like *Hallowmas*, or shortest day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?
Banish us both, and send the King with me.

North!

North. That were some love, but little policy *

K. Rich. Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart;
[*They kiss.*]

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,

To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart. [*Kiss again;*
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter York and his Dutcheſs.

Dutch. MY lord, you told me you would tell the rest;
When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two couſins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Dutch. At that ſad ſtop, my lord,
Where rude miſ-govern'd hands, from window-tops,
Threw duſt and rubbiſh on King *Richard's* head.

York. Then as I ſaid, the Duke, great *Bolingbroke*,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery ſteed,
Which his aspiring rider ſeem'd to know,

With

* ——— but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two together weeping, make one woe;
Weep thou for me in *France*; I for thee here:
Better far off, than near, be ne'er the near.

Go, count thy way with ſighs, I mine with groans.

Queen. So longeſt way ſhall have the longeſt moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one ſtep I'll groan, the way being ſhort,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.

Come, come, in wooing ſorrow let's be brief,
Since wedding it, there is ſuch length in grief:
One kiſs ſhall ſtop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, &c.

' With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course :
 ' While all tongues cry'd, God save thee, *Bolingbroke*.
 ' You would have thought the very windows spake,
 ' So many greedy looks of young and old
 ' Through casements darted their desiring eyes
 ' Upon his visage ; and that all the walls
 ' With painted imag'ry had said at once,
 ' *Jesu* preserve thee, welcome *Bolingbroke*.
 ' Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
 ' Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
 ' Bespoke them thus ; I thank you countrymen ;
 ' And thus still doing, thus he past along.
 ' *Dutch*. Alas ! poor *Richard*, where rides he the while ?
 ' *York*. ' As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
 ' After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
 ' Are idly bent on him that enters next,
 ' Thinking his prattle to be tedious :
 ' Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
 ' Did scowle on *Richard* ; no man cry'd, God save him ;
 ' No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home ;
 ' But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,
 ' Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
 ' His face still combating with tears and smiles,
 ' The badges of his grief and patience ;
 ' That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
 ' The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
 ' And barbarism it self have pitied him.
 But heaven hath a hand in these events,
 To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
 To *Bolingbroke* are we sworn subjects now,
 Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Aumerle.

Dutch. Here comes my son *Aumerle*.

York. *Aumerle* that was,

But that is lost for being *Richard's* friend.

And, Madam, you must call him *Rutland* now :

I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,

And lasting fealty in the new-made King.

Dutch.

Dutch. Welcome, my son; who are the Violets now,
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care:
God knows I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time;
Lest you be cropt before you come to prime.

What news from *Oxford*? hold those jousts and triumphs?

Aum. For ought I know, they do.

York. You will be there.

Aum. If God prevent me not, I purpose so.

York. What seal is that that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter then who sees it.

I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of small consequence,

Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, Sir, I mean to see,
I fear, I fear.

Dutch. What should you fear, my lord?

'Tis nothing but some bond he's enter'd into,
For gay apparel, against the triumph.

York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? wife, thou art a fool.
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew
it.

York. I will be satisfied, let me see it, I say.

[Snatches it, and reads.]

Treason! foul treason! villain, traitor, slave!

Dutch. What's the matter, my lord?

York. Ho, who's within there? saddle my horse.
Heav'n for his mercy! what treachery is here?

Dutch. Why, what is't, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I say: saddle my horse;
Now by my honour, my life, my troth
I will appeach the villain.

Dutch. What is the matter?

York. Peace, foolish woman.

Dutch. I will not peace: what is the matter, son?

Aum.

Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.

Dutch. Thy life answer!

S C E N E V.

Enter Servant with Boots.

York. Bring me my boots. I will unto the King.

Dutch. Strike him, *Aumerle*. (Poor boy thou art a-maz'd.)

Hence, villain, never more come in my sight.

[*Speaking to the servant.*]

York. Give me my boots.

Dutch. Why, *York*, what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?

Have we more sons? or are we like to have?

Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,

And rob me of a happy mother's name?

Is not he like thee? Is not he thine own?

York. Thou fond mad woman,

Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?

A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,

And interchangeably have set their hands,

To kill the King at *Oxford*.

Dutch. He shall be none:

We'll keep him here; then what is that to him?

York. Away, fond woman: were he twenty times
My son, I would appeach him.

Dutch. Hadst thou groan'd for him

As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful:

But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect

That I have been disloyal to thy bed,

And that he is a bastard, not thy son:

Sweet *York*, sweet husband, be not of that mind:

He is as like thee as a man may be,

Nor like to me, nor any of my kin,

And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman.

Dutch. After, *Aumerle*, mount thee upon his horse.

[*Exit.*]

Spur

Spur post, and get before him to the King,
 And beg thy pardon, ere he do accuse thee.
 I'll not be long behind: though I be old,
 I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
 And never will I rise up from the ground,
 Till *Bolingbroke* have pardon'd thee. Away. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI,

Changes in Oxford.

Enter Bolingbroke, Percy, and other Lords.

Boling. CAN no man tell of my unthrifty son?
 'Tis full three months since I did see him last.
 If any plague hang over us, 'tis he:
 I would to heav'n, my lords, he might be found.
 Inquire at *London*, 'mongst the taverns there:
 For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
 With unrestrained loose companions:
 Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
 And rob our watch, and beat our passengers.
 While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
 Takes on the point of honour, to support
 So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the Prince,
 And told him of these triumphs held at *Oxford*.

Boling. And what said the galant?

Percy. His answer was; he would unto the stewes,
 And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
 And wear it as a favour, and with that
 He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute as desp'rate, yet through both
 I see some sparks of hope, which elder days
 May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King?

Boling. What means our cousin, that he stares
 And looks so wildly?

Aum. God save your grace. I do beseech your Ma-
 jesty

To

To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw your selves, and leave us here alone.
What is the matter with our cousin now ?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth. [*Kneels*]
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rife or speak.

Boling. Intended or committed was this fault ?
If but the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till the tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire. [*York within.*]

York. My Liege beware, look to thy self,
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe.

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand, thou hast no cause
to fear.

York. Open the door, secure fool hardy King:
Shall I for love speak treason to thy face ?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

S C E N E VII.

Enter York.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle ? speak, take breath.
Tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The reason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember as thou read'st, thy promise past :
I do repent me, read not my name there,
My heart is not confed'rate with my hand.

York. Villain, it was, ere thy hand set it down
I tore it from the traytor's bosom, King ;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence ;
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy !
O loyal father of a treach'rous son !
Thou clear, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream, through muddy passages

Hath had his current, and defil'd himself.
Thy overflow of good converts to bad,
And thine abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd,
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame;
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers gold.
Mine honour lives, when his dishonour dies:
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life, giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

[*Dutchess within.*]

Dutch. What no, my Liege, for heav'n's sake let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager
cry?

Dutch. A woman, and thine aunt, great King, 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door.
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.*

Boling. My dang'rous cousin, let your mother in,
I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins for his forgiveness prosper may;
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest is found:
This let alone, will all the rest confound.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Dutchess.

Dutch. O King, believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love, loving not it self, none other can.

York. Thou tranck woman, what dost thou do here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Dutch. Sweet *York*, be patient; hear me, gentle Liege,
[*Kneels.*]

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Dutch. Not yet, I thee beseech;
For ever will I kneel upon my knees, And

* ——— begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to the beggar and the King:

Boling. My dangerous cousin, &c.

And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy, until thou bid me joy.
By pard'ning *Rusland*, my transgressing boy.

Aun. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee.

{*Kneels.*

York. Against them both, my true joints bended be.

{*Kneels.*

Ill may'ft thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Dutch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;
His eyes drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
He prays but faintly, and would be deny'd;
We pray with heart and soul, and all beside.
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow.
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy,
Ours of true zeal, and deep integrity;
Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them crave
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt stand up.

Dutch. Nay, do not say stand up,
But pardon first, say afterwards stand up.
And if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now:
Say, pardon, King, let pity teach thee how. *

D 3

Boling.

*———teach thee how,

The word is short, but not so short as sweet,
No word like pardon, for Kings mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in *French*, King, say *Pardonnez moy*:

Dutch. Dost thou teach pardon, pardon to destroy?

Ah my sow'r husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That sets the word it self against the word.
Speak pardon, as 'tis current in our land,
The chopping *French* we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there:
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee, pardon to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, &c.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Dutch. I do not sue to stand;

Pardon is all the fait I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as heav'n shall pardon me.

Dutch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!

Yet I am sick for fear; speak it again:

Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain,

But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart

I pardon him.

Dutch. A God on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law, the Abbot,

With all the rest of that conformed crew,

Destruccion streight shall dog them at the heels.

Good uncle, help to order several powers

To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are. *

SCENE IX.

Enter Exton and a Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the King, what words
he spake?

“Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?
Was it not so?”

Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. Have I no friend? quoth he; he spake it
twice,

And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton.

*——traitors are.

They shall not live within this world. I swear;

But I will have them, if I once know where.

Uncle farewell, and cousin adieu;

Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Dutch. Come my old son, I pray heav'n make thee
new.

King RICHARD II. 79

Exton. And speaking it, he wisely look'd on me,
As who should say, I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart?
Meaning the King at *Pomfret*. Come, let's go:
I am the King's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE X.

A Prison at Pomfret Castle.

Enter King Richard.

I Have been studying how to compare
This prison where I live, unto the world;
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but my self,
I cannot do it, yet I'll hammer on't.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul, the father; and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts;
And these same thoughts people this little world;
In humour, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
(As thoughts of things divine) are intermixt
With scruples, and do set the word it self
Against the word; as thus; *Come little ones*; and then
again,

*It is as hard to come, as for a Camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.*
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders; how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison-walls:
And for they cannot die in their own pride,
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,
'That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
'And shall not be the last. Like silly beggars

Who

- Who sitting in the Rocks, refuge their shame,
- That many have, and others must sit there;
- And in this thought, they find a kind of ease,
- Bearing their own misfortune on the back.
- Of such as have before endur'd the like.
- Thus play I in one prison, many people,
- ~~And none contented.~~ Sometimes am I King,
- Then treason makes me with my self a beggar,
- And so I am. Then crushing penury
- Perswades me, I was better when a King;
- Then am I king'd again, and by and by,
- Think that I am unking'd by *Bolingbroke*,
- And streight am nothing——but what-e'er I am,
- Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
- With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
- With being nothing——Music do I hear? [*Musick*]

Ha, ha; keep time: how slow'r sweet music is
 When time is broke, and no proportion kept?
 So is it in the music of men's lives.

And here have I the daintiness of ear,
 To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
 But for the concord of my state and time,
 Had not an ear to hear my true time broke:
 I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
 For now hath time made me his numbring clock:
 My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar,
 Their watches to mine eyes, the outward watch;
 Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
 Now, Sir, the sounds that tell what hour it is,
 Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
 Which is the bell; so sighs, and tears, and groans,
 Shew minutes, hours, and times——O but my time
 Runs posting on, in *Bolingbroke's* proud joy,
 While I stand fooling here, his jack o'th' clock.
 This music mads me, let it sound no more;
 For though it have help'd mad men to their wits,
 In me it seems, it will make wise men mad,
 Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me,
 For 'tis a sign of love; and love to *Richard*
 Is a strange brooch, in this all-hating world.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

*Enter Groom.**Groom.* Hail, royal Prince. **K. Rich.* What art? how com'st thou hither?
Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?*Groom.* I was a poor groom of thy stable, King,
When thou wert King; who travelling tow'ards York,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my, sometime, master's face.O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld
In London streets, that coronation day;
When *Bolingbroke* rode on Roan Barbary,
That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse, that I so carefully have dress'd.*K. Rich.* Rode he on Barbary? tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?*Groom.* So proudly as he had disdain'd the ground.*K. Rich.* So proud that *Bolingbroke* was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have a fall) and break the neck
Of that proud man, that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse; why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse,
And yet I bear a burthen like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd by jaunting *Bolingbroke*.

SCENE

*——royal Prince.

K. Rich. Thanks, noble Peer.
The cheapest of us, is ten groats too dear,
What art thou? and how com'st, &c.

SCENE XII.

Enter Keeper with a dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

[To the Groom.]

K. Rich. If thou love me, tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. *[Exit.]*

Keep. My lord, wilt please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou wert wont to do

Keep. My lord, I dare not; for Sir Pierce of Exton, who late came from the King, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The Dev'l take Henry of Lancaster, and thee. Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. *[Bears the Keeper.]*

Keep. Help, help, help.

Enter Exton and Servants.

K. Rich. How now! what means death in this rude assault?

Wretch, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument; *[Snatching a Sword.]*

Go thou, and fill another room in hell. *[Kills another.]*
Exton strikes him down.

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person: thy fierce hand
Hath with the King's blood stain'd the King's own land.
Mount, mount my soul, thy seat is up on high,
Whilst my gross flesh falls downward, here to die.

[Dies.]

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood,
Both have I spilt: Oh would the deed were good!
For now the devil that told me I did well,
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead King to the living King I'll bear;
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

King RICHARD II.

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SCENE XIII.

SCENE changes.

Flourish: Enter Bolingbroke, York, with other Lords
and attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear,
Is that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Cicester in Gloucestershire;
But whether they be ta'en or slain, we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome, my lord: what is the news?

North. First to thy sacred state with I all happiness;
The next news is, I have to London sent
The heads of Sal'sbury, Spencer, Blunt and Kent;
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.

[Presenting a paper.

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains,
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter Fitz-water.

Fitzw. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Broccas, and Sir Bennet Seely;
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,
That fought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitz-water, shall not be forgot.
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy and the Bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience, and four melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave:

But



King RICHARD II.

But here is *Carlisle*, living to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. *Carlisle*, this is your doom :

Chuse out some secret place, some reverend room
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life ;
So as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife.
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee I have seen.

Enter Exton with a coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this coffin I present
Thy bury'd fear. Herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. *Exton* I thank thee not, for thou hast wrought
A deed of slaughter with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my Lord, did I this
deed.

Boling. They love not poison, that do poison need ;
Nor do I thee, though I did wish him dead ;
I hate the murth'rer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour.
With *Cain* go wander through the shade of night,
And never shew thy head by day, or light.
Lords, I protest my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow.
Come mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent :
I'll make a voyage to the Holy-land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.
March sadly after, grace my mourning here,
In weeping over this untimely bier. [Exeunt omnes,



I S.





P. Pourdrinier scul.

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The FIRST PART of
HENRY IV.
WITH THE
LIFE and DEATH
OF
HENRY *Sirnamed* HOT-SPUR.

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. TONSON, and the rest of the
PROPRIETORS; and sold by the Booksellers
of *London and Westminster.*

M B C C X X X I V .



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A D V E R T I S E M E N T .

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Dramatis Personæ:

KING Henry the Fourth,
Henry, Prince of Wales, } *Sons to the King.*
John, Prince of Lancaster, }

Worcester,
Northumberland,
Hot-spur,
Mortimer,
Archbishop of York, } *Enemies to the King.*

Dowglas,
Owen Glendower,
Sir Richard Vernon,
Sir Mitchell,
Westmorland, } *of the King's Party.*
Sir Walter Blunt,
Sir John Falstaff.

Poins,
Gads-hill, } *Companions* *Falstaff.*
Peto,
Bardolph, }

Lady Percy, Wife to Hot-spur.

Lady Mortimer, Daughter to Glendower, and Wife to
Mortimer.

Hofstet,

Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers,
Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE, ENGLAND.

The



The FIRST PART of

HENRY IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

LONDON.

Enter King Henry, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmorland and others.

King HENRY.



O shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new
broils

To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall * dawb her lips with her own children's blood:
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces. Those oppos'd eyes
Which like the meteors of a troubled heav'n,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,

Did

* damp.

A 3.

Did lately meet in the intestine shock
 And furious close of civil butchery,
 Shall now in mutual well beseeming ranks
 March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
 Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
 The edge of War, like an ill-sheathed knife,
 No more shall cut his Master. Therefore, friends,
 As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
 (Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
 We are impressed, and engag'd to fight)
 Forthwith a power of *English* shall we levy;
 Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb,
 To chase these Pagans, in those holy fields
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
 Which fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
 For our advantage on the bitter Cross,
 But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
 And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:
 Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear,
 Of you my gentle cousin *Westmorland*;
 What yesternight our council did decree,
 In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My Liege, this haste was hot in question,
 And many limits of the charge set down
 But yesternight: when all athwart there came
 A post from *Wales*, loaden with heavy news;
 Whose worst was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
 Leading the men of *Herefordshire* to fight
 Against th' irregular and wild *Glendower*,
 Was by the rude hands of that *Welshman* taken;
 A thousand of his people butchered,
 Upon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
 Such beastly, shameless transformation,
 By those *Welshwomen* done, as may not be
 Without much shame, † re-told or spoken of.

K. Henry. It seems then that the tidings of this broil
 Brake off our business for the holy land.

West. This, matcht with other like, my gracious lord;
 Far more uneven and unwelcome news

Came

† be told.

Came from the North, and thus it did * import.
 On holy-rood day, the gallant *Hot-spur* there
 Young *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archibald*
 That ever valiant and approved *Scots*,
 At *Holmedon* spent a sad and bloody hour.
 As by discharge of their artillery
 And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
 For he that brought it, in the very heat
 And pride of their contention, did take horse,
 Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Henry. Here is a dear and true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
 Stain'd with the variation of each soil,
 Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this seat of ours:
 And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news,
 The Earl of *Dowglas* is discomfited,
 Ten thousand bold *Scots*, two and twenty Knights
 Balk'd in their own blood did *Sir Walter* see
 On *Holmedon's* plains. Of prisoners, *Hot-spur* took
Mordake the Earl of *Fife*, and eldest son
 To beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earls of *Arbol*,
 Of *Murry*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*.
 And is not this an Honourable spoil?
 A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

Wesl. In faith, a conquest for a Prince to boast of.

K. Henry. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st
 me sin,

In envy, that my lord *Northumberland*
 Should be the father of so blest a son:
 A son, who is the theam of honour's tongue:
 Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant,
 Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her Pride:
 Whilst I by looking on the praise of him,
 See riot and dishonour stain the brow
 Of my young *Harry*. O could it be prov'd,
 That some night-tripping Fairy had chang'd
 In cradle clothes, our children where they lay,
 And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*;
 Then would I have his *Harry*, and he mine.

A 4

But

* report.

But let him from my thoughts. What think you cousin,

Of this young *Percy's* Pride? the prisoners
Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,
To his own use he keeps, and sends me word
I shall have none but *Mordake* Earl of *Fife*.

West This is his uncle's teaching, this is *Worcester*,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Henry. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And for this cause a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to *Jerusalem*.

Cousin, on *Wednesday* next, our council we
Will hold at *Windsor*, so inform the lords:
But come your self with speed to us again;
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my Liege.

[*Exeunt*.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, and Sir John Falstaff,

Fal. NOW *Hal*, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Henry. Thou art so far witted with drinking old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches in the afternoon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the Day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed Sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata. I see no reason why thou should'st be so superfluous, to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed you come near me now, *Hal*. For we that
take purses, go by the Moon and seven stars, and not by
Phœbus,

King HENRY IV. 9

Phœbus, he, that wandring knight so fair. And I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art King — as God save thy grace, (Majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none.) —

P. Henry. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be Prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Henry. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry then, sweet wag, when thou art King, let not us that are squires of the night's body, be call'd thieves of the day's beauty. Let us be *Diana's* foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the Moon; and let men say, we be men of good government, being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the Moon, under whose countenance we — steal.

P. Henry. Thou sayst well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the Moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea, being govern'd as the sea is, by the Moon. As for proof, now: A purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on *Monday* night, and most dissolutely spent on *Tuesday* morning; got with swearing, * *lay by*; and spent with crying, *bring in*: now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and by and by in as high a flow as the † ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the lord thou say'st true, lad; and is not mine hostess of the Tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Henry. As the honey of *Hibla*, my old lad of the castle; and is not a buff-jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now mad wag, what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff-jerkin?

P. Henry. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Henry. Did I ever call thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

A 5

P. Henry.

* *laid by.*

† *tide.*

The First Part of

P. Henry. Yea and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch, and where it would not I have us'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so us'd it, that were it not here apparent, that thou art heir apparent — But I pr'ythee sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in *England* when thou art King? and resolution thus scabb'd as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antick, the law? Do not thou when thou art a King, hang a thief.

P. Henry. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! I'll be a brave judge.

P. Henry. Thou judgest false already: I mean thou shall have the hanging of thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, *Hal*, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Henry. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood I am as melancholy as a gib-cat, or a lugg'd bear.

P. Henry. Or an old Lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a *Lincolnshire* bagpipe.

P. Henry. What say'st thou to a Hare or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unfavoury families, and art indeed the most comparative, rascaldest, sweet young Prince — But *Hal*, I pr'ythee trouble me no more with vanity, I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, Sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wisely, and in the street too.

P. Henry. * Thou didst well, for wisdom cries out in the street, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm unto me, *Hal*, God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee, *Hal*, I knew nothing, and now I am, if a man should

* *thou didst well, for no man regards it.*

King HENRY IV. II

should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over by the lord; an I do not, I am a villain. I'll be damn'd for never a King's son in christendom.

P. Henry. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Henry. I see a good amendment of life in thee, from praying to purse-taking.

Fal. Why Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal. 'Tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

SCENE III.

Enter Poins.

Poins. Now shall we know if *Gads-hill* have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? this is the most omnipotent villain that ever cry'd, stand, to a true man.

P. Henry. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur remorse? what says Sir John sack and sugar? Jack! how agree the devil and thou about thy soul, that thou soldest him on *Good Friday* last, for a cup of *Madera*, and a cold capon's leg.

P. Henry. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs; He will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Henry. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poins. But my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four a clock early at *Gads-hill*; there are pilgrims going to *Canterbury* with rich offerings, and traders riding to *London* with fat purses. I have vizards for you all; you have horses for your selves: *Gads-hill* lies to-night in *Rochester*,

I have

I have bespoke supper to-morrow in *East-cheap*; we may do it as secure as sleep: if you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye *Yedward*, if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

P. Henry. Who? I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee; thou cam'st not of the blood-royal, if thou dar'st not cry, stand for ten shillings.

P. Henry. Well then, once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why that's well said.

P. Henry. Well come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the lord I'll be a traitor then, when thou art King.

P. Henry. I care not.

Poins. Sir *John*, I pr'ythee leave the Prince and me alone, I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speak'st may move, and what he hears may be believ'd; that the true Prince may, for recreation's sake, prove a false chief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewel, you shall find me in *East-cheap*.

P. Henry. Farewel † thou latter spring. Farewel all-hallown summer.

[*Exit Fal.*

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow. I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. *Falstaff*, *Harvey*, *Rossil*, and *Gads-bill*, shall rob these men that we have already way-laid; your self and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Henry.

† *the.*

King HENRY IV.

13

P. Henry. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner atchiev'd, but we'll set upon them.

P. Henry. Ay but 'tis like they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be our selves.

Poins. Tut, our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our Vizards we will change after we leave them; and sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Henry. But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fights longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper; how thirty at least he fought with, what † wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the repfoof of this, lies the jest.

P. Henry. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in *Eastcheap*; there I'll sup. Farewel.

Poins. Farewel, my lord.

[Exit Poins.]

P. Henry. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness;
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world;
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wisht-for come,

And

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King HENRY IV. 13

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By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wisht-for come,

And

† words.

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents,
 So when this loose behaviour I throw off,
 And pay the debt I never promised;
 By how much better then my word I am,
 By so much shall I falsify mens hopes;
 And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
 My reformation glittering o'er my fault
 Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
 Than that which hath no * foil to set it off.
 I'll so offend, to make offence a skill,
 Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

K. Henry. **M**Y blood hath been too cold and temperate.

Unapt to stir at these indignities;
 And you have found me; for accordingly
 You tread upon my patience: but be sure,
 I will from henceforth rather be my self,
 Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my Condition,
 Which hath been smooth as oyl, soft as young down,
 And therefore lost that title of respect,
 Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign Liege, little deserves
 The scourge of greatness to be used on it,
 And that same Greatness too, which our own hands
 Have help'd to make so portly.

North. My good lord ———

K. Henry. *Worcester* get thee gone, for I do see
 Danger and disobedience in thine eye.

O Sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
 And Majesty might never yet endure
 The moody frontier of a servant brow,
 You have good leave to leave us. When we need

Your

Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

You were about to speak. [Exit Worcester.
[To Northumberland.

North. Yes, my good Lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmedon* took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength deny'd
As was deliver'd to your Majesty.

* Or envy therefore, or misprision,
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hor. My Liege, I did deny no prisoners.

But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extream toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword;
• Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd :
• Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new-reap'd
• Shew'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home.
• He was perfum'd like a milliner,
• And 'twixt his Finger and his Thumb, he held
• A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
• He gave his nose : ‡ and still he smil'd and talk'd
• And as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,
• He call'd them untaught Knaves, unmannerly,
• To bring a slovenly, unhandsome coarse
• Betwixt the wind, and his nobility.
• With many holiday and lady terms
• He question'd me : amongst the rest, demanded
• My prisoners, in your Majesty's behalf ;
• I, then all-smarting with my wounds being cold,
• To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
• Out of my grief, and my impatience,
• Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what ;

• He

* ——— nose, and took't away again ;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff. ——— And still he smil'd, &c.

‡ *Whoever through envy or misprision
Was guilty of this fault, 'twas not my son.*

' He should or should not; for he made me mad,
 ' To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 ' And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
 ' Of guns, and drums, and wounds; (God save the
 mark!)
 ' And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
 ' Was *Parmacity*, for an inward bruise;
 ' And that it was great pity, so it was,
 ' This villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
 ' Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 ' Which many a good, tall Fellow had destroy
 ' So cowardly: And but for these vile guns,
 ' He would himself have been a soldier.

This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord;
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said;

And I beseech you, let not this report
 Come currant for an accusation,
 Betwixt my love and your high Majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
 Whatever *Harry Percy* then had said,
 To such a Person, and in such a place,
 At such a time, with all the rest retold,
 May reasonably die and never rise
 To do him wrong, or any way impeach
 What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Henry. Why yet he doth deny his prisoners,
 But with proviso and exception,
 That we at our own charge shall ransom strait
 His brother-in-law, the foolish *Mortimer*,
 Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
 The lives of those, that he did lead to fight,
 Against the great magician, damn'd *Glendower*;
 Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of *March*
 Hath lately marry'd. Shall our coffers then
 Be empty'd, to redeem a traitor home?
 Shall we buy treason? and * indent with fears,
 When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
 No; on the barren mountains let him starve;
 For, I shall never hold that man my friend,

Whose

* indent, for *article, bargain*.

King HENRY IV.

17

Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted *Mortimer*.

Hot. Revolted *Mortimer*?

He never did fall off, my sovereign Liege,
But by the chance of war; to prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue, for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle *Severn's* sedgey Bank,
In single opposition hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower* :
Three-times they breath'd, and three times did they
drink,

Upon agreement, of swift *Severn's* flood;
Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp'd head in the hollow bank,
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants,
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor ever could the noble *Mortimer*
Receive so many and all willingly.
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Henry. Thou dost bely him, *Percy*, thou bestest
him;

He never did encounter with *Glendower*;
He durst as well have met the Devil alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an Enemy.
Art not ashamed? but sirrah, from this hour
Let me not hear you speak of *Mortimer*.
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. Lord *Northumberland*,
We licence your departure with your son.
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exit K: Henry?*]

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them. I will after strait,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart.

Although

Although it be with hazard of my head. [a-while,
North. What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause
 Here comes your uncle.

Enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of *Mortimer*?

Yes, I will speak of him, and let my soul
 Want mercy, if I do not join with him.
 In his behalf, I'll empty all these veins,
 And shed my dear blood drop by drop in dust;
 But I will lift the downfall'n *Mortimer*
 As high i'th'Air as this unthankful King,
 As this ingrate and cankred *Bolingbroke*.

North. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew
 mad. [To Worcester.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my Prisoners:
 And when I urg'd the ransom once again
 Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
 And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
 Trembling ev'n at the name of *Mortimer*.

Wor. I cannot blame him; was he not proclaim'd
 By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was: I heard the proclamation;
 And then it was, when the unhappy King
 (Whose wrongs in us, God pardon) did set forth
 Upon his *Irish* expedition;
 From whence he intercepted did return
 To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's wide
 mouth,
 Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But soft, I pray you; did King *Richard* then
 Proclaim my brother *Mortimer*
 Heir to the Crown?

North. He did; my self did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin King,
 That wish'd him on the barren mountains stay'd.
 But shall it be, that you that set the crown

Upon

Upon the head of this forgetful man,
 And for his sake wear the detested blot
 Of murd'rous † subornation? shall it be,
 That you a world of curses undergo,
 Being the agents or base second means,
 The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
 O pardon me, that I descend so low,
 To shew the line and the predicament
 Wherein you range under this subtle King.
 Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
 Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
 That men of your nobility and power
 Ingag'd them both in an unjust behalf;
 (As both of you, God pardon it, have done,)
 To put down *Richard*, that sweet lovely rose,
 And plant this thorn, this Canker *Bolinbroke*?
 And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
 That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
 By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
 No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
 Your banish'd honours, and restore your selves
 Into the good thoughts of the world again.
 Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
 Of this proud King, who studies day and night
 To answer all the debt he owes unto you,
 Ev'n with the bloody payments of your deaths:
 Therefore I say —————

Wor. Peace, Cousin, say no more,
 And now I will unclasp a secret book,
 And to your quick * conceiving discontents,
 I'll read you matter, deep and dangerous,
 As full of peril and adventurous spirit,
 As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud,
 On the unstedfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good-night, or sink or swim:
 Send Danger from the east unto the west,
 So Honour cross it from the north to south;
 And let them grapple. O! the blood more stirs
 To rouse a Lion, than to start a Hare.

North.

† *subordinations.*

* *conveying.*

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of Patience.

Hot. By heav'n, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd Moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fadom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without co-rival, all her dignities.

But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots:

That are your prisoners —

Hot. I'll keep them all.

By heav'n, he shall not have a *Scot* of them:
No, if a *Scot* would save his Soul, he shall not,
I'll keep them by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes,
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. I will; that's flat:

He said he would not ransom *Mortimer*:
Forbad my tongue to speak of *Mortimer*:
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla, *Mortimer*!
Nay, I will have a Starling taught to speak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin: a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this *Bolingbroke*:
And that same sword-and-buckler-Prince of *Wales*,
(But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,)
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewel, my kinsman; I will talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North.

North. Why what a wasp-tongu'd and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

Hot. Why look you, I am whipt and scourg'd with
rods,

Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician *Bolingbroke*:
In *Richard's* time — what do ye call the place? —
A plague upon't — it is in *Glo'stershire* —
'Twas where the mad-cap Duke his uncle kept —
His uncle *York* — where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this King of smiles this *Bolingbroke*:
When you and he came back from *Raven'spurgh*.

North. At *Barkley* castle.

Hot. You say true:

Why what a deal of † candied courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, when his *infant fortune came to age* —
And *gentle Harry Percy* — and *kind cousin* —
The devil take such cozeners — God forgive me —
Good uncle tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again,
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done i'faith.

Wor. Then once more to your *Scottish* prisoners.
Deliver them without their ransom strait,
And make the *Dowglas' son* your only mean
For pow'rs in *Scotland*? which for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assured
Will easily be granted you, my lord,
Your son in *Scotland* being thus employ'd
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well-belov'd,
Th' Archbishop.

Hot. *York*, is't not?

Wor. True, who bears hard
His brother's death at *Bristol*, the lord *Scroop*.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know

Is

† *gandy*.

Is ruminated, plotted and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it : on my life it will do well.

North. Before the Game's a-foot, thou still lett'st slip.

Hot. It cannot choose but be a noble Plot,
And then the power of *Scotland*, and of *York*
To join with *Mortimer* ; ha !

Wor. So they shall,

Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed
To save our heads, by raising of a head :
For bear our selves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our debt,
And think we deem our selves unsatisfy'd
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does ; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further go in this
Than I by Letters shall direct your course ;
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
I'll steal to *Glendower*, and Lord *Mortimer*,
Where you, and *Dowglas*, and our powers at once,
(As I will fashion it) shall happily meet,
To bear our Fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewel, good brother, we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu : O let the hours be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud out sport.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

An INN.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanthorn in his Hand.

I CARRIER?



EIGH ho, an't be not four by the day
I'll be hang'd: *Charles's wain* is over the
new chimney, and yet our horse not
packt. What, Ostler?

Ost. Anon, anon.

1 Car. I pr'ythe *Tom*, beat *Cutts's* saddle,
put a few flocks in the point: the poor jade is wrung
in the withers, out of all cefs.

Enter another Carrier.

2 Car. Pease and beans are as † dank here as a dog,
and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this
house is turn'd upside down, since *Robin Ostler* dy'd.

1 Car. Poor fellow never joy'd since the price of oats
rose, it was the death of him.

2 Car. I think this is the most villainous house in all
London road for Fleas: I am stung like a Tench.

1 Car. Like a Tench? by th'*Mafs* there's ne'er a King
in *Christendom* could be better bit, than I have been
since the first cœk.

2 Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jourden, and
then we leak in your chimsey: and your chamberlie
breeds fleas like a Loach.

1 Car.

† dank, i. e. wet and rotten.

1 *Car.* What, ostler, come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger, to be deliver'd as far as *Charing-Cross*.

1 *Car.* 'Odebody, the Turkies in my panniers are quite starv'd. What ostler? a plagüe on thee; hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? an't were not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain. Come and be hang'd, hast thou no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads. Good-morrow carriers. What's a clock?

Car. I think it be two a clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee lend me thy lanthorn, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft I pray ye, I know a trick worth two of that i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? can't tell? lend me thy lanthorn a' marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. Sirrah, carrier, what time do you mean to come to *London*?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour *Mugges*, we'll call up the gentlemen, they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exe. Carriers.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Chamberlain.

Gads. What ho, chamberlain?

Chamb. At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair, as at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving directions doth from labouring. Thou lay'st the plot how?

Chamb.

King HENRY IV. 25

Chamb. Good-morrow master *Gads-hill*, it holds current, that I told you yesternight. There's a Franklin in the wild of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold; I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what: they are up already, and call for eggs and butter. They will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with † *St. Nicholas*' clarks, I'll give thee this neck.

Chamb. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee keep that for the hangman, for I know thou worshipp'st *St. Nicholas* as truly as a man of falshood may.

Gads. What talkst thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows. For if I hang, old *Sir John* hangs with me, and thou know'st he's no starveling. Tut, there are other *Trojans* that thou dream'st not of, the which, for sport-sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am join'd with no foot-land-rakers, no long-staff six-penny-strikers, none of those mad Mustachio-purple-hu'd malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity; burgomasters, and great * one-eyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak; and speak sooner than drink; and drink sooner than pray; and yet I lye, for they pray continually unto their saint the common-wealth: or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Chamb. What, the common-wealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquor'd her. We steal, as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of Fern-seed, we walk invisible.

B

Chamb.

† *A cant-word for the devil, old-nick.*

* *Perhaps, Oneraries, Trustees or Commissioners. Or cunning men that look sharp, and aim well, Metaph.*

Chamb. Nay, I think rather, you are more beholden to the night, than the Fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand : thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Chamb. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to, *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewel, ye muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The High-way.

Enter Prince Henry, Poins and Peto.

Poins. **C**OME, shelter, shelter; I have removed *Falstaff's* horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

P. Henry. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. *Poins, Poins,* and be hang'd, *Poins!*

P. Henry. Peace ye fat-kidney'd rascal, what a bawling dost thou keep?

Fal. What, *Poins?* *Hal,*

P. Henry. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill, I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that thief's company; the rascal hath remov'd my horse, and ty'd him I know not where. If I travel but four-foot by the square farther afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty year, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd,

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hang'd, it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.
Poins! *Hal!* a plague upon you both. *Bardolph!* *Peto!*
 I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as
 good a deed as to drink, to turn true man, and to leave
 these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed
 with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is three-
 score and ten Miles afoot with me; and the stopy-hearted
 villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when
 thieves cannot be true to one another. [*They whistle*]
 Whew, a plague upon you all. Give me my horse; you
 rogues, give me my horse, and be hang'd.

P. Henry. Peace ye fat guts; lie down. lay thine ear
 close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread
 of travellers.

Fal. Have you any leavers to list me up again, be-
 ing down? Blood I'll not bear mine own flesh so far
 afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer.
 What a plague mean ye, to colt me thus?

P. Henry. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art
 uncolted.

Fal. I pry'thee, good Prince *Hal*, help me to my
 horse, good King's son.

P. Henry. Out you rogue, shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent
 garters; if I be taken, I'll peach for this; an I have
 not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes,
 let a cup of sack be my poison; when a jest is so
 forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill, and Bardolph.

Gads. Stand,

Fal. So I do against my will.

Poins, O 'tis our setter, I know his voice:

Bardolph, what news?

Bard. Cas eye, cas eye: on with your vizards; there's
 money of the King's coming down the hill, 'tis going
 to the King's Exchequer.

B 2

Fal.

Fal. You lie, you rogue, 'tis going to the King's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Henry. You four shall front them in the narrow lane: *Ned Poins* and I will walk lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Zounds, will they not rob us?

P. Henry. What a coward, Sir *John Paunch*?

Fal. Indeed I am not *John of Gaunt*, your grandfather; but yet no coward, *Hal*.

P. Henry. Well, we'll leave that to the pro of.

Poins. Sirrah, *Jack*, thy horse stands behind the hedge, when thou need'st him, there shalt thou find him; farewell, and stand fast.)

Fal. Now cannot I strike him if I should be hang'd.

P. Henry. *Ned*, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here hard by: stand close.

Fal. Now my Masters, happy man be his dole say I: every man to his business.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Travellers.

Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk a foot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand,

Trav. Jesu blefs us!

Fal. Strike; down with them, cut the villains throats; ah! whorson caterpillars; bacon-fed-knaves, they hate us youth; down with them, fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied knaves, are you undone? no, ye fat chuffs, I would your store were here. On bacons,

on.

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en! what ye knaves? young men must live; you are grand jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye i'faith.

[Here they rob and bind them: Exeunt.]

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Henry. The thieves have bound the true-men: now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Enter Thieves again.

Fal. Come my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day; and the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring. There's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild Duck.

P. Henry. Your money.

Poins. Villains.

[As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. They all run away, and Falstaff after a blow or two runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.]

P. Henry. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The Thieves are scatter'd and possess't with fear
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Now Falstaff (sweats to death,)

And lards the lean earth as he walks along:

Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd!

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Lord Percy's House.

Enter Hotspur solus, reading a letter.

BUT for mine own part my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your House. He could be contented to be there; why is he not then? in respect of the love he bears our house: he shews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous.* Why that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safely. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you have named uncertain, the time it self unsorted, and your whole plot too light; for the counterpoize of so great an opposition.* Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lye. What a lack-brain is this? By the lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and my self, Lord Edmond Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not beside, the Dowglas? have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are there not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan rascal is this? an infidel. Ha! you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide my self, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimm'd milk with so honourable an action. Hang him, let him
tell

tell the King. We are prepared, I will set forward to-night.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, *Kate*! I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence have I this fortnight been A banish'd woman from my *Harry's* bed? Tell me, sweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep? Why dost thou bend thy eyes upon the earth? And start so often when thou sit'st alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks? And given thy treasures and my rights of thee, To thick-ey'd musing, and curst melancholy! In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watcht, And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars; Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed; Cry, Courage! to the field! and thou hast talk'd Of sallies and retires; of trenches, tents, Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets; Of ballisks, of cannon, culverin; Of prisoners ransom, and of soldiers slain, And all the current of a heady fight. Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war, And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep, That Beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow, Lik bubbles in a late disturbed stream: And in thy face strange morions have appear'd, Such as we see when men restrain their breath, On some great sudden haste. O what portents are these?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand, And I must know it; else he loves me not.

Hos. What ho, is *Gilliams* with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hos. Hath *Butler* brought those horses from the Sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought ev'n now.

Hos. What horse? a roan, a crop ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hos. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him strait. O *Esperance*!

Bid *Butler* lead him forth into the park.

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hos. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hos. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out you mad-headed ape! A weasel hath not
Such a deal of spleen as you are tost with.

In faith I'll know your business, that I will.

I fear my brother *Mortimer* doth stir

About his title, and hath sent for you

To line his enterprize, but if you go —

Hos. — So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you *Paraquito*, answer me
Directly to this question, I shall ask.

I'll break thy little finger, *Harry*,

If thou wilt not tell me true.

Hos. Away, away, you trifler: love! I love thee
not.

I care not for thee, *Kate*; this is no world

To play with † mammets, and to tilt with lips.

We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,

And pass them currant too — gods me! my horse.

What say'st thou, *Kate*? what wouldst thou have with
me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not indeed?

Well, do not then. For since you love me not,

I will not love my self. Do you not love me?

Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no?

Hos.

† *Mammets*, i. e. *girls*.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
 And when I am on horse-back, I will swear
 I must not have you henceforth question me,
 Whither I go; nor reason where about.
 Whither I must, I must; and to conclude,
 This evening must I leave thee, gentle *Kate*.
 I know you wise, but yet no further wise
 Than *Harry Percy's* wife. Constant you are,
 But yet a woman; and for secrecie,
 No lady closer. For I will believe,
 Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
 And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

Lady. How so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you *Kate*;
 Whither I go, thither shall you go too:
 To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
 Will this content you, *Kate*?

Lady. It must of force.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V H.

The Tavern in East-chesp.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Henry. NED, pi'ythee come out of that fat room,
 and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, *Hal*?

P. Henry. With three or four loggerheads, amongst
 three or fourscore hogheads. I have sounded the very
 bass string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to
 a leash of drawers, and can call them by their Christen
 names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Francis*. They take it al-
 ready upon their * conscience that though I be but Prince
 of *Wales*, yet I am the King of courtesie; telling me
 flatly I am no proud *Jack*, like *Jack Falstaff*, but a
Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy: and when I

B 5

am

* *conscience.*

am King of *England*. I shall command all the good lads in *East cheap*. They call drinking deep, dying scarlet; and when you * breathe in your watering, they cry hem! and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with a tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action; but sweet *Ned*, (to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapt even now into my hand by an under skinker, one that never spake other *English* in his life, then *Eight Shillings and Six Pence*, and *You are welcome Sir*: with this shrill addition, *Anon, Sir, anon Sir; Score a pint of bastard in the half moon*, or so.) But *Ned*, to drive away time till *Falstaff* come, I pry thee do thou stand in some bye room, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the sugar? and do never leave calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but, *anon*. Step aside, and I'll shew thee a precedent.

Poins, Francis.

P. Henry. Thou art perfect.

Poins, Francis.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Francis the drawer.

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir; look down into the pomgranaet, *Ralph*.

P. Henry. Come hither, *Francis*.

Fran. My lord.

P. Henry. How long hast thou to serve, *Francis*?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to —

Poins, Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. Five years; by'r-lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But *Francis*, darest thou be so va-
nant,

* break.

liant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and shew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, Sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart ———

Poins. Francis. ———

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. How old art thou, *Francis*?

Fran. Let me see, about *Michaelmas* next I shall be ———

Poins. Francis.

Fran. Anon Sir; pray you stay a little, my lord.

P. Henry. Nay, but hark you *Francis*, for the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O lord, I would it had been two.

P. Henry. I will give thee for it a thousand pound; ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Henry. Anon, *Francis*? no, *Francis*, but to-morrow *Francis*; or *Francis*, on *Thursday*; or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt. But *Francis*.

Fran. My lord.

P. Henry. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, christal-button, * knot-pated, agat-ring, puke-stocking, caddice-garter, smooth tongue, *Spanish* pouch.

Fran. O lord, Sir, who do you mean?

P. Henry. Why then your brown buffard is your only drink; for look you, *Francis*, your white canvas doublet will sully. In *Barbary*, Sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, Sir?

Poins. Francis.

P. Henry. Away you rogue, dost thou not hear them call?

[Here they both call, the drawer stands amazed not knowing which way to go.]

Enter

* nos-pated.

Enter Vintner.

Vnt. What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. My lord, old Sir *John* with half a dozen more are at the door; shall I let them in?

P. Henry. Let them alone a while, and then open the door, *Poins.*

Enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. Sirrah, *Falstaff* and the rest of the thieves are at the door; shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as Crickets, my lad. But hark ye what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Henry. I am now of all humours, that have shew'd themselves humours, since the old days of goodman *Adam*, to the pupil age of this present twelve a clock at midnight. What's a clock, *Francis*?

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a Parrot, and yet the son of a Woman. His industry is up stairs and down stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percy's* mind, the hot-spur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of *Scots* at a breakfast, washes his hands and says to his wife, fie upon this quiet life, I want work, O my sweet *Harry*, says she, how many hast thou kill'd to day? Give my roan horse a drench, says he, and answers, some fourteen, an hour after; a trifle, a trifle. I prythee call in *Falstaff*, I'll play *Percy*, and that damn'd brawn shall play dame *Mortimer's* wife. *Rivo*, says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

S C E N E

SCENE IX.

Enter Falstaff.

Poins. Welcome *Fack*, where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all Cowards, I say, and a vengeance too, marry and *Amen*. Give me a cup of sack, boy—— Ere I lead this life long, Ill sow nether socks and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards. Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant?

[*He drinks.*]

P. Henry. Didst thou never see *Titan* kiss a dish of butter? pitiful hearted * *Titan*, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too; there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous Man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villainous coward—— Go thy ways old *Fack*, die when thou wilt; if manhood, good manhood be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring: there live not three good men unhang'd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and grows old. God help the while, a bad world I say. I would I were a weaver, I could sing psalms, and all manner of songs. A plague of all Cowards, I say still.

P. Henry. How now *Woolfack*, what mutter you?

Fal. A King's son? if do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of *Wales*?

P. Henry. Why you whorson round Man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward: answer me to that, and *Poins* there?

P. Henry. Yes, fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal,

* or rather, Butter that melted, &c.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I'll call thee Coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are strait enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? a plague upon such backing; give me them that will face me — Give me a cup of sack, I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

P. Henry. O villain, thy Lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that.

[*He drinks.*]

A plague of all cowards still, say I.

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! here be four of us, have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it? *Sack?* where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us, it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at half sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hack'd like a hand saw, *ecce signum.* I never dealt better since I was a Man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards — let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

P. Henry. Speak Sirs, how was it?

* *Gads.* We four set upon some dozen.

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue they were bound, every man of them, or I am a Jew else, an *Ebren Jew.*

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us.

Fal.

* In the old edition *Rossel* speaks here, and not *Gads-hill*.

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

P. Henry. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old *Jack*, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

Poins. Pray heav'n, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay that's past praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two I am sure I have pay'd, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, *Hal*, If I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse; thou know'st my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point; four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

P. Henry. What four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, *Hal*, I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me? I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven! why these were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Henry. Pr'ythee let him alone, we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, *Hal*?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, *Jack*.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to: these nine in buckram, that I told thee of ———

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken ———

Poins. Down fell his hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I follow'd me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought, seven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. Henry.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckrams men growa out of two!

Fal. But as the devil would have it, three mis-begotten knaves in *Kendal* green, came at my back, and let drive at me; (for it was so dark, *Hal*, that thou couldst not see thy hand.)

P. Hen. These lies are like the Father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whorson obscene greasy tallow-catch —

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Henry. Why how cou'd'st thou know these men in *Kendal* green, when it was so dark, thou could'st not see thy Hand? come tell us your reason: what say'st thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, *Jack*, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? no; were I at the strapado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion: I?

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine coward, this bed-preffer, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh.

Fal. Away you starveling, you elf-skin, you dry'd neats-tongue, ball's pizzel, you stock-fish: O for breath to utter! What is like thee? You taylor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck.

P. Henry. Well, breathe a while, and then to't again; and when thou hast tir'd thy self in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, *Jack*.

P. Henry. We two saw you four set on four, you bound them, and were masters of their wealth: mark now how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and with a word, outfac'd you from your prize, and have it, yea, and can shew it you here in the house. And *Falstaff*, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for

for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight. What trick? what devise? what starting hole, can't thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, *Jack*: what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why hear ye, my Masters; was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true Prince? Why thou knowest I am as valiant as *Hercules*; but beware instinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: instinct is a great matter, I was a coward on instinct: I sha'l think the better of my self, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But, by the lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? Shall we have a play *extempore*?

P. Henry. Content, and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, *Fal*, if thou lovest me.

S C E N E X.

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu! my lord the Prince!

P. Henry. How now, my lady the Hostess, what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the Court at door would speak with you, he says he comes from your father,

P. Henry. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?
Shall I give him his answer?

P. Henry. Pr'ythee do, *Jack*.

Fal. Faith and I'll fend him packing. [Exit.]

P. Henry. Now Sirs, by'r-lady you fought fair; so did you *Peto*, so did you *Bardolph*: you are Lions too, you ran away npon instinct; you will not touch the true Prince, no, fie.

Bard. 'Faith I ran when I saw others run.

P. Henry. Tell me now in earnest; how came *Falstaff's* sword so hackt;

Peto. Why he hackt it with his dagger, and said, he would swear truth out of *England*, but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and perswaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed, and then beslobber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men, I did that I did not these seven years before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Henry. O Villain, thou stollest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken in the manner, and ever since thou hast blush'd *extempore*; thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rankest away; what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Henry. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Henry. Hot livers and cold purfes.

Bard. Cholier, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Henry. No, if rightly taken.

P. Henry. No, if rightly taken, halter.

SCENE XI.

Enter *Falstaff*.

Here comes lean *Jack*, here comes bare-bone. How now my sweet creature of bombast, how long is't ago, *Jack*, since thou saw'st thy own knee?

Fal.

Fal. My own knee? When I was about thy Years,
Hal, I was not an Eagle's talon in the waste, I could
 have crept into any Alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of
 fighting and grief, it blows a man up like a bladder.
 There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir *John Braby*
 from your father; you must go to the court in the morn-
 ing. That same mad fellow of the north, *Percy*; and he
 of *Wales*, that gave *Amamon* the bastinado, and made
Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true Liegeman
 upon the cross of a *Welsh-hook*: what a plague call you
 him ———

Poins. O, *Glendower*.

Fal. *Owen, Owen*; the same, and his son-in-law *Mor-*
timer, and old *Northumberland*, and the sprightly *Scot* of
Scots, Douglas, that runs a horseback up a hill perpendi-
 cular ———

P. Henry. He that rides at high speed, and with a pistol
 kills a Sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Henry. So did he never the Sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him, he will
 not run.

P. Henry. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise
 him for so running?

Fal. A horseback, ye cackow, but afoot he will not
 budge a foot.

P. Henry. Yes, *Jack*, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct: well he is there too,
 and one *Mordake*, and a thousand blue-caps more. *Wor-*
cester is stoln away by night: thy father's beard is turn'd
 white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap
 as stinking mackerel.

P. Henry. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot * *June*,
 and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as
 they buy hob-nails, by the hundred.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true, it is like we
 shall have good trading that way. But tell me. *Hal*, are
 not thou horrible afraid? thou being heir apparent
 could

* *Jun.*

could the world pick the out three such enemies again as that fiend *Douglas*, that spirit *Percy*, and that devil *Glendower*? art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Henry. Not a whit i'faith, I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou com'st to thy father: if thou do love me, practise an answer.

P. Henry. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crown.

P. Henry. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown.

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved ——— Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in *King Cambyses*' vein.

P. Henry. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech ——— Stand aside nobility ———

Host. This is excellent sport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet Queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O the father! how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful Queen, For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O rare, he doth it as like one of those harlotry players, as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot, peace good tickle-brain —

Harry, I do not only marvel, where thou spendest thy time; but also, how thou art accompany'd: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows: yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears, Thou art my son; I have partly thy mother's word, partly my opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of the nether lip,

lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lyeth the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed Son of heav'n prove a † micher, and eat black-berries? a question not to be ask'd. Shall the son of *England* prove a thief, and take Purfes? a question to be ask'd. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keep'st; for *Harry*, now do I not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also; and yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Henry. What manner of man, an it like your Majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man i'faith, and a corpulent; of a chearful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is *Falstaff*: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceives me; for *Harry*, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I speak it. there is virtue in that *Falstaff*; keep with him, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Henry. Dost thou speak like a King? do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me. If thou do'st it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-fucker, or a poulterer's hare.

P. Henry. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand; judge, my masters.

P. Henry. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from *East-cheap*.

P. Henry

† a micher, i. e. a truant; so mich, is to lurk out of sight: a hedge-creeper.

P. Henry. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false.—Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young Prince.

P. Henry. Swearst thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me; thou art violently carry'd away from grace; there's a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that boulding-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of drop-sies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuff-cloak-bag of guts, that roasted *Manning-tree* Ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

P. Henry. That villainous abominable mis-leader of youth, *Falstaff*, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord the man I know.

P. Henry. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in my self, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more's the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, (saying your reverence,) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. It sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked: it to be old and merry, be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damn'd: if to be fat, be to be hated, then *Pharaoh's* lean kine are to be lov'd. No, my good lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardolph*, banish *Poins*; but for sweet *Jack Falstaff*, kind *Jack Falstaff*, true *Jack Falstaff*, valiant *Jack Falstaff*, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old *Jack Falstaff*; banish not him thy *Harry's* company: banish plump *Jack*, and banish all the world.

P. Henry. I do, I will.

Enter

Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord, the Sheriff with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out you rogue, play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that *Falstaff*.

Enter the Hostess.

Host. O, my lord, my lord!

Fal. Heigh, heigh, the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick: what's the matter?

Host. The Sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house: shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, *Hal*? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Henry. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*; if you will deny the Sheriff, so; if not, let him enter. If I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up; I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

P. Henry. Go hide thee behind the arras, the rest walk above. Now my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[Exeunt Falstaff, Bardolph, &c.]

P. Henry. Call in the Sheriff.

SCENE XII.

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.

P. Henry. Now master Sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sher.

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Henry. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,
A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Henry. The man, I do assure you, is not here,
For I my self at this time have employ'd him;
And, Sheriff, I engage my word to thee,
That I will by to-morrow dinner time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man.
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:
And so let me intreat you leave the House.

Sher. I will, my lord: there are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Henry. It may be so; if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Henry. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two a clock.

[*Exit.*

P. Henry. This oily rascal is known as well as *Paul's*;
go call him forth.

Peto. *Falstaff*? fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting
like a horse.

P. Henry. Hark, how hard he fetches his breath; search
his pockets,

[*He searches his pockets, and finds certain papers.*

P. Henry. What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but Papers, my lord.

P. Henry. Let's see, what be they? read them.

Peto. Item, a capon, 2 s. 2 d.

Item, Sawce, 4 d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5 s. 8 d.

Item, Anchoves and sack after supper, 2 s. 6 d.

Item, Bread a halfpenny.

P. Henry. O monstrous, but one halfpenny-worth of
bread, to this intolerable deal of sack? What there is
else, keep close, we'll read it at more advantage; there
let him sleep till day. I'd to the court in the morning:

we

we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot, and I know his death will be a † march of twelvescore. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, *Peto*.
Peto. Good-morrow, good my Lord. [Exeunt.]



ACT III. SCENE I.
 WALES.

Enter Hot-spur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, and Owen Glendower.

MORTIMER.



THESE promises are fair, the parties sure,
 And our induction full or prosp'rous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,

Will you sit down?

And uncle Worcester—A plague upon it.

[Exeunt.]

I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is;

Sit, cousin *Percy*, sit, good cousin *Hotspur*;

For by that name, as oft as *Lancaster*

Doth speak of you, his cheeks look pale, and with

A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heav'n.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I blame him not: at my nativity
 The front of heav'n was full of fiery shapes,

C

Of

† i. e. it will kill him to march so far as twelvescore foot.

Of burning cressets; know that at my birth,
The frame and the foundation of the earth
Shook like a coward.

Hot. So it wou'd have done

At the same season, if your mother's cat
Had kitten'd, though your self had ne'er been born.

Glend. I say the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. I say the earth then was not of my mind;
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shook.

Glend. The heav'ns were all on fire, the earth did
tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heav'ns on
fire,

And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseas'd nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; and the teeming earth
Is with a kind of cholick pinch'd and vext,
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down
High tow'rs and moss-grown steeples. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, with this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men

I do not bear these crossings: give me leave
To tell you once again, that at my birth
The front of heav'n was full of fiery shapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clam'rous in the frighted fields:
These signs have marked me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life do shew,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, clipt in with the sea
That chides the banks of *England, Wales, or Scotland,*
Who calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
Or hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there is no man speaks better *Welsh.*
I'd to dinner————

Mort.

King HENRY IV. 51

Mort. Peace, cousin *Percy*, you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man:

But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee to command the devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz. to shame the devil,
By telling truth. *Tell truth, and shame the devil.*

If thou have pow'r to raise him, bring him hither,

And I'll be sworn, I've pow'r to shame him hence.

Oh, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Mort. Come, come!

No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath *Henry Bolingbroke* made head

Against my pow'r; thrice from the banks of *Wye*,

And sandy-bottom'd *Severn*, have I sent

Him bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home, without boots, and in foul weather too!

How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Glend. Come, here's the map: shall we divide our
right,

According to our threefold order ta'en?

Mort. Th' Arch-deacon hath divided it

Into three limits, very equally:

England, from *Trent*, and *Severn* hitherto,

By south and east, is to my part assign'd:

All westward, *Wales*, beyond the *Severn* shore,

And all the fertile land within that bound,

To *Owen Glendower*; and dear coz. to you

The remnant northward, lying off from *Trent*.

And our indentures tripartite are drawn:

Which being sealed interchangeably,

(A business that this night may execute)

To-morrow, cousin *Percy*, you and I

And my good lord of *Worcester*, will set forth,

To meet your father, and the *Scotish* power,

As is appointed us at *Shrewsbury*.

My father *Glendower* is not ready yet,

Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:

Within that space, you may have drawn together

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords:
And in my conduct shall your Ladies come,
From whom you now must steal and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks my moiety, north from *Burton* here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:

See, how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me, from the best of all my land,
A huge half-moon a monstrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up:
And here the smug and silver *Trent* shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It shall not wind with so rich a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

Mort. But mark, he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side,
Gelding th'opposed continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yes, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north-side win this cape of land,
And then he runs strait and even.

Hot. I'll have it so, a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then,
Speak it in *Welsh*.

Glend. I can speak *English*, Lord, as well as you,
For I was train'd up in the *English* court:
Where, being young, I framed to the harp
Many an *English* ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, I'm glad of it with all my heart.
I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of these same meter-ballad-mongers;

I'd rather hear a brazen candlestick tun'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree.
And that would nothing fet my teeth on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have *Trent* turn'd.

Hot. I do not care; I'll give thrice so much land
To any well deserving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away by night:
(I'll haste with the * writer) and withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her *Mortimer*. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Mort. Fie, cousin *Percy*, how you cross my father?]

Hot. I cannot chuse; sometime he angers me,
† With telling of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
Of dreamer *Merlin*, and his prophecies;
And of a Dragon, and a finless Fish,
A clipt-wing'd Griffin, and a moulting Raven;
A couching Lion, and a ramping Cat;
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff,
As put's me from my faith. I tell you what,
He held me the last night at least nine hours,
In reck'ning up the several devils names,
That were his lackeys: I cry'd hum, and well,
But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As a tir'd horse, or as a railing wife:
Worse than a smoaky house. I'd rather live
With cheese and garlick, in a windmill far;

C 3

Than

* He means the writer of the articles.

† This alludes to an old prophecy which is said to have induced O. Glendower to take arms against K. Henry. See Hall's *Chron.* fol. 20.

Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith he was a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments, valiant as a Lion;
And wondrous affable; as bountiful
As mines of *India*: shall I tell you, cousin,
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself, even of his natural scope,
When you do cross his humour; faith he does.
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof.
But do not use it oft, let me intreat you.

War. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful blame,
And since your coming here have done enough
To put him quite besides his patience:
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault;
Though sometimes it shews greatness, courage, blood,
And that's the dearest grace it renders you;
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion and disdain:
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Lose men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd; good manners be your
speed;
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

S C E N E III.

Enter Glendower, with the ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spight that angers me,
My Wife can speak no *English*, I no *Welsh*.

Glend. My daughter weeps, she will not part with you,
She'll be a Soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her, she and my aunt *Percy*
Shall

Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.

Glend. She's desp'rate here: a peevish self-will'd harlotry,

That no persuasion can do good upon.

[The Lady speaks in Welsh.

Mort. I understand thy looks; that pretty Welsh,
Which thou pow'r'st down from those two swelling heavens,

I am too perfect in: and but for shame,

In such a parly should I answer thee.

[The Lady again in Welsh.

Mort. I understand thy kisses; and thou mine,
And that's a feeble disputation:

But I will never be a truant, love,

'Till I have learn'd thy language; for the tongue

Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,

Sung by a fair Queen in a summer's bower,

With ravishing division to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will she run mad.

[The Lady speaks again in Welsh.

Mort. O, I am ignorance it self in this.

Glend. She bids you,

All on the wanton rushes lay you down,

And rest your gentle head upon her lap,

And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,

And on your eye-lids crown the God of sleep,

Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;

Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,

As is the difference betwixt day and night,

The hour before the heav'nly harness'd team

Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing

By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;

And those musicians that shall play to you,

Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;

Yet strait they shall be here, sit, and attend.

Mort. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down

C A

Come,

come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The musick plays.*]

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands *Welsh*, and 'tis no marvel he is so humorous: by'r-lady he's a good musician.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but musical, for you are altogether govern'd by humours: lie still, ye thief, and hear the Lady sing in *Welsh*.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in *Irish*.

Lady. Would'tt have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady. Then be still.

Hot. Neither. 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady. Now God he'p thee.

Hot. To the *Welsh* lady's bed.

Lady. What's that?

Hot. Peace, she sings. [*Here the Lady sings a Welsh song.*]
Come, I'll have your song too.

Lady. Not mine in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours in good sooth! you swear like a comfit-maker's wife, not you, *in good sooth*; and *as true as I love*; and, *as God shall mend me*; and, *as sure as day*: and givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths, as if thou never walk'dst further than *Finsbury*.

Swear me, *Kate*, like a Lady, as thou art,
A good mouth filling oath, and leave insooth,
And such protest of pepper-ginger-bread,
To velvet-guards, and *Sunday*-citizens.
Come sing.

Lady. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be *Robin-Red-Breast* teacher: if the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours: and so come in, when ye will. [*Exit.*]

Glend. Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are as slow,
As hot Lord *Percy* is on fire to go.

By this, our book is drawn: we will but seal,
And then to horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

WINDSOR.

Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lords and others.

K. Henry. **L**ORDS, give us leave; the Prince of
Wales, and I

Must have some private conference: but be near,
For we shall presently have need of you.—

[Exeunt Lords.]

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done;
That in his secret doom, out of my blood
He breeds revengement and a scourge for me:
But thou dost in thy passages of life
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heav'n,
To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such base, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Henry. So please your Majesty, I wish I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well, as I am doubtless I can purge
My self of many I am charg'd withal,
Yet such exenuation let me beg,
As in reproof of many tales devis'd,
Which of the ear of greatness needs must hear;
By smiling pick-thanks and base news-mongers;
I may for some things true, (wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd, and irregular)
Find pardon, on my true submission.

K. Henry. Heav'n pardon thee: yet let me wonder,
Harry,

At thy affections which do hold a wing
 Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
 Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
 Which by thy younger brother is supply'd;
 And art almost an alien to the hearts
 Of all the court and Princes of my blood.
 The hope and expectation of thy time
 Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man
 Prophetically does fore-think thy fall.

' Had I so lavish of my presence been,
 ' So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
 ' So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
 ' Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
 ' Had still kept loyal to possession,
 ' And left me in reputeless banishment,
 ' A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
 ' By being seldom seen, I could not stir
 ' But like a comet I was wondred-at!
 ' That men would tell their children, this is he.
 ' Others would say, where? which is *Bolingbroke*?
 ' And then I stole all courtesie from heav'n,
 ' And drest my self in such humility,
 ' That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
 ' Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
 ' Even in the presence of the crowned King.
 ' Thus I did keep my person fresh and new,
 ' My presence like a robe pontifical,
 ' Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at, and so my state,
 ' Seldom but sumptuous, shewed like a feast,
 ' And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
 ' The skipping King, he ambled up and down
 ' With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
 ' Soon kindled, and soon burnt; carded his state,
 ' Mingled his royalty with carping fools,
 ' Had his great name profaned with their scorns,
 ' And gave his countenance, against his name,
 ' To laugh at gybing boys, and stand the push
 ' Of every beardless vain comparative:
 ' Grew a companion to the common streets,
 ' Enscoff'd himself to popularity:

That

' That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
 ' They surfeited with honey, and began
 ' To loath the taste of sweetness, whereof little
 ' More than a little, is by much too much.
 ' So when he had occasion to be seen,
 ' He was but as the Cuckow is in *June*,
 ' Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
 ' As sick and blunted with community,
 ' Afford no extraordinary gaze;
 ' Such as is bent on sun-like Majesty,
 ' When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
 ' But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
 ' Slept in his face, and rendred such aspect
 ' As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
 ' Being with his presence glutt'd, gorg'd and full.
 And in that very line, *Harry*, stand'st thou;
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
 With vile participation. Not an eye,
 But is a-weary of thy common sight,
 Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more:
 Which now doth, what I would not have it do,
 Make blind it self with foolish tendernefs.

P. Henry. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
 Be more my self.

K. Henry. For all the world,
 As thou art at this hour, was *Richard* then,
 When I from *France* set foot at *Ravenfprug*;
 And ev'n as I was then, is *Percy* now.
 Now by my scepter, and my soul to boot,
 He hath more worthy Interest to the state,
 Than thou, the shadow of succession!
 For of no right, nor colour like to right,
 He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
 Turns head against the Lions armed jaws;
 And being no more in debt to years than thou,
 Leads ancient lords and rev'rend bishops on,
 To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
 What never-dying honour hath he got
 Against renowned *Dowglas*, whose high deeds,
 Whose hot incurfions, and great name in arms,

· Holds

Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
 And military title capital,
 Through all the Kingdoms that acknowledge Christ,
 Thrice hath this *Hot-spur Mars* in swathing cloaths,
 This infant warrior, in his enterprises,
 Discomfited great *Dowglas*, ta'en him once,
 Enlarg'd him, and made a friend of him,
 To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
 And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
 And what say you to this? *Percy, Northumberland,*
 Th' Arch-bishop's grace of *York, Dowglas* and *Mortimer*,
 Capitulate against us, and are up.
 But wherefore do I tell this news to thee?
 Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my foes,
 Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
 Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
 Base inclination, and the start of spleen,
 To fight against me under *Percy's* pay,
 To dog his heels, and curt'sie at his frowns,
 To shew how much thou art degenerate.

P. Henry. Do not think so, you shall not find it so:
 And heav'n forgive them, that so much have sway'd
 Your Majesty's good thoughts away from me.
 I will redeem all this on *Percy's* head,
 And in the closing of some glorious day,
 Be bold to tell you, that I am your son:
 When I will wear a garment of all blood,
 And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
 Which wash't away, shall scowre my shame with it.
 And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
 That this same child of honour and renown,
 This gallant *Hot-spur*, this all-praised Knight
 And your unthought-of *Harry*, chance to meet.
 For every honour sitting on his helm,
 Would they were multitudes, and on my head
 My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
 That I shall make this northern youth exchange
 His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,

T'engross up glorious deeds on my behalf :
 And I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render every glory up,
 Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
 Or I will tear the reck'ning from his heart.
 This, in the name of heav'n, I promise here:
 The which, if I perform, and do survive,
 I do beseech your Majesty, may salve
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperature
 If not, the end of life cancels all bonds,
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Henry. A hundred thousand rebels die in this!
 Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good *Blunt*? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So is the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,
 That *Dowglas* and the *English* rebels met
 Th' eleventh of this month, at *Shrewsbury* :
 A mighty and a fearful head they are,
 If promises be kept on every hand,
 As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Henry. The *Earl of Westmorland* set forth to-day :
 With him my son, lord *John of Lancaster*,
 For this advertisement is five days old.
 On *Wednesday* next, *Harry*, thou shalt set forward :
 On *Thursday*, we our selves will march : our meeting
 Is at *Bridgnorth* ; and *Harry*, you shall march
 Through *Glostershire* : || by which, some twelve days
 hence.

Our general forces at *Bridgnorth* shall meet.

Our

|| by which account

Our business valued, some twelve days hence

Our general forces ~~—————~~

Our hands are full of business : let's away,
 ‡ Advantage feeds them fat, while we delay. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Tavern in East-cheap.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. **B**ardolph, am I not fall'n away vilely, since this last action? Do I not bare? do I not dwindle? why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown : I am wither'd like an old apple. *John.* Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking : I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse; the inside of a church! company, villainous company hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir *John*, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why there is it; come sing me a bawdy song, to make me merry : I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; dined not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter of an hour; paid money that I borrow'd, three or four times; liv'd well, and in good compass; and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir *John*, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir *John*.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. Thou art our Admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp. *Bard.*

‡ *Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.* First edition. *Bard.*

Bard. Why, Sir *John*, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it, as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*. I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and *Dives* that liv'd in purple; for there he is in his robes burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my Oath should be, by this fire: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rann'st up *Gad's-Hill* in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in mony. O thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire light; thou hast sav'd me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night, betwixt tavern and tavern; but the sack that thou hast drank me, would have bought melights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in *Europe*. I have maintain'd that *Salamander* of yours with fire, anytime this two and thirty years, heaven reward me for it.

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame *Parlet* the hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir *John*, what do you think, Sir *John*? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have enquir'd, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tythe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. Yelye, hostess; *Bardolph* was stov'd and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was pick'd; go to, you are a woman go.

Host. Who I? I defie thee; I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir *John*: you do not know me, Sir *John*;

I know you, Sir *John*; you owe me money, Sir *John*, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them a-way to baker's wives, and they have made boulders of them.

Hof. Now as I am a true woman, *Holland* of eight shillings an ell: you owe money here besides, Sir *John*, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Hof. He? alas! he is poor, he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor: look upon his face; what call you rich? let him coin his nose, let him coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a yonker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket pick'd? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Hof. O *Jesu*! I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the ring was copper.

Fal. How? the Prince is a *Jack*, a sneak-cup; and if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Prince Henry marching, and Falstaff meets him, playing on his Truncheon like a Fife.

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, *Newgate* fashion.

Hof. My lord, I pray you hear me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, *Mistress Quickly*? how does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Hof. Good, my Lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee let her alone, and list to me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, *Jack*?

Fal.

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pickt: this house is turn'd bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. Henry. What didst thou lose, *Jack*?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, *Hal*? three or four bonds of forty pounds a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Henry. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Hof. So I told him, my lord; and I said, I heard your grace say so: and my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

P. Henry. What! he did not?

Hof. There's neither faith, truth, nor woman-hood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd pruen; no more truth in thee than in a drawn Fox; and for woman-hood, Maid *Marian* may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go you thing, go.

Hof. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why a thing to thank God on.

Hof. I am nothing to thank God on, I would thou should'st know it: I am an honest man's wife; and setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy woman-hood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Hof. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? why an Otter.

P. Henry. An Otter, Sir *John*, why an Otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Hof. Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me; thou knave thou.

P. Henry. Thou say'st true, hostess, and he flanders thee most grossly.

Hof. So he doth you, my lord, and said this other day, you ow'd him a thousand pound.

P. Henry. Sirrab, do I owe you a thousand pound

Fal.

The First Part of

Fal. A thousand pound, *Hal?* a million; thy love is worth a million: thou ow'st me thy love.

Hof. Nay, my lord, he call'd you *Jack*, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph?*

Bard. Indeed, Sir *John*, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

P. Henry. I say'tis copper. Dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, *Hal*, thou know'st, as thou art but a man I dare; but as thou art a Prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the Lion's whelp.

P. Henry. And why not as the Lion?

Fal. The King himself is to be fear'd as the Lion; dost thou think I'll fear thee, as I fear thy father? nay, if I do, let my girdle break.

P. Henry. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But firrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all fill'd up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why thou whoreson, impudent, imboist rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, *Memorandums* of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am a villain; and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrongs. Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, *Hal?* thou know'st in the state of innocency, *Adam* fell: And what should poor *Jack Falstaff* do, in the days of villany? thou seest, I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess then you pickt my pocket?

P. Henry. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: go make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, and cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I am pacify'd still. Nay, I pr'ythee be gone,
[Exit Hostess.]

.Now,

Now, *Hal*, to the news at court for the robbery, lad; how is that answered?

P. Henry. O my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee. The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

P. Henry. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and do it with unwash'd hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Henry. I have procur'd thee, *Jack*, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O, for a fine thief, of two and twenty, or thereabout; I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous, I laud them, I praise them.

P. Henry. *Bardolph*!

Bard. My lord.

P. Henry. Go bear this Letter to lord *John of Lancaster*, to my brother *John*. This to my lord of *Westmorland*, go *Peto*, to horse; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner-time. *Jack*, meet me to-morrow in the *Temple-Hall* at two o' clock in the afternoon, there shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, *Percy* stands on high,
And either they, or we, must lower lie.

Fal. Rare words! brave world! hostess my breakfast, come:

Oh, I could wish this tavern were my drum! [*Exeunt*.]






ACT IV. SCENE I.

At SHREWSBURY.

Enter Hot-spur, Worcester, and Dowglas.

HOT-SPUR.


 ELL said, my noble *Scot*; if speaking truth
 In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
 Such attribution should the *Dowglas* have,
 As not a Soldier of this season's stamp
 Should go so gen'ral current through the
 World.

By heav'n, I cannot flatter: I defy
 The Tongues of foorthers. But a braver place
 In my heart's love hath no man than your self.
 Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of honour:
 No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
 But I will beard him.

Enter a Messenger.

Hot. Do, and 'tis well—What letters hast thou there—
 I can but thank you.

Mess. These come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him? why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord, he's grievous sick.

Hot. Heavn's! how has he the leisure to be sick
 In such a justling time? Who leads his power:

Under

Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I his mind.

Wor. I prythee tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth:

And at the time of my departure thence,

He was much fear'd by his physician.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited;

His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now? droop now? this sickness doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprize;

'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.

He writes me here, that inward sickness——

And that his friends by deputation

Could not so soon be drawn: nor thought he meet

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul remov'd, but on his own:

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,

That with our small conjunction we should on,

To see how fortune is disposed to us:

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the King is certainly possess'd

Of all our purposes, what say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopt off:

And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want

Seems more than we shall find it. Were it good,

'To set the exact wealth of all our states

All at one cast? to set so rich a^a main

On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour,

It were not good; for therein should we read

The very bottom, and the soul of hope,

The very list, the very utmost bound

Of all our fortunes.

Dow. Faith, and so we should;

Where now remains a sweet reversion.

We now may boldly spend upon the hope

Of what is to come in:

A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your father had been here:
The quality and † hair of our attempt
Brooks no division, it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and meer dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earl from hence.
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause:
For well you know we of th' * offending side,
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your Father draws a currain,
That shews the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt upon.

Hot. You strain too far.

I rather of his absence make this use:
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger ‡ glare to your great enterprise,
Than if the Earl were here: for men must think,
If we without his help can make a head,
To push against the Kingdom; with his help,
We shall o'erturn it topsie-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Dow. As heart can think; there is not such a word
Spoke of in *Scotland*, as this || term of fear.

S C E N E II.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My cousin *Vernon*, welcome by my soul.

Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earl of *Westmorland*, sev'n thousand strong,

heir. * offering. ‡ dare. || dream.

Is marching hither, with Prince *John of Lancaster*.

Hot. No harm; what more?

Ver. And further I have learn'd,
The King himself in person hath set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too: Where is his son?
The nimble-footed mad-cap Prince of *Wales*,
And his comrades, that daft the world aside
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like *Estridges*, that with the wind
|| Baited like *Eagles*, having lately bath'd:
Glittering in golden coats like images,
As full of spirit as the month of *May*,
And gorgeous as the sun at *Midsummer*,
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young *Harry* with his beaver on,
His † cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd *Mercury*;
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an Angel dropt down from the Clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery *Pegasus*,
And * witch the world with noble horsemanship. ¶

Hot. No more, no more; Worse than the sun in *March*,
This praise doth nourish agues; let them come.
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoaky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them.
The mailed *Mars* shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunder-bolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of *Wales*.
Harry to Harry shall, and horse to horse

Meet;

|| Baited, i. e. flutter'd the wings.

† cuisses, fr. armour for the thighs.

* witch, for bewitch, charm.

Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a coarse.
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

Ver. There is more news:

I learnt in *Worcester*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his Pow'r this fourteen days.

Dow. That's the worst tidings that I hear of, yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the King's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be,

My Father and *Glendower* being both away,

The pow'r of us may serve so great a day.

Come, let us take a muster speedily:

Dooms-day is near; die all, die merrily.

Dow. Talk not of dying, I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. **B** *Bardolph*, get thee before to *Coventry*: fill me
a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march
through: we'll to *Sutton-cop-hill* to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it
make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coynage.
Bid my lieutenant *Peto* meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*]

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a
sow'd gurnet: I have mis-us'd the King's prels damna-
bly. I have got, in exchange of an hundred and
fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I prels
me none but good householders, yeomens sons: en-
quire me out contracted batchelors, such as have been
ask'd twice on the banes: such a commodity of warm
slaves

' slaves, as had as lieve hear the devil, as a drum; such
 ' as fear the report of a culverin, worse than a struck-
 ' fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I pret's me none but such
 ' toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger
 ' than pins heads, and they have bought out their servi-
 ' ces: and now my whole charge consists of ancients,
 ' corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves
 ' as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted cloth, where the
 ' glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed
 ' were never soldiers, but discarded unjust servingmen,
 ' younger sons to younger brothers: revolted tapsters,
 ' and ostlers trade-fall'n, the cankers of a calm world
 ' and long peace: ten times more dishonourably ragged,
 ' than an old fac'd ancient; and such have I to fill up
 ' the rooms of them that have bought out their ser-
 ' vices; that you would think I had a hundred and fifty
 ' tatter'd prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from
 ' eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the
 ' way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and
 ' prest the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-
 ' crows: I'll not march through *Coventry* with them,
 ' that's flat. Nay, and the villians march wide betwixt
 ' the legs, as if they had † gyves on: for indeed, I had
 ' the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt
 ' and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is
 ' two napkins tack'd together, and thrown over the
 ' shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the
 ' shirt, to say the truth, stol'n from my host of *St.*
 ' *Albans*; or the red-nos'd Inn-keeper of *Daintry*.
 ' But that's all one, they'll find linnen enough on every
 ' hedge.

Enter Prince Henry, and Westmorland.

P. Henry. How now, blown *fack*? How now, quilt?

Fal. What, *Hal*? How now, mad wag, what a devil do'st thou in *Warwickshire*? My good lord of *West-*

D

morland,

† *shackles.*

morland, I cry you mercy, I thought your honour had already been at *Shrewsbury*.

West. Faith, Sir *John*, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all to-night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to steal Cream.

P. Henry. I think to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter; but tell me, *Jack*, whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

P. Henry. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to tofs: food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better; tush man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir *John*, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learn'd that of me.

P. Henry. No, I'll be sworn, unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, Sirrah, make haste. *Percy* is already in the field.

Fal. What is the King encamp'd?

West. He is, Sir *John*: I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,

The latter end of a fray, and beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest.

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE

SCENE IV.

At SHREWSBURY.

*Enter Hot-spur, Worcester, Dowglas, and Vernon.**Hot.* WE'll fight with him to-night.*Wor.* It may not be.*Dow.* You give him then advantage.*Ver.* Not a whit.*Hot.* Why say you so? looks he not for supply?*Ver.* So do we.*Hot.* His is certain, ours is doubtful.*Wor.* Good cousin be advis'd, stir not to-night.*Ver.* Do not, my lord.*Dow.* You do not counsel well;

You speak it out of fear, and from cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, *Dowglas* : by my life,

And I dare well maintain it with my life,

If well-respected honour bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak fear,

As you, my lord, or any *Scot* that lives.

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battel,

Which of us fears.

Dow. Yea, or to-night.*Ver.* Content.*Hot.* To-night, say I.*Ver.* Come, come, it may not be : I wonder much,

Being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag back our expedition ; certain horse

Of my cousin *Vernon's* are not yet come up,Your uncle *Worcester's* horse came but to-day,

And now their pride and mettle is asleep,

Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,

That not a horse is half, half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy

In gen'ral, journey-bated, and brought low :

The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the King's exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The Trumpet sounds a parley.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt*: and would to God
You were of our determination;
Some of us love you well; and ev'n those some
Envy your great deservings, and good name,
Because you are not of our quality;
But stand against us like an Enemy.

Blunt. And heav'n defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit and true rule
You stand against anointed Majesty.
But to my charge. — The King hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his dutious land
Audacious cruelty. If that the King
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs, and with all speed
You shall have your desires, with interest:
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The King is kind: and well we know, the
King
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father and my uncle, and myself,
Dd give him that same royalty he wears:
And when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded out-law, sneaking home,

My father gave him welcome to the shore :
 And when we heard him swear, and vow to God,
 He came to be but Duke of *Lancaster*,
 To sue his livery and beg his peace,
 With tears of innocence and terms of zeal ;
 My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
 Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.
 Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
 Perceiv'd *Northumberland* did lean to him,
 They more and less came in with cap and knee,
 Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
 Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
 Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
 Gave him their heirs, as pages * following him
 Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
 He presently, as greatness knows itself,
 Steps me a little higher than his vow
 Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
 Upon the naked shore at *Ravenspurg* :
 And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
 Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
 That lay too heavy on the common-wealth ;
 Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
 Over his country's wrongs ; and by this face,
 This seeming brow of justice, did he win
 The hearts of all that he did angle for :
 Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
 Of all the fav'rites that the absent King
 In deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personal in the *Irish* war.

Blunt. I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point.

In short time after, he depos'd the King,
 Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life :
 And in the neck of that, task'd the whole state.
 To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman *March*,
 (Who is, if every owner were right plac'd,
 Indeed his King) to be engag'd in *Wales*,
 There without ransom, to lie forfeited :

D 3

Disgrac'd

* follow'd.

Disgrac'd me in my happy victories,
 Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
 Rated my uncle from the council-board,
 In rage dismiss'd my father from the court,
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
 And in conclusion drove us to seek out
 This head of safety; and withall to pry
 Into his title too, the which we find
 Too indirect, for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the King ?

Hot. Not so, Sir *Walter*; we'll withdraw a while :
 Go to the King, and let there be impaw'd
 Some surety for a safe return again ;
 And in the morning early shall my uncle
 Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. It may be so we shall.

Blunt. Pray heav'n you do.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter the Archbishop of York, and Sir Michell.

York. **H**IE, good Sir *Michell*, bear this sealed brief
 With winged haste to the Lord Marshal,
 This to my cousin *Scroop*, and all the rest
 To whom they are directed: if you knew
 How much they do import, you wou'd make haste.

Sir Mich. My lord, I guess their tenour.

York. Like enough.

To-morrow, good Sir *Michell*, is a day
 Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
 Must bide the touch. For, Sir, at *Shrewsbury*,
 As I am truly given to understand,
 The King, with mighty and quick-raised power,
 Meets with lord *Harry*; and I fear, Sir *Michell*,
 What with the sickness of *Northumberland*,
 Whose pow'r was in the first proportion ;
 And what with *Owen Glendower's* absence thence,

Who

Who with them was † a ‡ rated finew too,
 And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies ;
 I fear the pow'r of *Percy* is too weak
 To wage an instant tryal with the King.

Sir Mich. Why, my good lord, there's *Dowglas*,
 And lord *Mortimer*.

York. No, *Mortimer* is not there.

Sir Mich. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, *Harry Percy*,
 And there's my lord of *Worcester*, and a head
 Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

York. And so there is: but yet the King hath drawn
 The special head of all the land together :
 The prince of *Wales*, lord *John* of *Lancaster* ;
 The noble *Westmorland*, and warlike *Blunt*,
 And many more corrivals, and dear men
 Of estimation and command in arms.

Sir Mich. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well
 oppos'd:

York. I hope no less: yet needful 'tis to fear.
 And to prevent the worst, *Sir Michell*, speed ;
 For if lord *Percy* thrive not, e'er the King
 Dismiss his power, he means to visit us ;
 For he hath heard of our confederacy,
 And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him :
 Therefore make haste. I must go write again
 To other friends ; and so farewell, *Sir Michell*.

[*Exeunt.*]

‡ rated firmly.

† a rated finew, so the first edition, i. e. accounted a
 strong aid.





ACT V. SCENE I.

SHREWSBURY.

Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmorland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaff.

K. HENRY.



OW bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill: the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. Henry. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretels a tempest, and a blustering day.

K. Henry. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing than seem foul to those that win.

[The Trumpet sounds]

Enter Worcester.

K. Henry. How, now, my lord of Worcester? 'tis not well,

That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trusts,
And made us doff our easie robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to't? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-aborred war,
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you d'ld give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,

A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief, to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my Liege:

For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours: for I do protest,
I have not fought the day of this dislike.

K. Henry. You have not fought it, Sir? how comes
it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Henry. Peace, * *Chevet*, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your Majesty, to turn your looks
Of favour, from myself and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends:
For you, my staff of office did I break
In *Richard's* time, and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate, as I:
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at *Doncaster*,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state,
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of *Gaunt*, Dukedom of *Lancaster*.
To this, we sware our aid: but in short space
It rain'd down fortune show'ring on your head,
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent King,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming suff'rances that you had borne
And the contrarious winds that held the King
So long in the unlucky *Irish* wars,
That all in *England* did repute him dead:
And from this swarm of fair advantages
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd,
To gripe the gen'ral sway into your hand;

D 5

Forgot

* *Chevet*, fr. a bolster.

Forgot your oath to us at *Doncaster* ;
 And being fed by us, you us'd us so,
 As that ungentle gull, the Cuckow's bird,
 Useth the Sparrow ; did oppress our nest,
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
 That ev'n our love durst not come near your sight
 For fear of swallowing ; but with nimble wing
 We were inforc'd for safety's sake to fly
 Out of your sight, and raise this present head :
 Whereby we stand opposed by such means
 As you yourself have forg'd against yourself,
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
 And violation of all faith and troth,
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

K. Henry. These things indeed you have articulated,
 Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
 To face the garment of rebellion
 With some fine colour, that may please the eye
 Of fickle changelings and poor discontents ;
 Which gape, and rub the elbow at the news
 Of hurly-burly innovation ?
 And never yet did Insurrection want
 Such water-colours, to impaint his cause ;
 Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
 Of pell-mell havock and confusion.

P. Henry. In both our armies, there is many a soul
 Shall pay full dearly for this bold encounter,
 If once they join in tryal. Tell your nephew,
 The Prince of *Wales* doth join with all the world
 In praise of *Harry Percy* : By my hopes,
 (This present enterprize set off his head)
 I do not think a braver gentleman,
 More active, valiant, or more valiant young,
 More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
 To grace this latter age with noble deed.
 For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
 I have a truant been to chivalry,
 And so, I hear, he doth account me too.
 Yet this before my father's Majesty,
 I am content that he shall take the odds

Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him, in a single fight.

K. Henry. And, Prince of *Wales*, so dare we venture thee,

Albeit, considerations infinite,
Do make against it: No, good *Wor'ster*, no,
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part:
And will, they take the offer of our grace;
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.
So tell your cousin, and return me word
What he will do. But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So be gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply;
We offer fair, take it advisedly. [Exit Worcester.]

P. Henry. It will not be accepted, on my life.
The *Dowglas* and the *Hot-spur* both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Henry. Hence therefore, every leader to his charge.
For on their answer will we set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Manent Prince Henry and Falstaff.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battel, and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Henry. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that friendship: Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. If would it were bed-time, *Hal*, and all well.

P. Henry. Why, thou owest heav'n a death.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, honour pricks me on. But how if honour prick me off when I come on? ' how then? can honour set to a leg? no,

or

' or an arm? no. or take away the grief of a wound?
 ' no. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? no. What
 ' is honour? a word. what is that word honour? Air;
 ' a trim reckoning. who hath it? he that dy'd a *Wed-*
 ' *nesday*, doth he feel it? no. doth he hear it? no. is
 ' it insensible then? yea, to the dead. but will it not live
 ' with the living? no. why? Detraction will not suffer
 ' it, therefore I'll none of it. honour is a meer scutcheon,
 ' and so ends my catechism. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

Enter Westmorland, and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my nephew must not know, *Sir Richard*,
The liberal kind offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then we are all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
 The King shou'd keep his word in loving us;
 He will suspect us still, and find a time
 To punish this offence in other faults:
 Suspicion all our lives, shall be stuck full of eyes;
 For treason is but trusted like the Fox,
 Who ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
 Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
 Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
 Interpretation will misquote our looks;
 And we shall feed like Oxen at a stall,
 The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
 My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
 It hath th' excuse of youth and heat of blood,
 And an adopted name of privilege,
 A hare-brain'd *Hot-spur*, govern'd by a spleen:
 All his offences live upon my head.
 And on his father's. We did train him on,
 And his corruption being ta'en from us,
 We as the spring of all, shall pay for all.

Therefore,

Therefore, good cousin, let not *Harry* know
In any case the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Hot-spur and Dowglas.

Hot. My uncle is return'd :
Deliver up my lord of *Westmorland*.

Uncle, what news ?

Wor. The King will bid you battel presently.

Dow. Defie him by the lord of *Westmorland*.

Hot. Lord *Dowglas*, go you then and tell him so.

Dow. Marry I shall, and very willingly.

[*Exit Dowglas.*]

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn.
He calls us rebels, traitors, and will scourge
With haughty arms, this hateful name in us.

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Arms, gentlemen, to arms; for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King *Henry's* teeth:
And *Westmorland* that was engag'd did bear it,
Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of *Wales* stept forth before the King,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*. Tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his talking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul: I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare,

To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
 He gave you all the duties of a man,
 Trim'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
 Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
 Making you ever better than his praise :
 And which became him like a Prince indeed;
 He made a blushing * cital of himself,
 And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
 As if he master'd there a double spirit,
 Of teaching, and of learning instantly.
 There did he pause ; but let me tell the world,
 If he out-live the envy of this day,
 England did never owe so sweet a hope,
 So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
 Upon his follies ; never did I hear
 Of any Prince so wild a liberty.
 But be he as he will, yet once e'er night
 I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
 That he shall shrink under my courtesie.
 Arm, arm with speed. And fellows, soldiery, friends,
 Better consider what you have to do,
 Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
 Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

S C E N E V.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.

O Gentlemen, the time of life is short :
 To spend that shortness basely were too long,
 Tho' life did ride upon a dial's point,
 Still ending at th' arrival of an hour.
 And if we live, we live to tread on Kings :
 If die ; brave death, when Princes die with us.
 Now for our consciences, the arms are fair,
 When the intent for bearing them is just.

Enter

* cital, for taxation.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare, the King comes on apace.

Hor. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking : only this,
Let each man do his best. And here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal,
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now * *Esperance!* Percy, and set on :
Sound all the lofty instruments of war ;
And, by that musick let us all embrace :
For (heav'n to earth) some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesie.

[They embrace, then exeunt. The Trumpets sound.]

SCENE VI.

The King entreath with his power ; Alarm to the battel.

Then enter Dowglas and Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. What is thy name, that thus in battel crossest
me ?

What honour dost thou seek upon my head ?

Dow. Know then, my name is *Dowglas*.
And I do haunt thee in the battel thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dow. The lord of *Stafford*: dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness ; for instead of thee, King *Harry*,
This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born to yield, thou haughty *Scot*,
And thou shalt find a King that will revenge
Lord *Stafford's* death.

Fight,

* *This was the word of battel on Percy's side. See
Hall's Chron. fol. 22.*

Fight, Blunt is slain: then enter Hot-spur.

Hot. O *Dowglas*, hadst thou fought at *Holmedon* thus
I never had triumphed o'er a *Scot*.

Dow. All's done, all's won, here breathless lies the King.

Hot. Where?

Dow. Here.

Hot. This, *Dowglas*? no: I know this face full well;
A gallant knight he was, his name was *Blunt*,
Semblably furnish'd like the King himself.

Dow. Ah! fool go with thy soul whither it goes,
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his coats.

Dow. Now by my sword, I will kill all his coats.
I'll murder all his wardrobe piece by piece,
Until I meet the King.

Hot. Up and away,

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VII.

Alarm, enter Falstaff solus.

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at *London*, I fear
the shot here: here's no scoring, but upon the pate. Soft,
who art thou? Sir *Walter Blunt*? there's honour for you;
here's no vanity: I am as hot as moulten lead, and as
heavy too: heaven keep lead out of me, I need no more
weight than mine own bowels. I have led my rag-o-
muffians where they are pepper'd; there's not three of
my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the
town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here!

Enter

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword.

Many a noble man lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd. Lend me thy sword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I pr'ythee give me leave to breathe a while. Turk *Gregory* never did such deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid *Percy*, I have made him sure.

P. Henry. He is indeed, and living to kill thee: I pr'ythee lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay *Hal*, if *Percy* be alive, thou get'st not my sword: but take my pistol if thou wilt.

P. Henry. Give it me: what, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay *Hal*, 'tis hot. There's that will sack a city.

[*The Prince draws out a battle of sack.*

P. Henry. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

[*Throws it at him, and exit.*

Fal. If *Percy* be alive, I'll pierce him; if he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir *Walster* hath: give me life, which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

S C E N E VII.

Alarum, Excursions, Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, and the Earl of Westmorland.

K. Henry. I pr'ythee, *Harry*, withdraw thy self, thou bleedest too much: Lord *John of Lancaster*, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my Lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Henry. I do beseech your Majesty make up, Lest your retirement do amaze your Friends.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. I will do so:

My lord of *Westmorland*, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

P. Henry. Lead me, my Lord! I do not need your help,
And heav'n forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of *Wales* from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels arms triumph in massacres.

Lan. We breathe too long; come cousin *Westmorland*,
Our duty this way lies, for heaven's sake come.

P. Henry. By heav'n thou hast deceiv'd me, *Lancaster*,
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, *John*;
But now, I do respect thee as my foul.

K. Henry. I saw him hold lord *Percy* at the point,
With better maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Henry. Oh this boy
Leads mettle to us all.

[*Exit.*

Manet King Henry. Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Another King? they grow like *Hydra's* heads
I am the *Dowglas* fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeit'st the person of a King?

K. Henry. The King himself, who, *Dowglas*, grieves
at heart

So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very King, I have two boys
Seek *Percy* and thyself about the field;
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily
I will assay thee: so defend thyself.

Dow. I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet in faith thou bear'st thee like a King;
But mine I'm sure thou art, who e'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight, the King being in danger.*

Enter

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. Hold up thy head, vile *Scot*, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again : the spirits
Of *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my arms ;
It is the Prince of *Wales* that threatens thee,
Who never promiseth, but means to pay.

[*They fight, Dowglas flyeth.*

Chearly, my lord ; how fares your grace ?
Sir Nicholas Gawssey hath for succour sent,
And so hath *Clifton* : I'll to *Clifton* strait.

K. Henry. Stay, and breathe a while.
Thou hast redeem'd my lost opinion,
And shew'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Henry. O heav'n, they did me too much injury,
That ever said I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
Th' insulting hand of *Dowglas* over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the pois'nous portions in the world,
And sav'd the treach'rous labour of your son.

K. Henry. Make up to *Clifton*, I'll to *Sir Nicholas Gawssey*.
[*Exit.*

S C E N E IX.

Enter Hot-spur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*.

P. Henry. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is *Harry Percy*.

P. Henry. Then I see

A very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of *Wales* ; and think not, *Percy*,
To share with me in glory any more :
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,

Nor

Nor can one *England* brook a double reign,
Of *Harry Percy* and the Prince of *Wales*.

Hot. Nor shall it, *Harry*, for the hour is come
To end the one of us: and would to heav'n
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine.

P. Henry. I'll make it greater ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [Fight.]

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said, *Hal*; to it, *Hal*. Nay, you shall find
no boys play here, I can tell you.

*Enter Douglas, he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as if
he were dead. The Prince kills Percy.*

Hot. Oh, *Harry*, thou hast robb'd me of my youth:
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my
flesh:

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesie,
But that the \ne earthy and cold hand of death,
Lies on my tongue: no, *Percy*, thou art dust,
And food for——

[Dies.]

P. Henry. Worms, brave *Percy*, Fare thee well!
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound:
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough! this earth that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou art sensible of courtesie,
I should not make so great a show of zeal.
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,

And

\ne earth, and the

And ev'n in thy behalf, I'll thank my self
 For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
 Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heav'n,
 Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
 But not remember'd in thy epitaph. [*He sees Falstaff.*
 —What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
 Keep in a little life? poor Jack, farewell.
 I could have better spar'd a better man:
 O, I should have a heavy mis' of thee,
 If I were much in love with vanity.
 Death hath not struck so fat a Deer to-day,
 Though many a dearer in this bloody fray:
 Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by,
 Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

S C E N E X.

Falstaff rises.

Fal. Imbowell'd! if thou imbowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot tarmagani Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lye, I am no counterfeit; to die, is to be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion, in the which better part, I have saved my life. I am afraid of this gun-powder Percy, though he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit; therefore I'll make him sure: yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[*Takes Hot-spur on his back.*

S C E N E

SCENE XI.

Enter Prince Henry and John of Lancaster.

P. Henry. Come, brother *John*, full bravely hast thou
flesht

Thy maiden sword.

Lan. But soft, whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

P. Henry. I did, I saw him dead,
And breathless on the ground: art thou alive,
Or is it fancy plays upon our eye-sight?
I prythee speak, we will not trust our eyes
Without our ears: thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man; but
if I am not *Jack Falstaff*, then am I a *Jack*: there is
Percy, if your father will do me any honour, so; if not,
let him kill the next *Percy* himself. I look either to be
Earl or Duke, I can assure you.

P. Henry. Why, *Percy* I kill'd my self, and saw thee
dead.

Fal. Didst thou? lord, lord, how the world is given
to lying! I grant you I was down, and out of breath,
and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought
along hour by *Shrewsbury* clock: If I may be believed,
so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the
sin upon their own heads. I'll take't on my death I gave
him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive,
and would deny it; I would make him eat a piece of
my Sword.

Lan. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Henry. This is the strangest fellow, brother *John*.
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lye may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A Retreat is sounded.*

The trumpets sound retreat, the day is ours:
Come, brother, let's to th'highest of the field.
To see what friends are living, who are dead. [*Exeunt.*

Fal.

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, heav'n reward him. If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a noble-man should do. [Exit.]

S C E N E XII.

The Trumpets sound: Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmorland, with Worcester and Vernon Prisoners.

K. Henry. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.
 Ill-spirited *Wor'ster*, did we not send grace,
 Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
 And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
 Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
 Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
 A noble Earl, and many a creature else,
 Had been alive this hour,
 If like a christian thou had'st truly born
 Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to,
 And I embrace this fortune patiently,
 Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Henry. Bear *Worcester* to death, and *Vernon* too.
 Other offenders we will pause upon.

[Exeunt *Worcester* and *Vernon*.]

How goes the field?

P. Henry. The gallant *Scot*, lord *Dowglas*, when he saw
 The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
 The noble *Percy* slain, and all his men
 Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest:
 And falling from a hill, he was so bruise'd
 That the pursuers took him. At my tent
 The *Dowglas* is, and I beseech your grace,
 I may dispose of him.

K. Henry. With all my heart.

P. Henry. Then brother *John* of *Lancaster*, to you
 This honourable bounty shall belong:

96 *First Part of K. HENRY IV.*

Go to the *Douglas*, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:
His valour shewn upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Ev'n in the bosom of our adversaries.

**Lan.* I thank your grace for this high courtesie,
Which I shall give away immediately.

K. Henry. Then this remains; that we divide our
power.

You Son *John*, and my Cousin *Westmorland*,
Tow'rds *York* shall bend you, with your dearest speed,
To meet *Northumberland* and *Prelate Scroop*,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms.
My self and my son *Harry* will tow'rds *Wales*,
To fight with *Glandower* and the Earl of *Marehe*.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day;
And since this business so far fair is done,
Let us not leave 'till all our own be won. [Exeunt.]

* *These two lines added out of the first edition.*

F I N I S.



